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APRIL 30, 1954 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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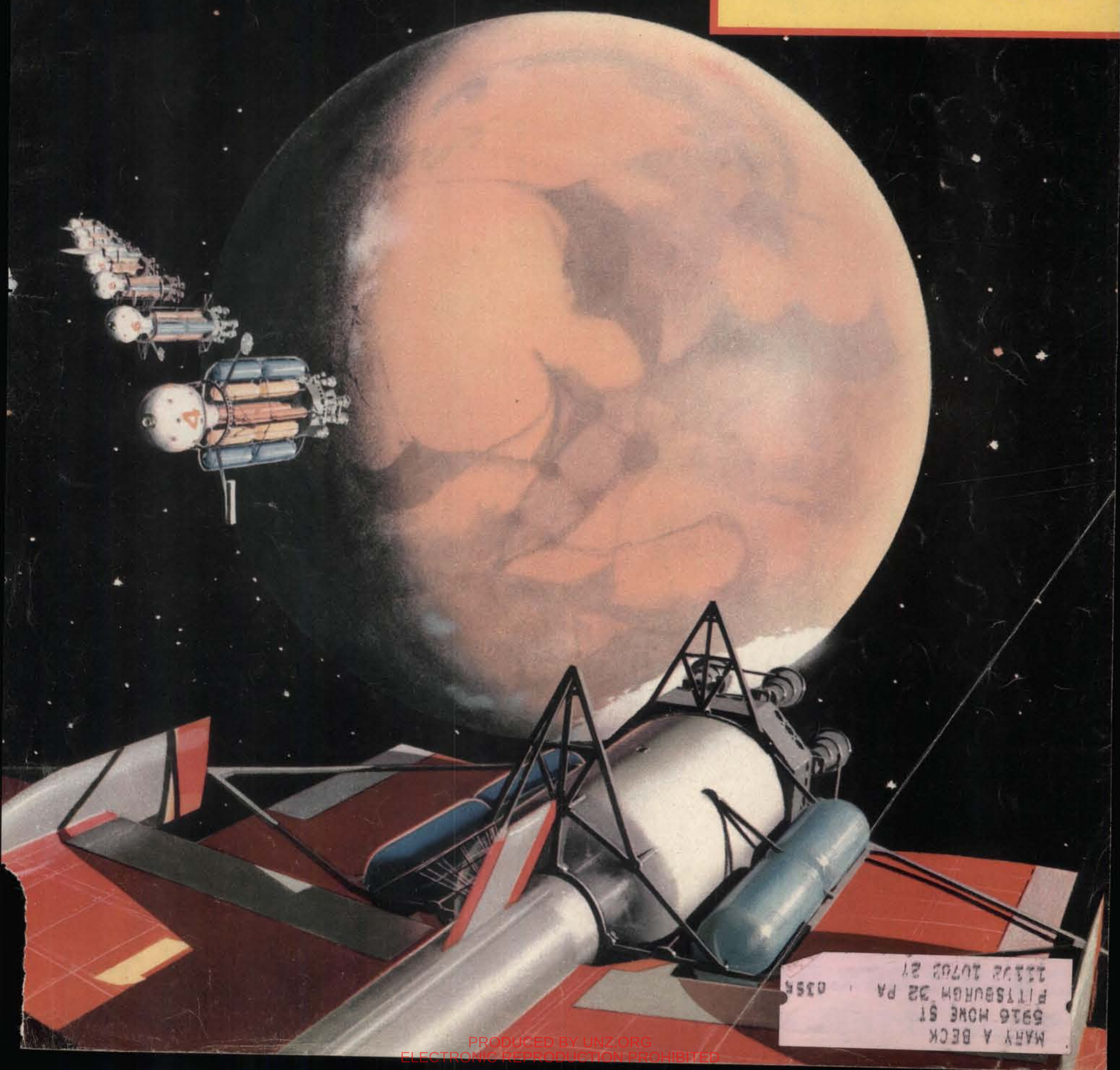
Is There Life on Mars?

SPECIAL REPORT

How Your Town Can AVOID A Recession

8 Danger Signals To Watch For

10 Specific Steps To Prevent Trouble



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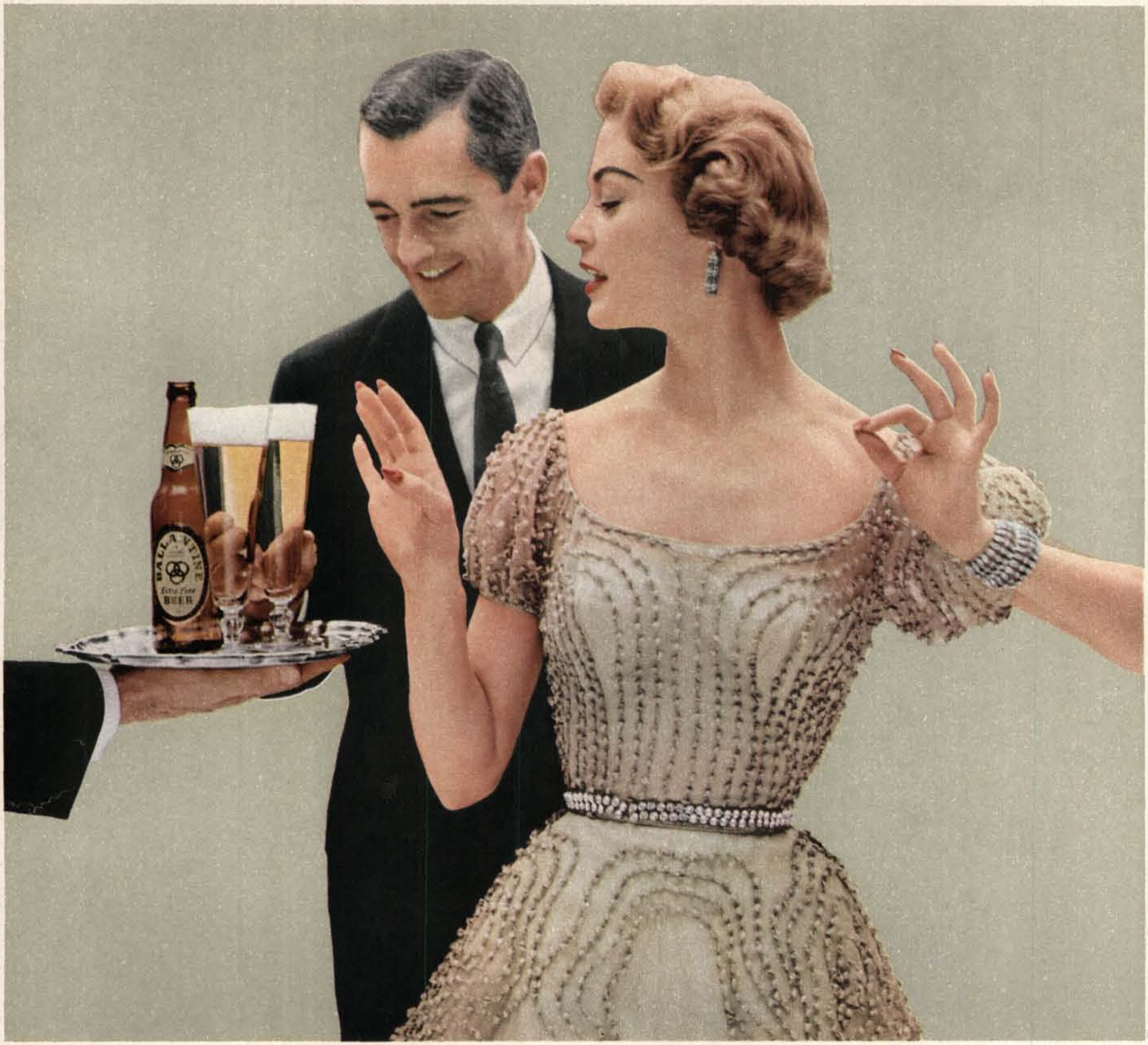

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

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An Original Novel by Cameron Hawley
Executive Suite

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The producer was John Houseman, whose hits include "Julius Caesar" and "The Bad and The Beautiful". Robert Wise directed.

* * *

M-G-M presents "EXECUTIVE SUITE" starring WILLIAM HOLDEN, JUNE ALLYSON, BARBARA STANWYCK, FREDRIC MARCH, WALTER PIDGEON, SHELLEY WINTERS, PAUL DOUGLAS, LOUIS CALHERN with DEAN JAGGER, NINA FOCH, TIM CONSIDINE. Screen Play by Ernest Lehman. Based on the novel by Cameron Hawley. Directed by Robert Wise. Produced by John Houseman.

Collier's

APRIL 30, 1954

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
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From an orbit around Mars, the first visitors from the earth prepare to land on the most intriguing of our neighbor planets. The winged rocket in the foreground is preparing for the descent; the ships that remain, all cargo carriers, will stay in the orbit. When will this visit occur—and what will it uncover? Leading scientists give the answers in a special nine-page report, starting on page 21

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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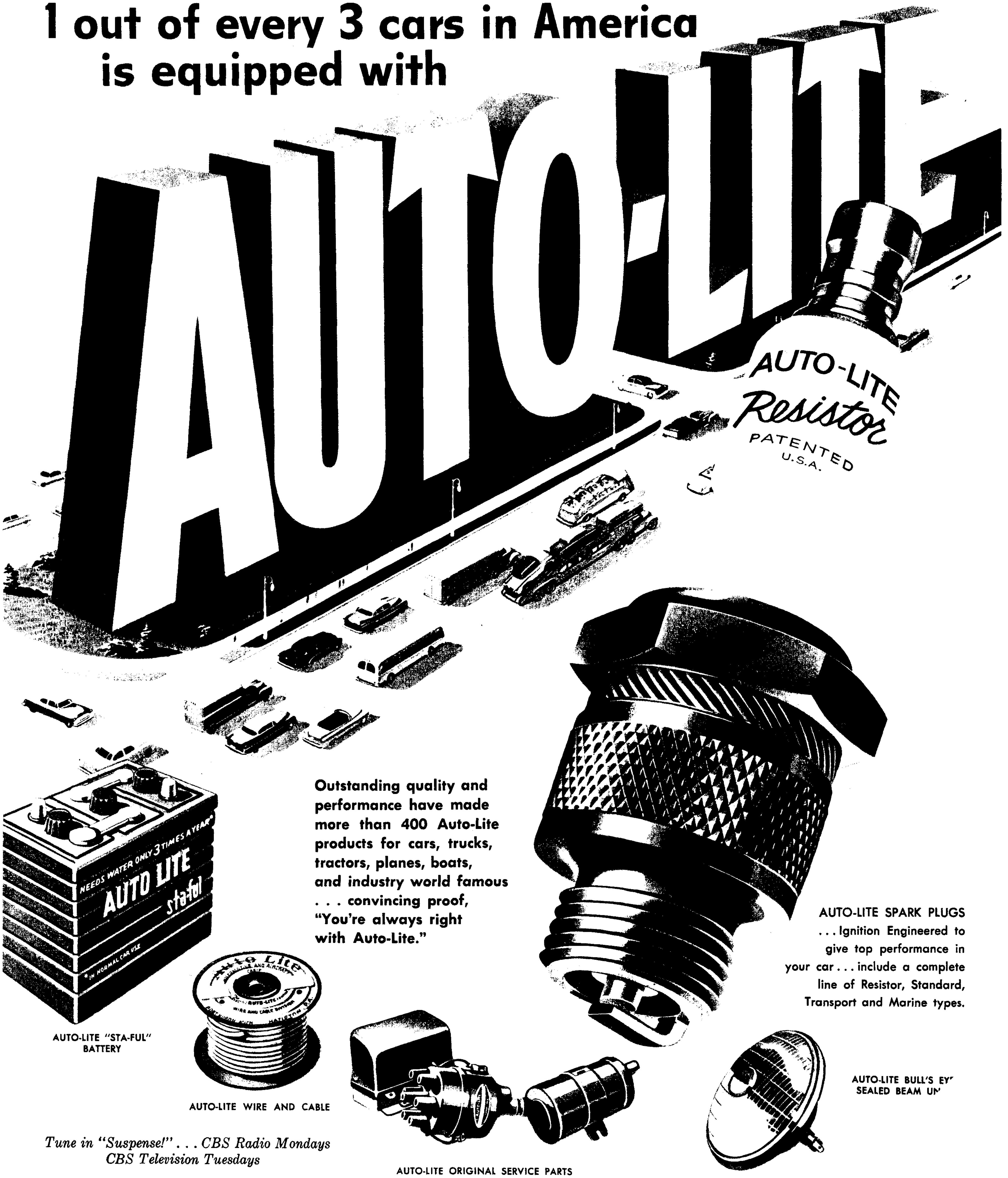
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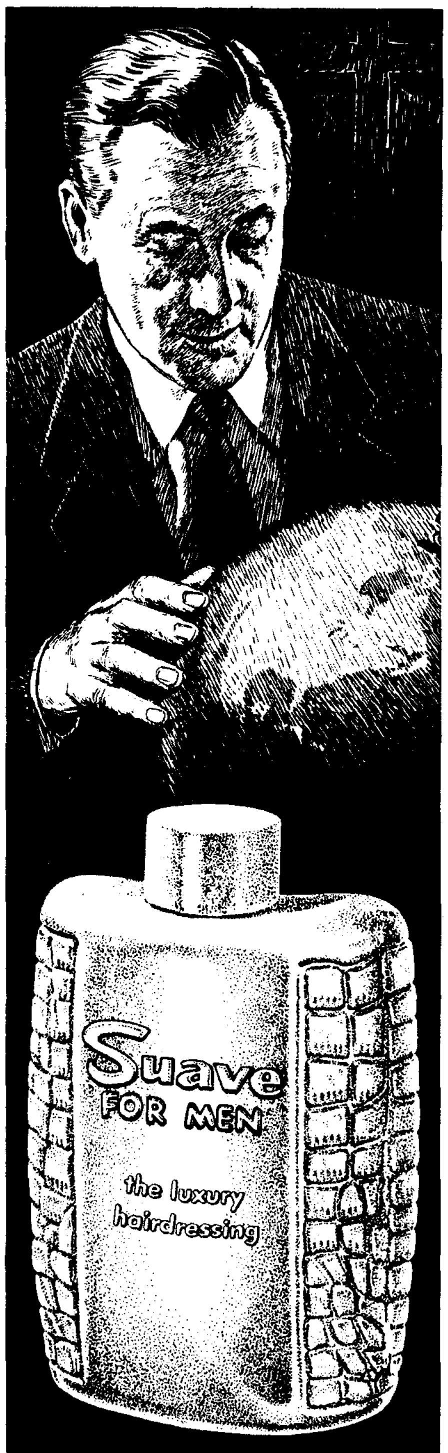

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

THE night I saw Genevieve—the British film of that name, for I have no Genevieves in my thin, almost blank-page little book—the theater was being infested by a party of six English ladies and gentlemen who felt it their patriotic duty to exclaim rhapsodically, to laugh just a teeny bit more heartily than the gags asked and in general to comport themselves in the manner of an educational mission. An educational mission, I may say, old boy, with all the tact and consideration of a sextet of high-school cheerleaders. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the film, and I recommend it.

Genevieve is not a dame; she is a 1904 Darracq automobile, and the transportational theme of the picture is a London-to-Brighton run and a race back. John Gregson, as the owner of the Darracq, and Dinah Sheridan, as his somewhat harassed wife, are entirely credible, and so are Kenneth More, as Gregson's lecherous pal, and Kay Kendall, as the pal's lady friend, a handsome show-girl type who, replying to a proposition, says: "That Le Touquet routine went out with high-button boots." Here it would be Atlantic City and high-button shoes, but I had no difficulty getting the point. Of course I had the benefit of the educational mission, and Henry Cornelius, who directed, mostly had slapstick to offer, but it is good fun. By the way, there's nothing raw about it, but you may have a little trouble explaining one or two lines to preteen-agers (the teen-agers may have to explain them to you). You will not have to explain certain looks. When a man looks at a pretty woman's face and then slowly and with appreciation studies her other salient points, you can throw away the dialogue. You get the picture, and one picture, some say, is worth ten thousand words.

* * *

I WAS PLEASED and surprised by the response to a little paragraph about the disappearance of "You're welcome" from the language. (I registered a small beef recently to the effect that when you say "Thank you," you get "Mm-h'mm" for an answer.) People, it seems, are still interested in plain, ordinary good manners, so from time to time I will comment on them.

The two most highly placed men I have known in my life occupied the same position: Robert A. Lovett and James V. Forrestal were both Secretary of Defense, and I have had the great good fortune to be a friend of theirs. Whenever they have had occasion to telephone me it was always: "This is Bob Lovett," or, "John? Jim Forrestal." Never this business of a secretary calling and saying: "Mr. O'Hara. Mr. Flunk will be right with you." Mr. Flunk usually is a movie producer, a Broadway nothing or—in at least one case—a character who wanted to do my laundry.

I'm not kidding; a person who wanted my shirts-and-shorts account kept me waiting while he got ready to make the pitch.

Take it easy, Flunk. Take it easy. I have an ulcer too.

* * *

THERE ARE SOME performers who never let you down, never. I saw three of those gifted people within the week. Two of them are George Burns and Gracie Allen, and a third is Adolphe Menjou. Burns and Allen were on their own TV program, Menjou in a revived movie that he doesn't even list in Who's Who. I've caught Burns and Allen in vaudeville, in stage shows, in the movies, on the radio and in television, and I have also watched them relaxing in night clubs, when they were not On. There is no immediate, topical reason for this affectionate declaration. Don't know them, never met them. I just happen to love them.

* * *

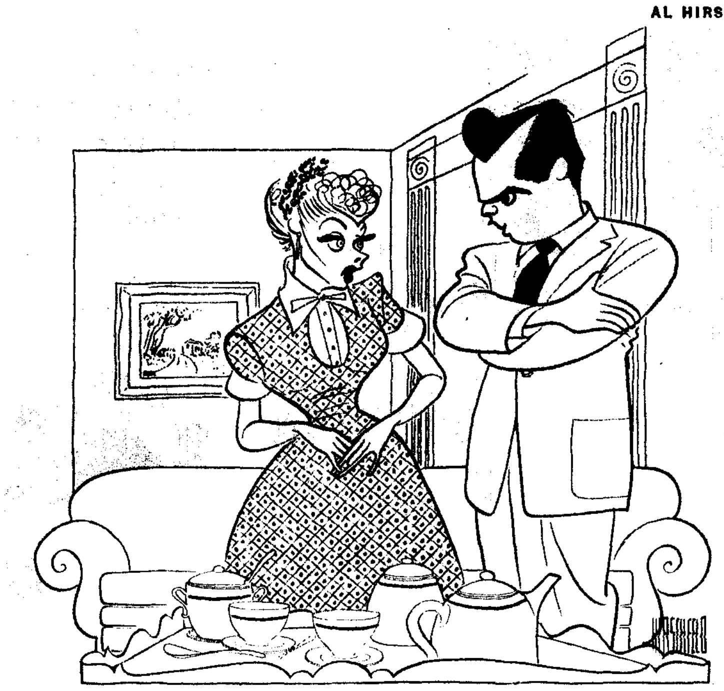
NOT LONG AGO, my neighborhood movie house unintentionally prepared me for a social-business call on Lucille Ball by bringing back Stage Door, the picture which Adolphe Menjou does not bother to mention in Who's Who. I imagine that some opportunistic exhibitors are giving Lucille bigger billing than she got when the picture first came out in 1937, but she is good in it.

In fact, all of the girls are good in it: Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Gail Patrick, Andrea Leeds, Eve Arden, Constance Collier and the unbilled ones.

If Stage Door gets to your neighborhood movie again, have a look and see, among other things, why Kate and Ginger have remained at the top and why Lucille and Eve got there. They know how to act. At the time the picture came out, George S. Kaufman, one of the authors of the original play, is alleged to have called it *Screen* Door, but in my opinion the picture is at least as good as the stage play, which I also saw, in 1936. Anyway, there's Lucille; good then, good now.

She and Desi Arnaz were roughing it in a little nest usually occupied by the chairman of the board of their television sponsor, and I guess that impressed me more than any other single mark of their success. When the boss gives up his flat for you, you must be In. I first knew Lucille as the star of Breakfast with Vanora. You never heard of Breakfast with Vanora? Don't be dismayed. That was a play put on by Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, in a little theater on the RKO lot in '36, and the only reason I ever heard about it was through an avuncular interest in a Miss Counihan, also known as Anita Colby, also known

AL HIRSCHFELD



Lucille and Desi were roughing it in a nest owned by their boss

Long Distance QUIZ

"They tell me Long Distance calls are mighty cheap. How much would you say these calls would be?"

BALTIMORE TO PHILADELPHIA	**JACKSONVILLE TO INDIANAPOLIS**
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WASHINGTON TO DETROIT	See answers at bottom of page

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

as The Face, but whom I, the steadying influence, address as Repulsive. Repulsive had a small part in the play, blew her lines on opening night, and is now struggling along on charm, beauty, popularity and about a million dollars a year from public-relations work. During the run of Breakfast with Vanora, a run which shattered no box-office records, Lucille was driving a rather tired Auburn convertible, which she didn't even remember when we reminisced the other day, but she remembered everything else, and I came away glad that an old acquaintance is queuing them up at the box office, is happily married, is a partner in a TV production outfit, and probably could start up the Auburn factory again if she felt like it. She'd make a go of it, too.

★ ★ ★

I HAD a dentist appointment, and there was a world war, and that business of selling the Duesenberg, and moving out of New York, and the income tax. You know how it is: you get so tied down by routine matters that something big happens and you don't know a thing about it till it's all over and too late to do anything.

That's exactly what has happened to me: since 1939 I've been so busy with ordinary day-to-day living that I wasn't fully aware of the passing of the player piano.

Vaguely I noticed that when I went out in polite society there was not so much gathering about "the player" as once there had been. Then, the other night, I felt like singing and pedaling Bambalina. Just chanced to be in that particular mood and said so to my hostess. "Bambalina? Player piano?" she exclaimed. "Be a good egg and turn down the Welsbach burner and I'll get out my uke and we can sing I've Got a Bimbo Down on a Bamboo Isle." (For this kid was hip.)

Next day I went to my office (one drawer in someone else's desk) and made inquiries.

My report is heartbreaking. Trying to sound like a wealthy eccentric, at which I was only partly successful, I telephoned Steinway, Aeolian, Baldwin and Knabe, and asked each of them if they had a player piano for sale.

The replies were universally polite, in one or two cases the kind of patient explanation you'd get if you wandered into a Cadillac dealer and asked to be shown the latest-model Franklin.

Estimates varied, but apparently there has been no action in the p.p. game since either 1931 or 1939. Macy's is the only place in New York, I found, that still sells player-piano rolls. Aeolian gave up making classical rolls, played by top artists, about 15 years ago. (Gimbels, Macy's neighbor, will have no part of players or rolls.) I don't know how long it's been since a "popular" roll was printed by my old friend Phil Ohman and his old partner, Vic Arden; but if you have never heard an Ohman-and-Arden Youmans or Gershwin rendition, you haven't been born, pal.

Only one place I called even made me an offer. They had a p.p. that they could fix up and would sell me for $150, but I am not that wealthy or that eccentric. If the cops in the town where I live were to hear the music of a player issuing forth from my house they would think wrong thoughts, so I guess I'll just keep going on my memories.

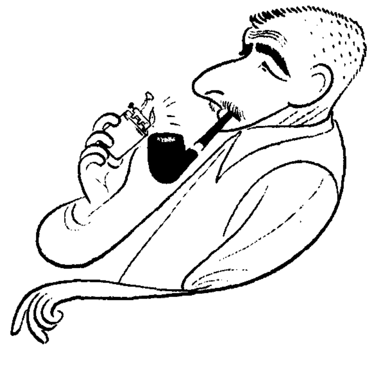
★ ★ ★

OBEDIENTLY and patriotically, I went and got a haircut during National Haircutting Week. That's certainly proof to one of my Texas readers, who apparently pays no attention to my efforts to be helpful, that I am not disagreeable. Further proof: if the National Girdle Manufacturers ever get Miss Monroe to endorse their product, they may adopt absolutely free of charge a slogan I have dreamed up for the situation. The slogan: "I enjoyed my stays."

★ ★ ★

YOU MUST NOT get the idea that I do not fraternize with authors. They are mentioned infrequently in these messages because they are news, as a rule, only when they (a) have a new book out, or (b) when they are in a jam. The wise ones usually take to the hills when a new book comes out, and (b) when an author friend is in trouble he can count on me and knows it.

The night before William Faulkner flew over to accept the Nobel prize, I went to a smallish dinner party for him and his daughter. Well, accepting the Nobel prize is not exactly being in a jam, but I came through anyway.



Just before he left for Sweden I gave Faulkner my own lighter

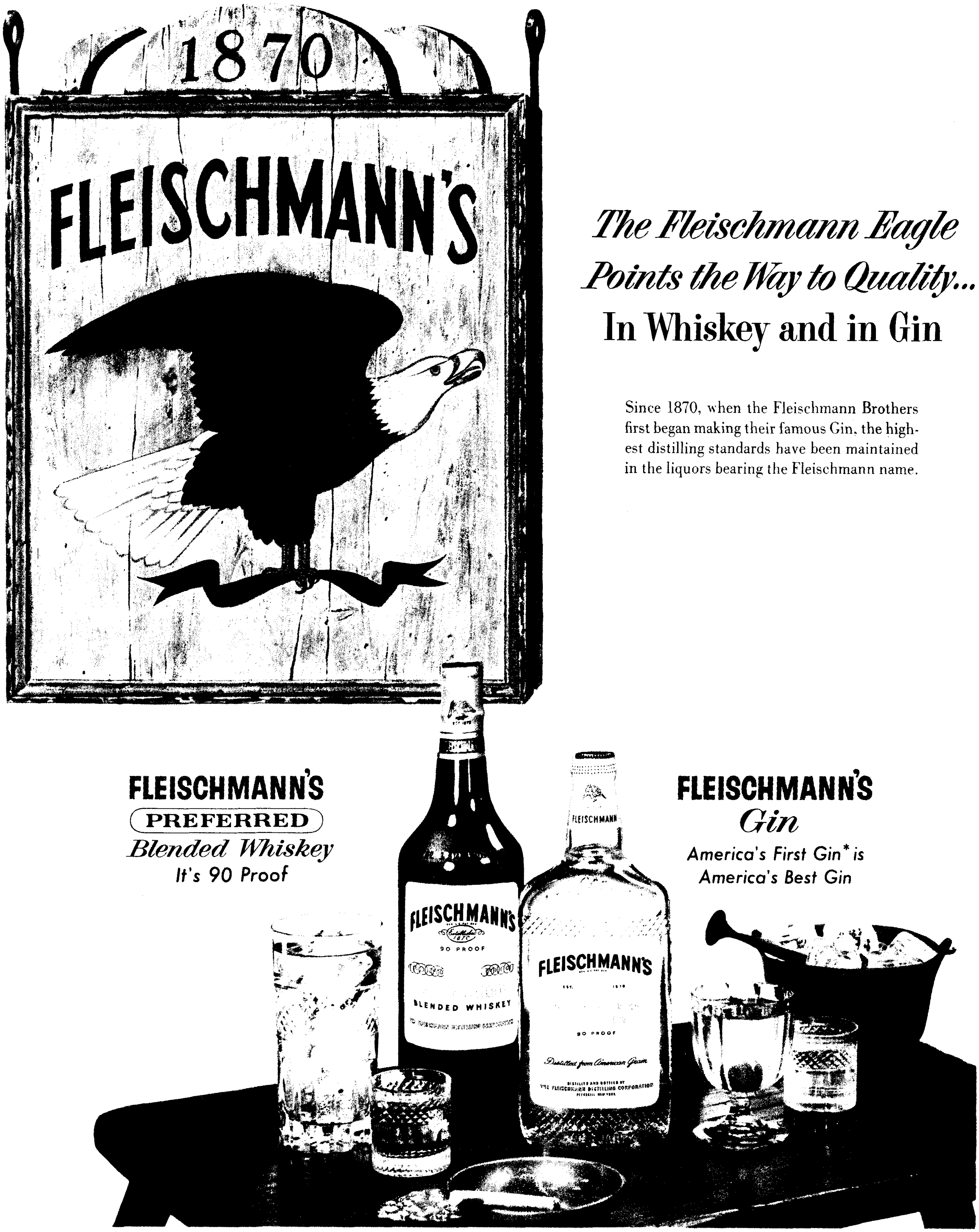
I gave Faulkner my own cigarette lighter as a present, and I also taught him to say "Thank you" in Swedish. (*"Tack så mycket,"* or sounds to that effect. I also taught him the Swedish equivalent of "You are welcome." It's *"Var så god,"* but when you're getting the Nobel prize all you need is "Thank you.")

★ ★ ★

THEY ARE THINKING of reviving the Rodgers-Abbott-Hart musical comedy On Your Toes, which had Slaughter on Tenth Avenue in the score.

Funny, because I am working on a number called Panic on Madison Avenue. All I have so far is the first two lines:

Herschel, Herschel—
We forgot the commercial!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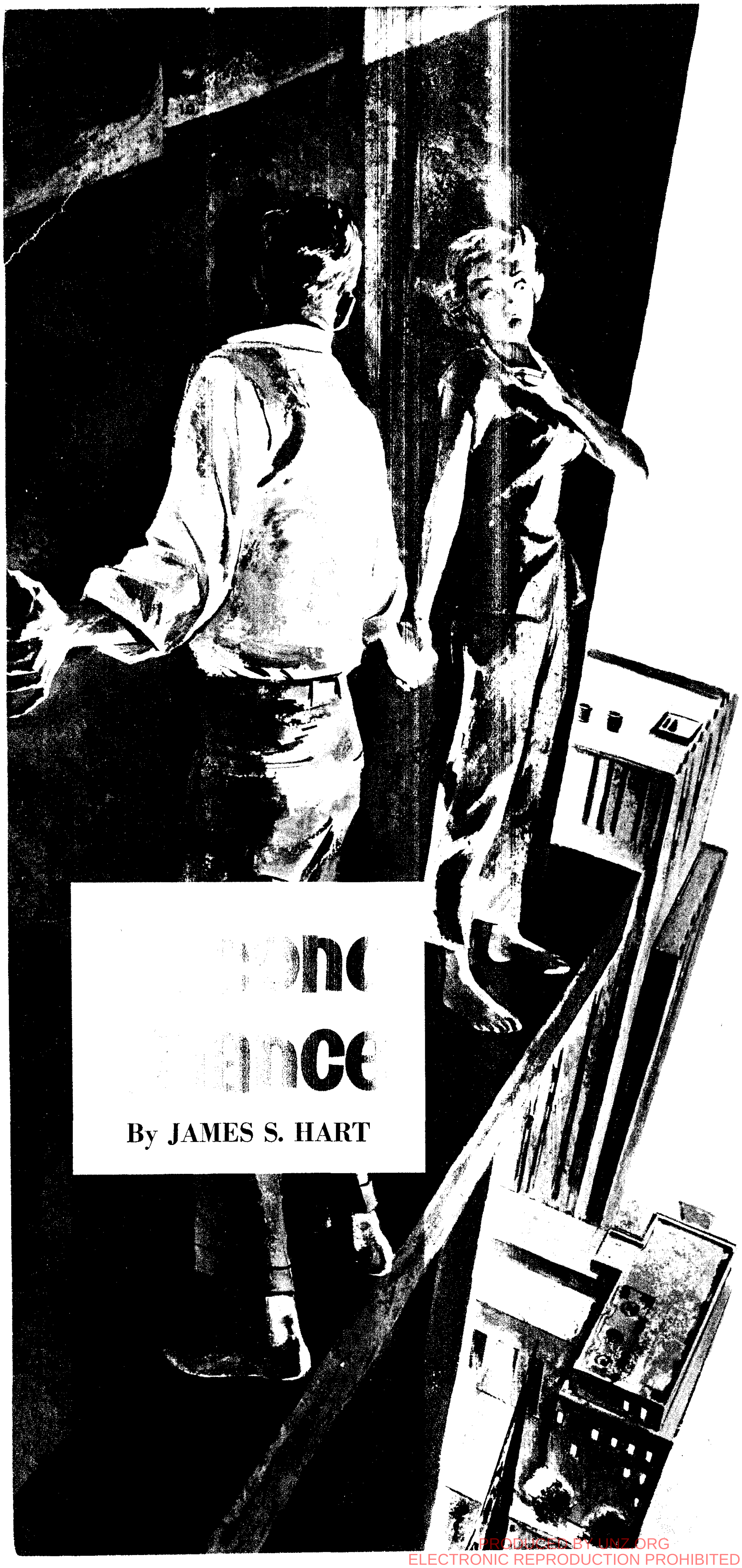

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

Second Chance

By JAMES S. HART

THE last of his guests had departed. He had come downstairs to see them off, and now he stood for a few moments in the hotel lobby, not quite knowing what to do with himself. He saw the illuminated sign that read *Men's Bar*, but decided against going in, and turned back to the elevator. The operator held the door for him. "Good evening, Mr. Forsyte," he said, and Alan nodded.

There were already two passengers inside: a girl and an elderly man. The girl was extraordinarily pretty, with clear blue eyes and high cheekbones. She smiled up at the man.

"Tired, honey?" the man said.

"A little, Dad. But nicely tired. It's been so wonderful. I wish Mother had come."

He smiled. "I guess she thought she couldn't leave her roses."

She rested her head on the man's shoulder and closed her eyes. Alan found himself staring at her. Then she opened her eyes, and for a long moment she gazed at him. He turned away, embarrassed.

The elevator stopped at the twentieth floor. It was Alan's floor; the man and girl got off too. They turned and went down the corridor to the left. Alan heard the murmur of their voices, and he suddenly felt very lonely.

His suite, for which his publisher was paying, was littered with cocktail glasses and half-eaten hors d'oeuvres.

It seemed to him that the entire New York literary world had come to the party. Alan could flatter himself that it was because his first book, three years ago, had got excellent reviews. *A second Antoine de St. Exupéry*, they had written. *How amazing that one so young could look so deeply into the hearts of airmen at war.*

There had been a man at the party from one of the literary magazines. He had buttonholed Alan and his publisher to expound his favorite theory. "An author reveals his most secret self in his work," the man had said. "Quite impossible for a man without great courage himself to create such a hero as yours in this latest book. You were, of course, in combat with the Royal Air Force?"

"Briefly," Alan had said. "I was very young."

"So were they all, those knights of the sky," the critic said.

AT THAT point Alan had almost wished his publisher had not summoned him from London for the launching of this second book. He particularly wished he hadn't come when he saw Bert Herbert across the room.

Herbert was an aviation writer, representing two large British dailies in America. He could not possibly have heard what the magazine critic had said about courage, yet he was smiling sardonically and raising his glass in mock salute to Alan. Of all the one hundred and sixty million people in the country, he was the only one who knew the truth; he had been the interrogation officer after that fateful bombing mission to Hamburg.

Staring down through the window at the slowly moving traffic two hundred feet below, Alan lived it again—as he had lived it almost daily for ten years.

His final and absolute unnerving had come after the Hamburg mission, during the interrogation by this same Bert Herbert, then a group captain. Herbert's polite restraint had not masked the cold disdain in his eyes while Alan told of the greasy flak bursts tearing holes in the fuselage of the Halifax bomber, and the Messerschmitt's boring in, killing the tail gunner and wounding Cardigan, the pilot.

"We'd lost number-four engine and another was smoking when Cardigan gave the word that anybody who wanted to could jump," Alan had explained. "We were west of Brussels then, and behind our lines. Cardigan said he was a bit beyond jumping himself. He and Wilkinson were going to try to take her home."

"They almost made it," Herbert had told him. "They ditched about forty miles off the coast. The trouble was, with no navigator aboard to calculate the correct position, they could broadcast only an approximation. Air-Sea Rescue didn't find them

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HOOK

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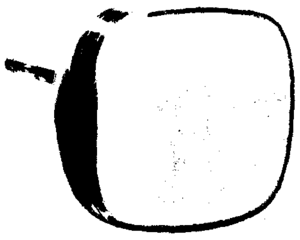

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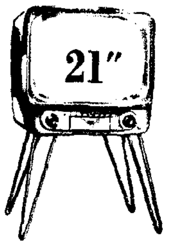

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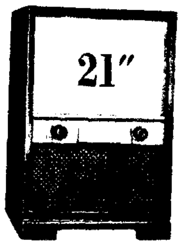

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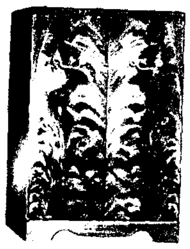
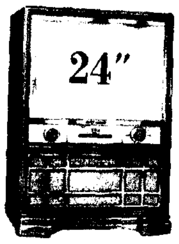
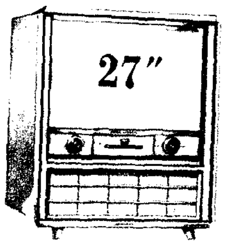


21" TV





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until eighteen hours later. Cardigan was dead—loss of blood.

Navigator Forsyte had said nothing. Implicit in Herbert's words had been the fact that Alan had once been adjudged fit to join the elite group of men who fought in the air, but when the high challenge had come, he had chosen to parachute to safety rather than stay with them. Alan remembered that, in the second after he jumped, he had felt a pang of regret that was like a pain. But there had been no going back. He had missed his chance.

"Of course, Cardigan *did* give permission to jump," Herbert had said, as though to soften the blow to come. He had pushed a sheaf of papers across the desk. "But we must get on with the war, you know. The group commander has authorized your transfer to Coastal Command. Very important work, patrolling the waters around our island. Best of luck, Forsyte."

ALAN picked up a copy of his new book. On the back of the jacket was a photograph—the face of a lean young man, eyes a little brooding, nose a little beaked. He studied it impersonally, as though it were a picture of someone else. He looked up, frowning, when he heard a strange shuffling sound outside his window.

He walked across the room, raised the lower sash and looked out. There was no setback to the building, just a sheer drop of twenty floors to the street. Under the window sill was a ledge some fifteen inches wide. On the ledge, and coming toward him from the left was the girl he had seen in the elevator.

Her right shoulder was against the stone of the hotel front. One misstep would send her plunging into nothingness, down to the sidewalk below.

Alan stared at her in horror. He saw that she was barefoot and in her pajamas. He saw, too, her wide-open eyes, staring unseeingly, and then he knew: she was asleep.

Alan's mouth was dry. A terrible wave of fear came over him—fear for himself. He stooped to take off his shoes.

The girl would wake up in a moment, and in the instant she knew she was balanced there on the ledge, the balance would be gone: she would topple off into oblivion. For the rest of his life Alan would hear her scream, loud at first, dwindling as she fell.

You're getting a chance to do it over again, he told himself—a second chance. Take it, or you'll have to live with *her* death too.

As he eased himself out the window, he knew he was already dying a special kind of death. He was renouncing himself, his own safety, for someone else. If he did not fall—if he could somehow save the girl—then he could have back his own life as a gift. It would be a form of absolution from the sin against Cardigan.

He kept his back to the street, feeling the rough stone of the building scrape against his face. He fought a perverse desire to turn his head and look down. The chasm behind him was dark and yawning; it seemed to be pulling at him like a magnet.

He was halfway to the corner, where the girl was, when the big air transport flew over. It was out of La Guardia Airport, its propellers set at climbing pitch. The whole building seemed to shudder as it passed overhead.

He saw the girl's eyelids flicker. There was no time now for caution. He slid recklessly along the ledge. When he was close enough to touch her, he placed his hand flat against her throat, pressing firmly, holding her against the building.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm here with you."

He had to ease her out of sleep. If she were startled, if she grabbed him, they would both plummet down to the sidewalk below.

"I want you to stand just as you are," he said. "Close your eyes. Don't move!" The girl obeyed. He felt the throbbing pulse at her throat. "You must not look down," he said.

Abruptly she opened her eyes and glanced around her. She saw the lighted windows of another hotel across the street, and her eyes widened in terror. Alan pressed firmly, making her feel the solid stone behind her head.

"You're very brave," he said quietly. "I'm going to take my hand away now and find yours. Your right hand. Look at me! Keep looking at me."

Groping, he found her hand. It was small, but strong; it closed on his like a sprung trap. For seconds, they stood there, immobile on the narrow ledge.

"Now!" Alan said. The contact of their hands seemed to close a circuit; he felt a kind of current flowing between them. "Listen to me. We're going back now, together."

But she couldn't move. The shock of awakening there on the very brink of death seemed to freeze her to the stone. He had to free her, without force.

"You're young," he said softly, "and very beautiful. You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I came out for you. I risked my life to come out and get you. Now you have to pay me back and come with me. Are you ready?"

Her eyes looked into his and never wavered. Their faces were turned toward each other, their hands clasped tight. He slid one foot sideways, then the other. She followed. Together, in slow motion, they eased along the ledge.

IT WAS only a few steps back to his window but the journey seemed to take hours. Then his outstretched hand touched the stone casing. He moved on past, until she was at the window.

"Go in," he said, and when she was over the sill he let go her hand.

She was inside, safe; he was alone on the ledge. He moved forward a step, toward the window. His foot kicked against a mortar joint in the ledge. At that height, it gave him all the shock of tripping over a chair in the dark.

He grabbed for the sash, and missed. His mind was instantly resigned to death. It was the risk he had taken.

Then, she leaned from the window and locked her arms around his knees. For a split second his balance wavered between the girl in the room and the gaping pit behind him. . . .

Inside the room, his legs were suddenly weak. The place seemed unreal after the fearful reality of the ledge.

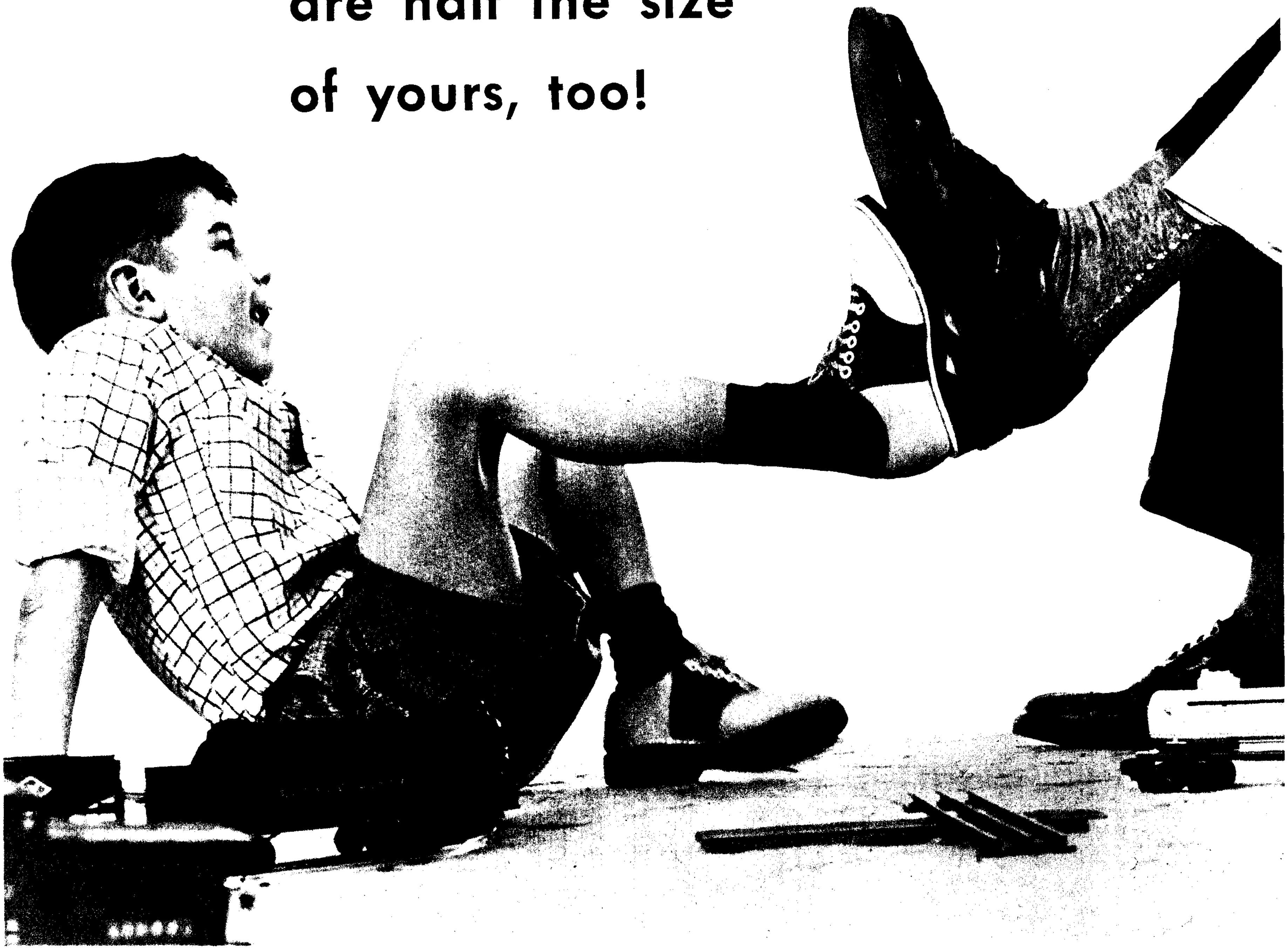
But she was real. Her hands were warm in his. He didn't even know her name, but it didn't seem to matter.

He released her hands long enough to get his trench coat and put it around her shoulders. "Come," he said. "I'll take you back to your father."

Hand in hand, they went out into the corridor.

—JAMES S. HART

His insurance premiums are half the size of yours, too!



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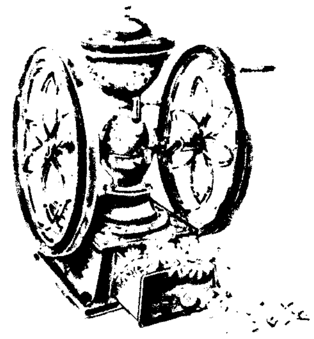

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UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

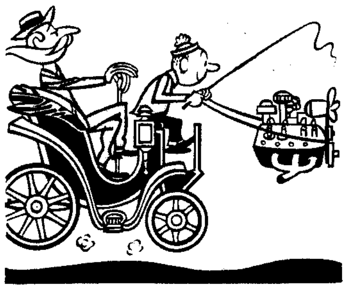
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

For some mysterious reason our mail is dripping with tax squawks. To hear some of these guys beef, you'd think it was *their* money the government's throwing around.

★ ★ ★

Junior, aged eight, was so interested when he saw that buggy outside an antique shop near Syracuse, New York, that Mr. Chris Dohlerman lifted him into the relic. Junior stared at the dashboard for a moment, then demanded: "What made it go, Dad?" Mr. Dohlerman says he suddenly felt old.



★ ★ ★

New Hampshire estimates that 14,000 of her elderly citizens live alone. Neither kith, kin nor anybody else sharing their homes. A social worker making a routine call at one of these hermitages asked an old gentleman how he liked his solitude. "Well, I'll tell you, Miss," he said, "for the first time in my life I'm living with a party I can get along with."

★ ★ ★

The temper of the glowering world being what it is, Mrs. Richard Fisher says, someone at the town meeting in tranquil West Chester, Iowa, declared it was high time they had a look at the town revolver, a weapon bought some years ago to meet emergencies. It took some searching, but presently the constable found it. West Chester's revolver's barrel was full of cobwebs.

★ ★ ★

That letter written to a man in Palm Beach by Mr. Roland E. Hart in Inverness, Florida, was returned to him by the Post Office Department doubly rubber-stamped. One read, Deceased. The other: Returned to Sender for Better Address.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Corde Fillmore reports overhearing a gentleman in Salem, Oregon, say that on his last hunting trip he got four ducks with one shot. Mr. Fillmore also overheard a nearby gentleman inquire: "One shot of what?"

★ ★ ★

In his spare moments Mr. Tom Crashall collects newspaper headlines in New Orleans, Louisiana, and sends them to old 48. For example: Try to Gain the Confidence of Your Rose Garden. Another advises: Wear Your Clothes as if They Belong to You. Mr. Crashall doesn't identify the newspapers. But for good measure he includes a warning written by someone telling women How to Dress on a Small Income. The warning: "Do not get into the habit of wearing entirely too much expensive jewelry." You should have heard what our wife said when she read that! Such language!

★ ★ ★

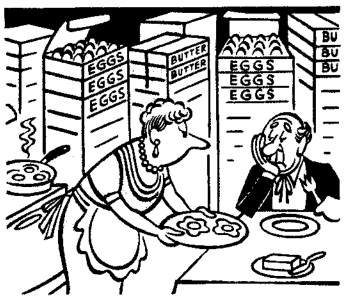
Three years ago Helena, Montana's, police chief received a letter consisting of several sheets of blank paper. Nothing else. Ever since, periodically and presumably from the same correspondent, have come similar wordless communications. Invisible-ink tests reveal nothing. The chief merely shrugs. Thinks we all might be better off if more letter writers would follow the fellow's example.

★ ★ ★

Almost any psychologist or psychiatrist will advise you that it is not normal to potter around talking to yourself. He may advise you to break yourself of the habit as quickly as possible. This, says the Tulsa, Oklahoma, World, can be done by refusing to listen to yourself. "If you fail to listen to what you say," the editor goes on, "you will soon become discouraged and stop talking to you."

★ ★ ★

Eager to be helpful, an anonymity-craving customer in Bangor, Maine, has a suggestion. It's about the much publicized desire of members of Congress to vote themselves a salary hike from $12,500 to $27,500. "They say they've got to have it on account of the high cost of living," says he. "So I say, pay them the difference between what they get now and what they figure they need in butter and eggs and such from the surplus food commodity stores they're piling up."



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Mr. Dave Hanrahan, of Chicago, has only this comment to make about the growing tendency of legislators to raise their own pay: "If this sort of thing keeps up, I wouldn't be surprised if our public-school teachers are soon complaining that they don't get enough either." ▲▲▲

The American Medical Association voluntarily conducted in their own laboratory a series of independent tests of filters and filter cigarettes. As reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association, these **tests proved** that of all the filter cigarettes tested, one type was the **most effective** for removing tars and nicotine. This type **filter is used by Kent**...and only Kent!

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Letters...

Behind the Curtain

EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's for its boldness in practicing real democracy and freedom of the press by printing Russia Uncensored, by Marshall MacDuffie (Mar. 5th). I have never read anything seemingly so unbiased and factual—both good and bad. We often say "there is a little bit of good in everyone," and it appears this old axiom would even apply to Russia. C. R. VANN, Newark, Ohio

... Russia Uncensored will be resented by McCarthy-loving Americans. Comparing what the author *reports* with known conditions of 20 and 30 years ago in Russia makes the whole article sound like pro-Communistic propaganda.

Tsk, tsk.

ERWIN THEOBOLD, Los Angeles, Cal.

... Author MacDuffie says in Russia Uncensored that he interviewed only four men wearing white shirts during his stay in the U.S.S.R.

How about the three men he poses with in one of the pictures? They are not the white-shirted men he speaks of, but appear to be wearing shirts as white as his, nonetheless. Can you explain?

GARY PAUL FORD, West Union, W.Va.

The shirts were light blue—a color which shows up as white in a black-and-white print.

Two Views on Penology

EDITOR: I was frankly amazed that a responsible magazine would print such an article as You've Got to Be Tougher than the Toughs, by Warden William H. Carty (Mar. 5th).

He begins by admitting that under his "tough" system the New Jersey State Prison has had two of the worst riots in American penal history, and then explains how he fomented those uprisings almost singlehanded by use of methods which couldn't have been more effective in starting trouble had they been expressly designed to do so!

THOMAS J. CUMMINS, Gardena, Cal.

... Warden Carty is a great humanitarian as well as a distinguished penologist of long experience. People and legislatures should heed his advice. There were few prison riots until the prisons began to be run by idealists and naïve psychologists who were shocked by the brutality of their first glimpse of real life.

What is needed is a policy of allowing the officer in charge a free hand in the administration of discipline. Properly supervised, corporal punishment is not too brutal for the troublemaking 15 per cent. We use it on our naughty children and it is equally applicable to hardened murderers, rapists and terrorists who are adults but never reached emotional maturity.

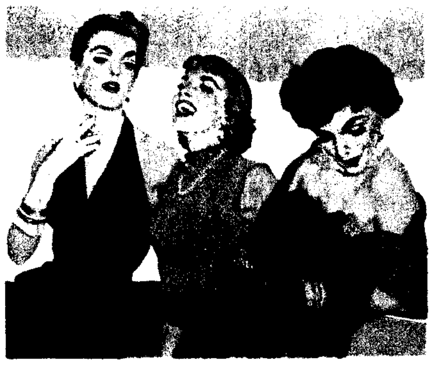
HARRY HAUCK, Sedalia, Mo.

History Repeats

EDITOR: I wish to point out an error in General Mark Clark's article The Truth about Korea (Feb. 19th). In the minus column he states: "For the first time in history, the United States signed an armistice without victory."

As probably a million other readers have already informed you, the War of 1812 ended in a truce without victory. To elucidate further I quote from Hicks's The Federal Union: "As finally signed the treaty of Ghent reflected well the state of the military situation. Neither party gave up anything; all the points of collision which had subsisted between them before the war were left open. RONALD GENE GARRETT, Redwood City, Cal.

Stranger than Fiction



No blue lace, no scarlet taffeta, no severely tailored green *moiré* gown

EDITOR: Do your illustrators ever read the stories they illustrate? For instance, the story Academy Award (Mar. 19th) had a provocative two-page-spread illustration, but not one of the three principals shown was dressed even remotely as described in the story.

BETTY R. RICHARDS, Detroit, Mich.

Yes, Mrs. Richards, illustrators do read the stories, but they don't always like the author's color schemes. It's common magazine practice to change a text to conform with an artist's ideas. This was done in the case of Academy Award. Then—oops!—a copy boy, in a burst of misdirected energy, hustled the corrected copy to the filing department instead of heading it toward our printing plant. Pilot error. Doubt it will happen again.

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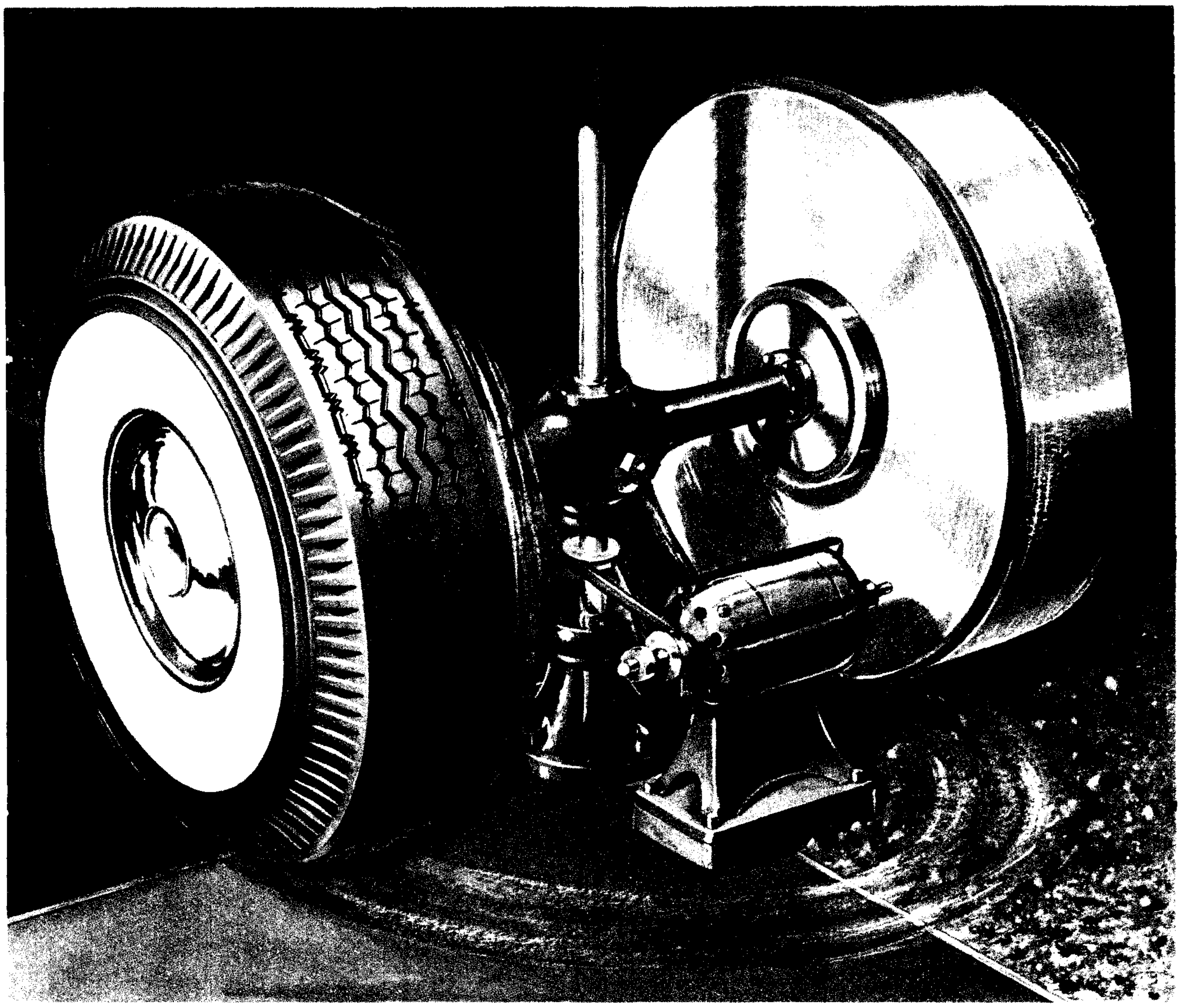
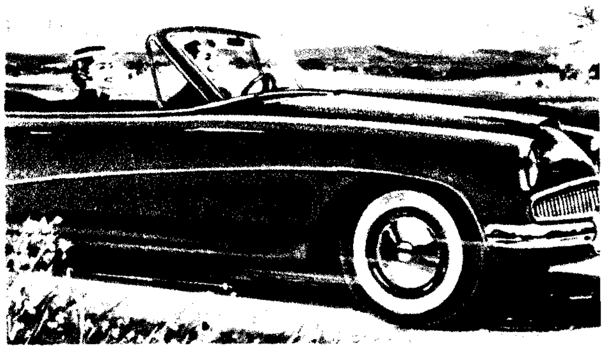
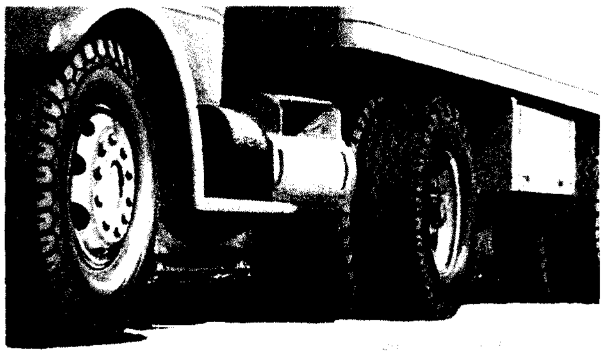


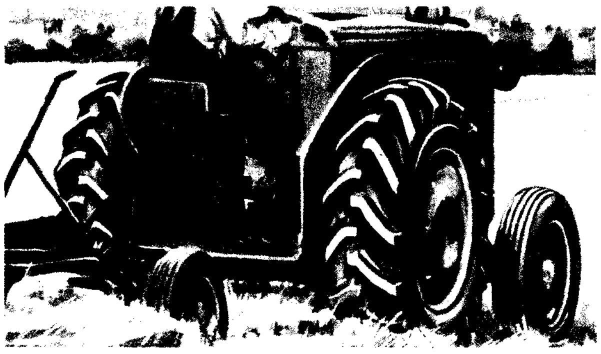
ACTUAL TESTS SHOW that a tire made of the hardest steel would wear out before this new Kelly Armorubber Tread!



EXTRA THOUSANDS OF MILES! The records prove that Kelly Armorubber consistently delivers this big bonus in tread mileage. And Kellys pay regular dividends in safety, too!



TRUCKERS SAVE UP TO 50%! Case histories have proved again and again that long-wearing Armorubber helps fleet operators cut their cost-per-tire-mile as much as 50% with Kellys!



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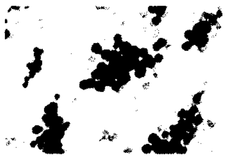
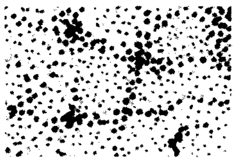


ORDINARY TREAD



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One of 6 new reasons why folks are saying, "See your Kelly Dealer first!"

Gentlemen Know When to Quit

by don herold

Maybe I'm something of an expert on moderation, especially since I wrote that book—"Drunks Are Driving Me To Drink."

So (naturally) I thought that the Stitzel-Weller people were smart when they came and asked me to write a campaign for them on moderation. These people own the fine, old-family distillery that makes OLD CABIN STILL Bourbon in Louisville.

They say they don't like excessive drinkers any more than I do. For one thing, they have only a small distillery, and they don't want anybody to try to drink them out of business.

They are making OLD CABIN STILL to appeal especially to sportsmen (and to sportsman-like drinkers) and I really believe sportsmen will like this bourbon because it has a rich, substantial, outdoor flavor. (You can really taste it, so you don't have to drink a lot of it to enjoy it.)

Every drop of it is distilled, aged and bottled only by Stitzel-Weller in the same slow, patient, costly, sour-mash way the family has been using for generations.

These folks would no more put any but their own bourbon into an OLD CABIN STILL bottle, than a good sportsman would *buy* a fish at the A & P and claim he caught it, himself.

You can do too much of anything—eat too much, fish too much, work too hard, or take too much medicine. I think these OLD CABIN STILL people are forthright and foresighted to come out—gentlemen distillers that they are—and make an appeal for gentlemanly moderation in the use of their rather rare product.

Stitzel Weller 1849
OLD CABIN STILL
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

OLD CABIN STILL
The Sportsman's Choice!

Kentucky Straight Bourbon. Balanced at the Flavor Proof—91. Distilled, aged and bottled only by Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Estab. Louisville, Ky., 1849.

Conservation through Moderation . . . *with gun, rod or bottle.*

COLLIER'S CREDITS

GILLOON AGENCY

Wernher von Braun, Ryan

THE name Dr. Hubertus Strughold will ring a bell with readers who recall our symposium on Man's Survival in Space (Collier's, February 28, 1953), of which the doctor, head of the Department of Space Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, was a member. We Credit him now because Dr. Wernher von Braun and staffer Cornelius Ryan found much relevant information in Dr. Strughold's book, The Green and Red Planet (University of New Mexico Press), when our writing team tackled the discussion of a 355,000,000-mile journey to Mars.

Dr. Strughold's thesis is perhaps more easily assimilated than Dr. Wernher von Braun's authoritative volume, The Mars Project (University of Illinois Press), because it does not contain such formulas as Dr. von Braun's

$$\dot{v} = \frac{F_1 + A_{e,1}(p_{e,1} - p_a) - c_D \cdot A_1 v^2 \gamma / 2g_0}{1/g_0 \, (W_{0,1} - \dot{W}_1 \cdot t)} - g_0 \cos \vartheta \qquad (4.1)$$

for "the ascent track" of a space ship. But friend Wernher's scientific books are not particularly intended for your library or ours, and anyway that's where "Connie" Ryan comes in—to give you the facts in nontechnical verbiage.

The Mars story begins on page 21 and will comprise part of the third book on space travel that Cornelius Ryan has edited since Collier's began to explore the subject two years ago.

* * *

EFFORTS to improve American schooling long ago became a permanent agendum on our editorial calendar, which is why, when we were casting about for a quick and comparatively inexpensive answer to the current shortage of schoolroom facilities, we consulted The Architects Collaborative, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. This eight-member partnership is inspired by seventy-year-old Walter Gropius, whose architectural achievements cover every kind of service and design man can dream about. Well equipped by experience and imagination, the Collaboratives co-operated with Collier's in detailing the plans for the modern school plant we sponsor in this issue.

Credits to the hard-working team (identified below)—and a special one for Mr. Gropius for having recently received in Brazil the Grand Prix International d'Architecture (Premio São Paulo) from the hands of President Getulio Vargas in the presence of the diplomatic corps.

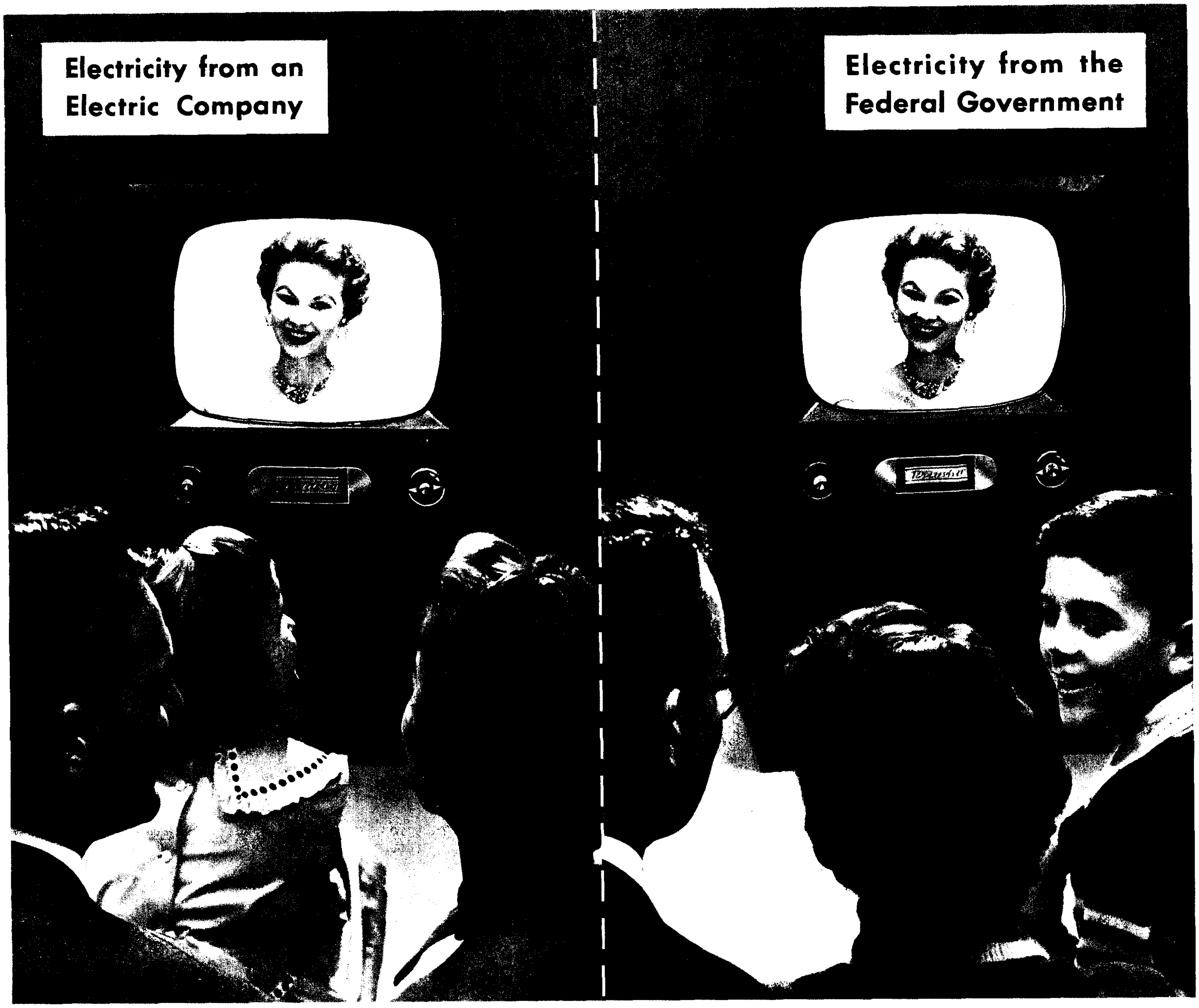
* * *

SPEAKING of schools, we have proud and selfish reasons for mentioning a Creditable new magazine called Omnibus. Vol. 1, No. 1 of this fat (53-page) periodical, jammed with articles, stories, drawings and advertisements, was produced on a duplicating machine by sixth-grade students in Oceanlake, Oregon. Preliminary work on the project included a thorough study of seven leading magazines by the editors, who finally "decided to use Collier's as a model because it has so many different kinds of features." The youthful staff regretted the lack of a Letters department, but explained logically that it was their first issue and no mail was at hand. Typical Omnibus cartoon: on the sidewalk one flea asks another, "Shall we walk or take a dog?" The last (editorial) page Omnibusly warned: "Let Collier's look to their laurels . . . There's only room at the top for one and we won't quit until we are there!" Respectful note to the Omnibus staff: Confronted by this spirit of competition, we shall indeed do as you advise. P.S. Perhaps this item will find a place in your indubitably now flourishing Letters column.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

SAMUEL ROSENBERG

The designers of the Collier's school included this architectural team: Benjamin Thompson, Sarah Harkness, Norman Fletcher, Chester Nagel, Walter Gropius, Jean B. Fletcher, John C. Harkness, Louis A. McMillen


Electricity from an Electric Company
Electricity from the Federal Government

Two kinds of electricity

WHICH DO YOU GET?

Four out of five people get electricity from the more than 800 business-managed electric light and power companies. These companies have *tripled* their supply of electricity in 15 years. And they have cut the average family price per kilowatt-hour by one-fourth.

The other kind of electricity is produced by the federal government and distributed to several million families and businesses.

The differences between the two are important. They affect *you*, your pocketbook and your future. Compare the differences:

COMPANY ELECTRICITY

1. Its prices are strictly regulated by people chosen to represent you.
2. It is available to everyone—without discrimination.
3. It comes from plants paid for by many thousands of investors.
4. It plays an important part in the free enterprise system of a free and strong America.

GOVERNMENT ELECTRICITY

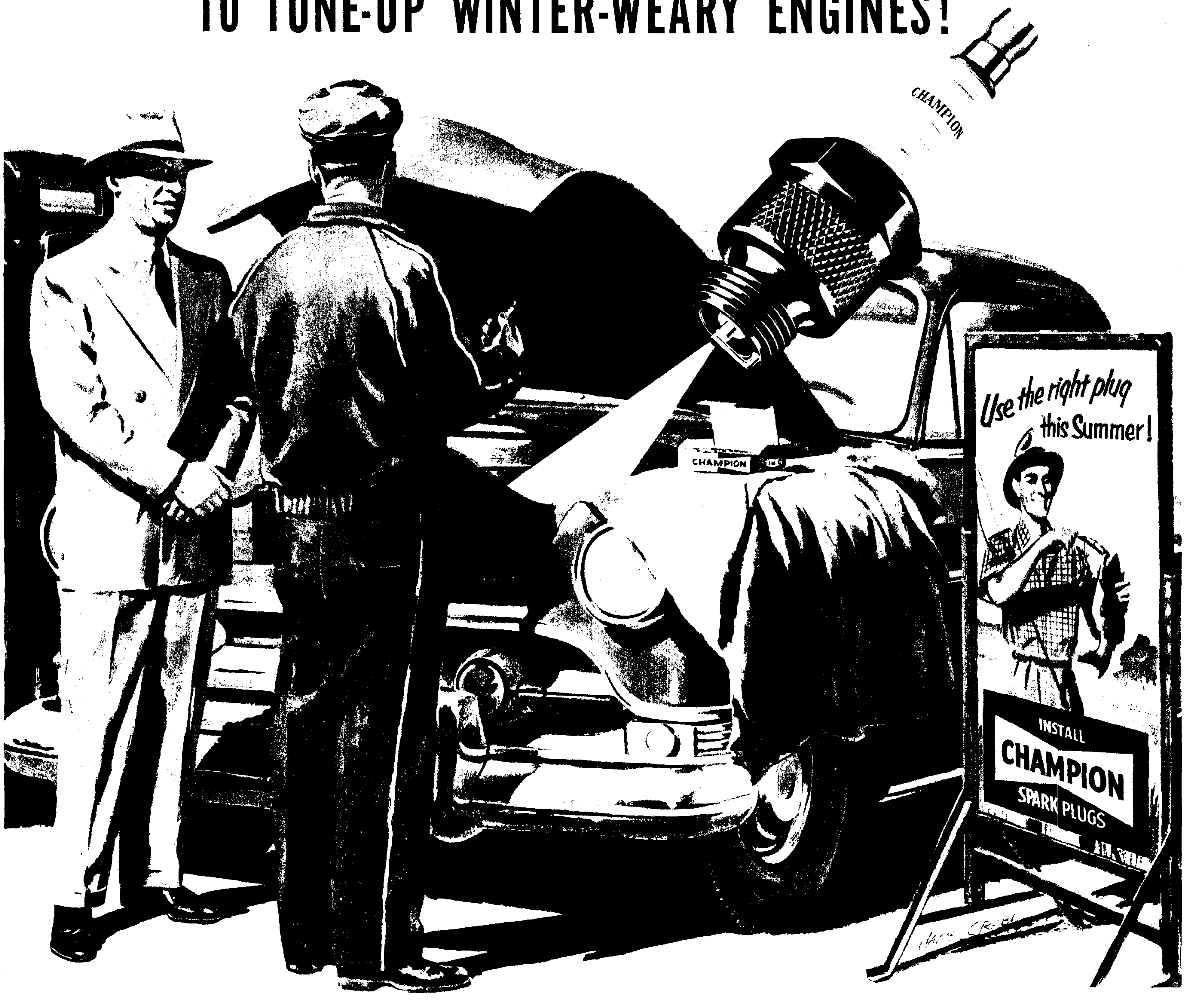
1. Its prices are exempt from normal regulation.
2. Certain favored groups have first call on it.
3. Its plants take tax money badly needed for other purposes.
4. It puts the federal government in business—it points to a government power monopoly—and socialism.

When *you* hear talk of a new government power project, ask these two questions: Is it really necessary? Is it a job that can be done without tax money by *America's business-managed Electric Light and Power Companies**?

"YOU ARE THERE"—CBS television—witness history's great events

*Names on request from this magazine

NOW IS THE TIME TO INSTALL
FULL-FIRING CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS
TO TUNE-UP WINTER-WEARY ENGINES!



ALL ENGINES NEED EXERCISE and few get enough in winter to stay in shape. Install new Champions now to offset the damaging effects of limited use or storage and help your engine do a first-class job for you this summer. Your dealer has the right type for every engine and every operating condition.

Quickest, surest way to wake up your engine for increased summer activities is to install a set of new Champion Spark Plugs.

Champion's full-firing spark—delivered through the finest insulator known to ceramic science to special alloy electrodes—turns every drop of gasoline into power. No unburned fuel remains to build up harmful deposits and thin your crankcase oil. That means you can drive longer, and harder this summer and still enjoy better performance and economy.

Now is a mighty good time to see your nearby Champion dealer and start getting all the power you're paying for!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Collier's, April 30, 1954

IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

By Dr. FRED L. WHIPPLE

Chairman, Department of Astronomy, Harvard University

Astronomers—planning to give the great red planet its closest scrutiny in history this summer—are nearer than ever before to answering the most fascinating question of all

ON JULY 2d, the planet Mars, swinging through its lopsided orbit around the sun, will be closer to the earth than at any time since 1941. All over the world, scientists will train batteries of telescopes and cameras on the big red sphere in history's greatest effort to unravel some of the mystery surrounding this most intriguing of the planets.

Next to Venus, Mars is our closest planetary neighbor. Even so, it will be 40,000,000 miles away as it passes by this summer (compared to 250,000,000 miles at its farthest point from the earth); on the most powerful of telescopes it will look no larger than a coffee saucer. Still, it will be close enough to provide astronomers important facts about its size, atmosphere and surface conditions—and the possibility that some kind of life exists there.

We already know a great deal.

Mars's diameter is roughly half the size of the earth. The Martian day is 24 hours, 37 minutes long, but its year is nearly twice as long as ours—670 Martian days. During daylight hours, the temperature on Mars shoots into the eighties, but at night a numbing cold grips the planet: the temperature drops suddenly to 95 below zero, Fahrenheit.

There is no evidence of oxygen in Mars's thin blue atmosphere. Moreover, its atmospheric pressure is so low that an earth man couldn't survive without a pressurized suit. If life of any kind does exist on Mars it must be extremely rugged.

Through the telescope, astronomers can clearly see Mars's great reddish deserts, blue-tinted cloud formations and—especially conspicuous—its distinctive polar caps.

The Martian polar caps cover about 4,000,000 square miles in the wintertime—an area roughly half the size of the North American continent. But as they melt in spring, strange blue-green areas develop near their retreating edges. Some months later these color patches, now covering great areas of the planet's surface, turn brownish. Finally in the deep of Martian winter they're a dark chocolate color. Do these seasonal color variations indicate some sort of plant or vegetable life? That's one of the riddles we'd like to solve.

There's another big question mark: Mars's so-called canals. Although most modern astronomers have long since discounted the once popular theory that the faint tracings seen by some on Mars are actually a network of waterways (and, therefore, perhaps constructed by intelligent beings), we still don't know what they are—or if they exist at all.

The "canals" have had a controversial history. They were first reported in 1877 by an Italian astronomer named Giovanni Schiaparelli who said he had seen delicate lines tracing a gridlike pattern over vast areas of the planet. He called them *canali*—"canals" or "channels."

Since Schiaparelli, many astronomers (especially Dr. Percival Lowell, who established an observatory for the primary purpose of studying Mars) have reported observing the delicate veinlike lines. Others, just as keen-sighted, have spent years studying the Martian face without once seeing the disputed markings.

This year we may get an opportunity to clear up the canal confusion once and for all. An American team, sponsored jointly by the National Geographic Society and Lowell Observatory, will photograph Mars from Bloemfontein, South Africa, where Mars will appear almost directly overhead nightly during early July. The U.S. team, using new photographic techniques and the latest in fast film emulsions, expects to get the most detailed photographs of the planet yet obtained.

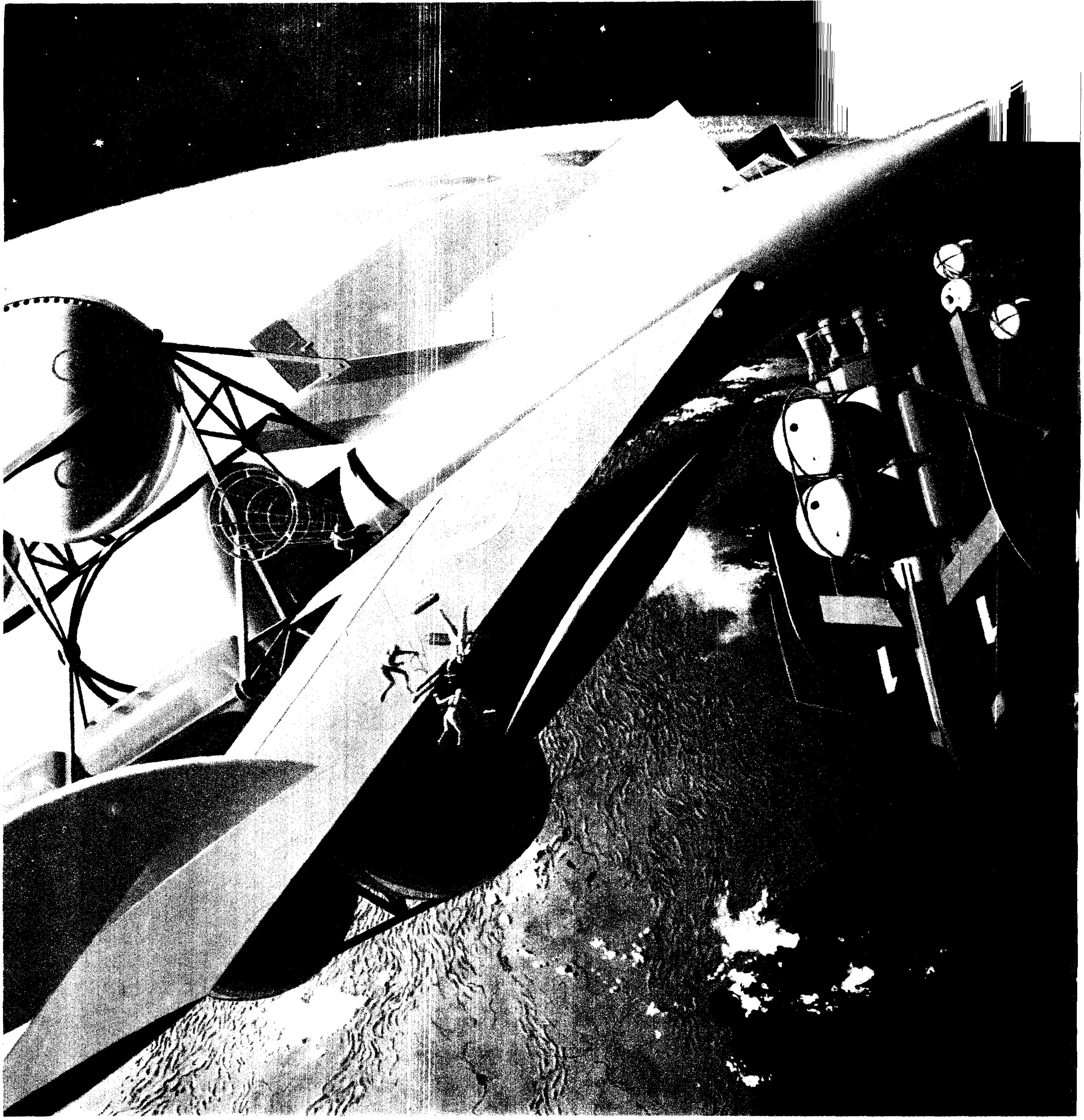
But great as the 1954 Mars observation program promises to be, it's only the curtain raiser for 1956, when Mars will approach to within 35,000,000 miles of the earth. Not for another 15 years, in 1971, will it be so close again.

When all the findings have been evaluated we may be able to make some intelligent guesses as to the possibility of life on Mars. Chances are that bacteria are the only type of animal life which could exist in the planet's oxygenless atmosphere. There also may be some sort of tough, primitive plant life—perhaps lichens or mosses which produce their own oxygen and water. Such plants might explain the changing colors of the Martian seasons.

There's one other possibility.

How can we say with absolute certainty that there isn't a *different* form of life existing on Mars—a kind of life that we know nothing about? We can't. There's only one way to find out for sure what is on Mars—and that's to go there.

Rocket expert Dr. Wernher von Braun discusses the problems of a trip to Mars on the pages that follow



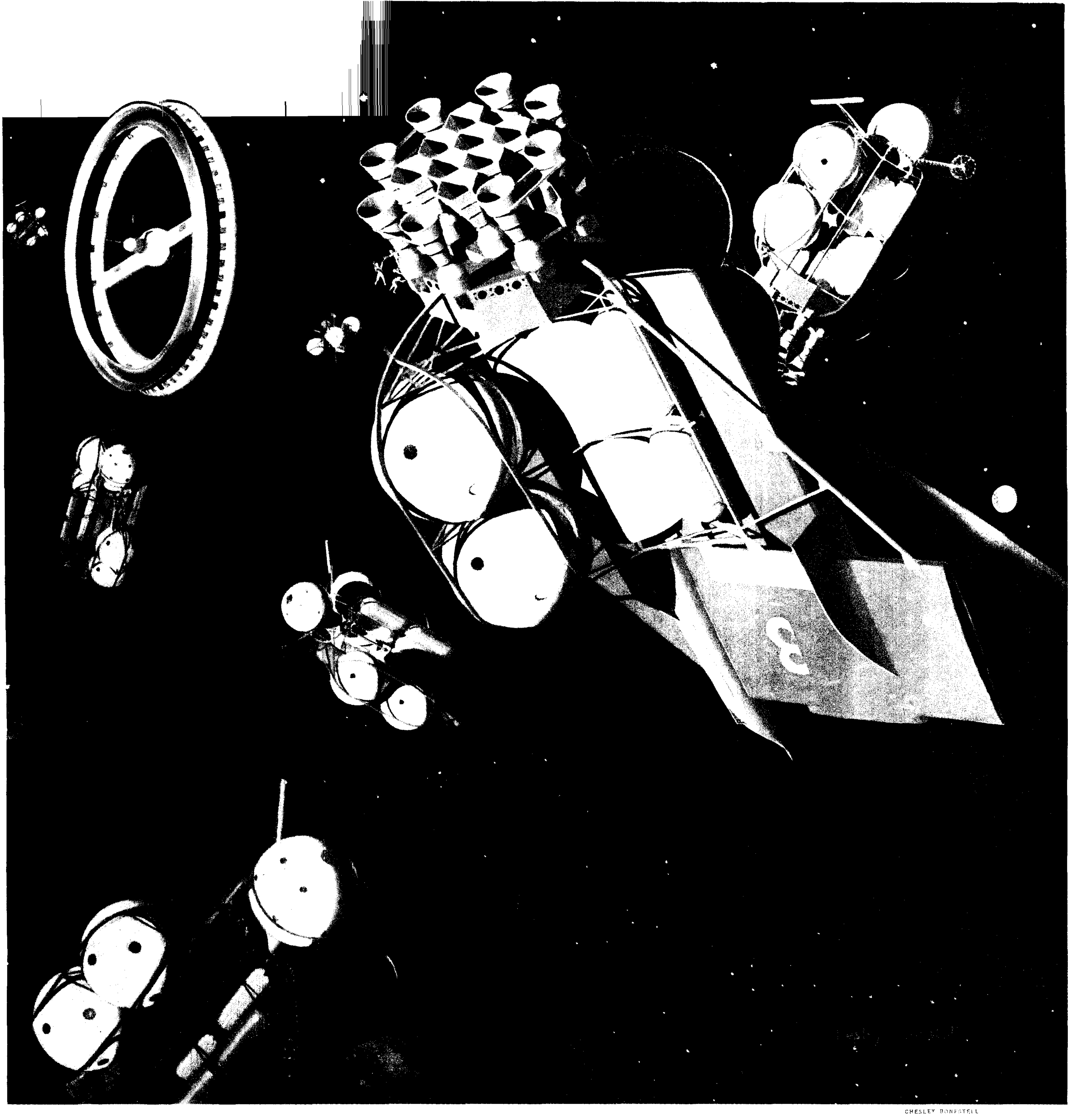
Near wheel-shaped space station 1,000 miles from the earth, built especially for assembly of the Mars expedition, weightless workers put togethe

Can We Get to MARS?

By Dr. WERNHER von BRAUN with CORNELIUS RYAN

Chief, Guided Missile Development Division, Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Alabama

Man's trail-blazing journey to Mars will be a breath-taking experience—with problems to match



CHESLEY BONESTELL

he 10 rocket ships required for the flight. Three of the huge space craft have torpedo noses which convert to planes for landing on the planet

THE first men who set out for Mars had better make sure they leave everything at home in apple-pie order. They won't get back to earth for more than two and a half years.

The difficulties of a trip to Mars are formidable. The outbound journey, following a huge arc 355,000,000 miles long, will take eight months—even with rocket ships that travel many thousands of miles an hour. For more than a year, the explorers will have to live on the great red planet, waiting for it to swing into a favorable position for the return trip. Another eight months will pass before the 70 members of the pioneer expedition set foot on earth again. All during that time, they will be exposed to a multitude of dangers and strains, some of them impossible to foresee on the basis of today's knowledge.

Will man ever go to Mars? I am sure he will—but it will be a century or more before he's ready. In that time scientists and engineers will learn more about the physical and mental rigors of interplanetary flight—and about the unknown dangers of life on another planet. Some of that information may become available within the next 25 years or so, through the erection of a space station above the earth (where telescope viewings will not be blurred by the earth's atmosphere) and through the subsequent exploration of the moon, as described in previous issues of Collier's.

Even now science can detail the technical requirements for a Mars expedition down to the last ton of fuel. Our knowledge of the laws governing the solar system—so accurate that astronomers can predict an eclipse of the sun to within a fraction of a second—enables scientists to determine exactly the speed a space ship must have to reach Mars, the course that will intercept the planet's orbit at exactly the right moment, the methods to be used for the landing, take-off and other maneuvering. We know, from these calculations, that we already have chemical rocket fuels adequate for the trip.

Better propellants are almost certain to emerge during the next 100 years. In fact, scientific advances will undoubtedly make obsolete many of the engineering concepts on which this article, and the accompanying illustrations, are based. Nevertheless, it's possible to discuss the problems of a flight to Mars in terms of what is known today. We can assume, for example, that such an expedition will involve about 70 scientists and crew members. A force that size would require a flotilla of 10 massive space ships, each weighing more than 4,000 tons—not only because there's safety in numbers, but because of the tons of fuel, scientific equipment, rations, oxygen, water and the like necessary for the trip and for a stay of about 31 months away from earth.

All that information can be computed scientifically. But science can't apply a slide rule to man; he's the unknown quantity, the weak spot that makes a Mars expedition a project for the far distant, rather than the immediate, future. The 70 explorers will endure hazards and stresses the like of which no men before them have ever known. Some of these hardships must be eased—or at least better understood—before the long voyage becomes practical.

For months at a time, during the actual period of travel, the expedition members will be weightless. Can the human body stand prolonged weightlessness? The crews of rocket ships plying between the ground and the earth's space station about 1,000 miles away will soon grow accustomed to the absence of gravity—but they will experience this odd sensation for no more than a few hours at a time. Prolonged weightlessness will be a different story.

Over a period of months in outer space, muscles accustomed to fighting the pull of gravity could shrink from disuse—just as do the muscles of people who are bedridden or encased in plaster casts for a long time. The members of a Mars expedition might be seriously handicapped by such a disability. Faced with a rigorous work schedule on the unexplored planet, they will have to be strong and fit upon arrival.

The problem will have to be solved aboard the space vehicles. Some sort of elaborate spring exercisers may be the answer. Or perhaps synthetic gravity could be produced aboard the rocket ships by designing them to rotate as they coast through space, creating enough centrifugal force to act as a substitute for gravity.

Far worse than the risk of atrophied muscles is the hazard of cosmic rays. An overdose of these deep-penetrating atomic particles, which act like the invisible radiation of an atomic-bomb burst, can cause blindness, cell damage and possibly cancer.

Scientists have measured the intensity of cosmic radiation close to the earth. They have learned that the rays dissipate harmlessly in our atmosphere. They also have deduced that man can safely venture as far as the moon without risking an overdose of radiation. But that's a comparatively brief trip. What will happen to men who are exposed to the rays for months on end? There is no material that offers practical protection against cosmic rays—practical, that is, for space travel. Space engineers could provide a barrier by making the cabin walls of lead several feet thick—but that would add hundreds of tons to the weight of the space vehicle. A more realistic plan might be to surround the cabin with the fuel tanks, thus providing the added safeguard of a two- or three-foot thickness of liquid.

The best bet would seem to be a reliance on man's ingenuity: by the time an expedition from the earth is ready to take off for Mars, perhaps in the mid-2000s, it is quite likely that researchers will have perfected a drug which will enable men to endure radiation for comparatively long periods. Unmanned rockets, equipped with instruments which send information back to earth, probably will blaze the first trail to our sister planet, helping to clear up many mysteries of the journey.

Small Meteors Could Do Little Damage

Meteors, for example. Many billions of these tiny bullets, most of them about the size of a grain of sand, speed wildly through space at speeds of more than 150,000 miles an hour. For short trips, we can protect space ships from these lightning-fast pellets by covering all vital areas—fuel tanks, rocket motors, cargo bins, cabins and the like—with light metal outer shields called meteor bumpers. The tiny meteors will explode against this outer shell, leaving the inner skin of the ship—and the occupants—unharmed.

But in the 16 months of space travel required for a visit to Mars, much larger projectiles might be encountered. Scientists know that the density of large meteors is greater near the red planet than it is around the earth. If, by some chance, a rock the size of a baseball should plow through the thin shell of one of the rocket ships it could do terrible damage—especially if it struck a large, solid object inside. A meteor that size, traveling at terrific speed, could explode with the force of 100 pounds of TNT. In the cabin of a space vehicle, such an explosion would cause tremendous destruction.

Fortunately, meteors that size will be extremely rare, even near Mars.

Dime-sized chunks are more likely to be encountered. They will be a danger, too, although not so bad as the larger rocks. They'll rip through the bumper and skin like machine-gun bullets. If they strike anything solid, they'll explode with some force. If not, they'll leave through the other side of the ship—but even then they may cause trouble. Holes will have to be plugged to maintain cabin pressure. The shock wave created by the meteors' extreme speed may hurt the ship's occupants: there will be a deafening report and a blinding flash; the friction created by their passage through the cabin atmosphere will create enough heat to singe the

FRED FREEMAN

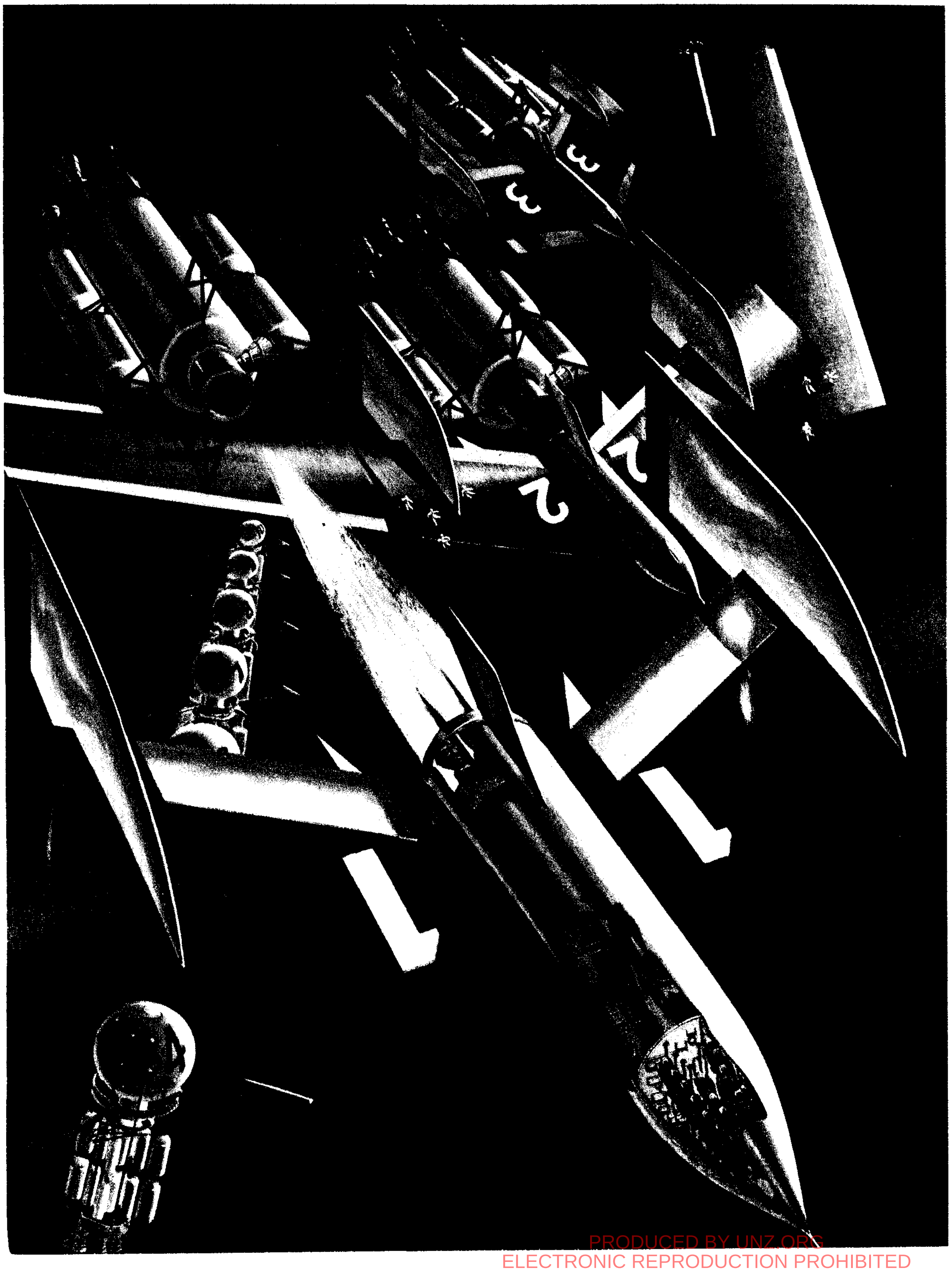
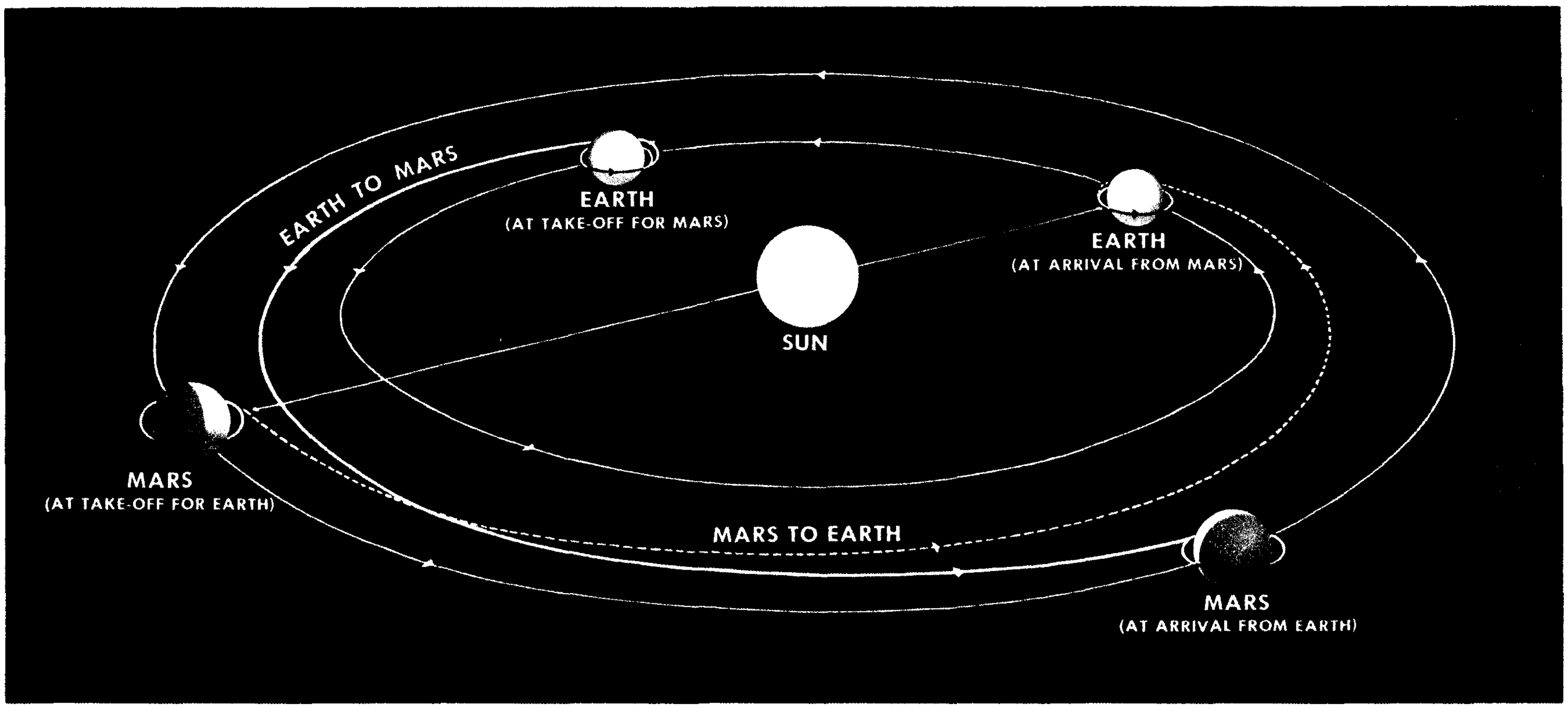
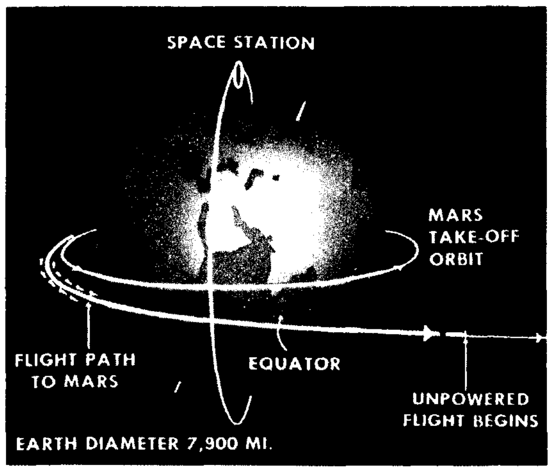
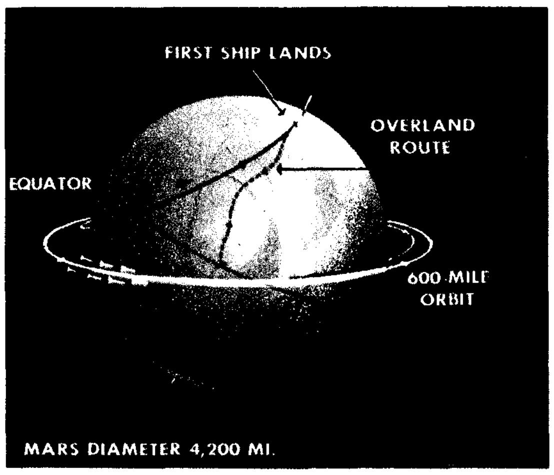


Illustration shows how the landing planes are assembled in 600-mile Martian orbit. Pointed noses are removed from three of 10 ships that made trip from earth; wings and landing gear are fitted to them. Cutaway of plane in the foreground shows personnel, tractors in ship


EARTH TO MARS
EARTH (AT TAKE-OFF FOR MARS)
EARTH (AT ARRIVAL FROM MARS)
SUN
MARS (AT TAKE-OFF FOR EARTH)
MARS TO EARTH
MARS (AT ARRIVAL FROM EARTH)



Top diagram shows positions of earth and Mars at times of arrival and departure, and routes followed in both directions. Drawing at left depicts take-off maneuver from an orbit 1,000 miles above earth's equator (note polar orbit of original earth space station, which might be built within next 15 or 20 years). Mars vehicles cut power 5,700 miles from the earth and coast rest of the way through space. At right, fleet of 10 rocket ships approaches to within about 600 miles of Mars, establishes itself in orbit and launches first of three landing planes toward Martian polar area for snow landing. After landing, advance party abandons plane and travels on tractors 4,000 miles to equator, where it prepares a landing strip for expedition members in other planes



ROLF KLEP

eyebrows of a man standing close by. And, of course, a person in the direct path of a pebble-sized meteor could be severely injured. A fragile piece of machinery could be destroyed, and it's even possible that the entire rocket ship would have to be abandoned after sustaining one or more hits by space projectiles that size (astronomers estimate that one out of 10 ships on a 16-month voyage might be damaged badly, although even that is unlikely).

If one of the Mars-bound vehicles does suffer serious damage, the incident needn't be disastrous. In a pinch, a disabled space vehicle can be abandoned easily. All of the ships will carry small self-propelled craft—space taxis—which are easily built and easily maneuvered. They will be fully pressurized, and will be used for routine trips between the ships of the convoy, as well as for emergencies. If for some reason the space taxis aren't available to the occupants of a damaged ship, they will be able to don pressurized suits and step calmly out into space. Individual rocket guns, manually operated, will enable each of them to make his way to the nearest space ship in the convoy. Space-suited explorers will have no difficulty traveling between ships. There's no air to impede motion, no gravitational pull and no sense of speed. When they leave their ship the men will have to overcome only their own inertia. They'll be traveling through the solar system at more than 70,000 miles an hour, but they will be no more aware of it than we on earth are aware that every molecule of our bodies is moving at a speed of 66,600 miles an hour around the sun.

Science ultimately will solve the problems posed by cosmic rays, meteors and the other natural phenomena of space. But man will still face one great hazard: himself.

Man must breathe. He must guard himself against a great variety of illnesses and ailments. He must be entertained. And he must be protected from many psychological hazards, some of them still obscure.

How will science provide a synthetic atmosphere within the space-ship cabins and Martian dwellings for two and a half years? When men are locked into a confined, airtight area for only a few days or weeks oxygen can be replenished, and exhaled carbon dioxide and other impurities extracted, without difficulty. Submarine engineers solved the problem long ago. But a conventional submarine surfaces after a brief submersion and blows out its stale air. High-altitude pressurized aircraft have mechanisms which automatically introduce fresh air and expel contaminated air.

There's no breathable air in space or on Mars; the men who visit the red planet will have to carry with them enough oxygen to last many months.

When Men Live Too Close Together

During that time they will live, work and perform all bodily functions within the cramped confines of a rocket-ship cabin or a pressurized—and probably mobile—Martian dwelling. (I believe the first men to visit Mars will take along inflatable, spherical cabins, perhaps 30 feet across, which can be mounted atop tractor chassis.) Even with plenty of oxygen, the atmosphere in those living quarters is sure to pose a problem.

Within the small cabins, the expedition members will wash, perform personal functions, sweat, cough, cook, create garbage. Every one of those activities will feed poisons into the synthetic air—just as they do within the earth's atmosphere.

No less than 29 toxic agents are generated during the daily routine of the average American household. Some of them are body wastes, others come from cooking. When you fry an egg, the burned fat releases a potent irritant called acrolein. Its effect is negligible on earth because the amount is so small that it's almost instantly dissipated in the air. But that microscopic quantity of acrolein in the personnel quarters of a Mars expedition could prove dangerous; unless there was some way to remove it from the atmosphere it would be circulated again and again through the air-conditioning system.

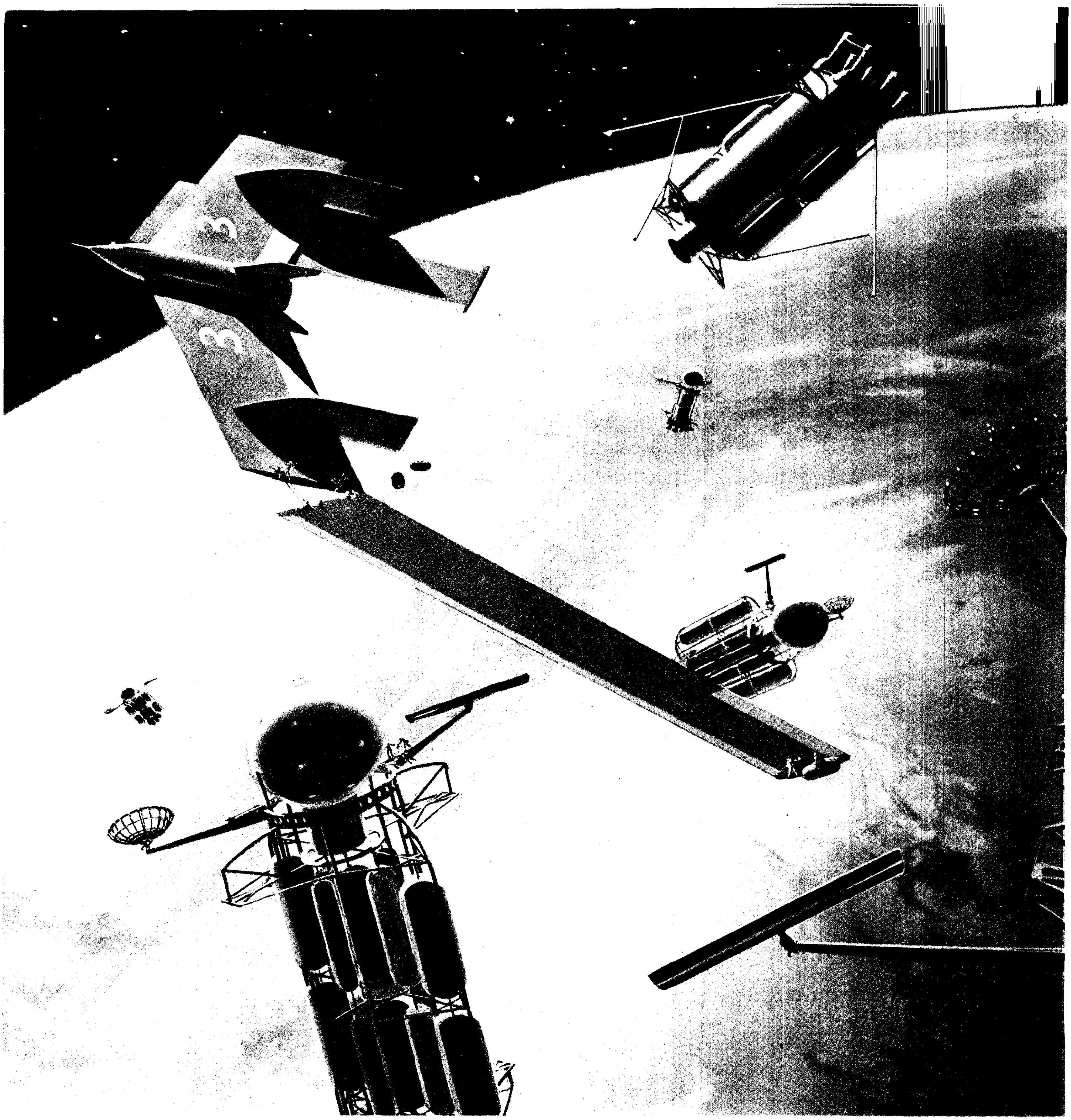
Besides the poisons resulting from cooking and the like, the engineering equipment—lubricants, hydraulic fluids, plastics, the metals in the vehicles—will give off vapors which could contaminate the atmosphere.

What can be done about this problem? No one has all the answers right now, but there's little doubt that by using chemical filters, and by cooling and washing the air as it passes through the air-conditioning apparatus, the synthetic atmosphere can be made safe to live in.

Besides removing the impurities from the man-made air, it may be necessary to add a few. Man has lived so long with the impurities in the earth's atmosphere that no one knows whether he can exist without them. By the time of the Mars expedition, the scientists may decide to add traces of dust, smoke and oil to the synthetic air—and possibly iodine and salt as well.

I am convinced that we have, or will acquire, the basic knowledge to solve all the physical problems of a flight to Mars. But how about the psychological problem? Can a man retain his sanity while cooped up with many other men in a crowded area, perhaps twice the length of your living room, for more than thirty months?

Share a small room with a dozen people completely cut off from the outside world. In a few weeks the irritations begin to pile up. At the end of



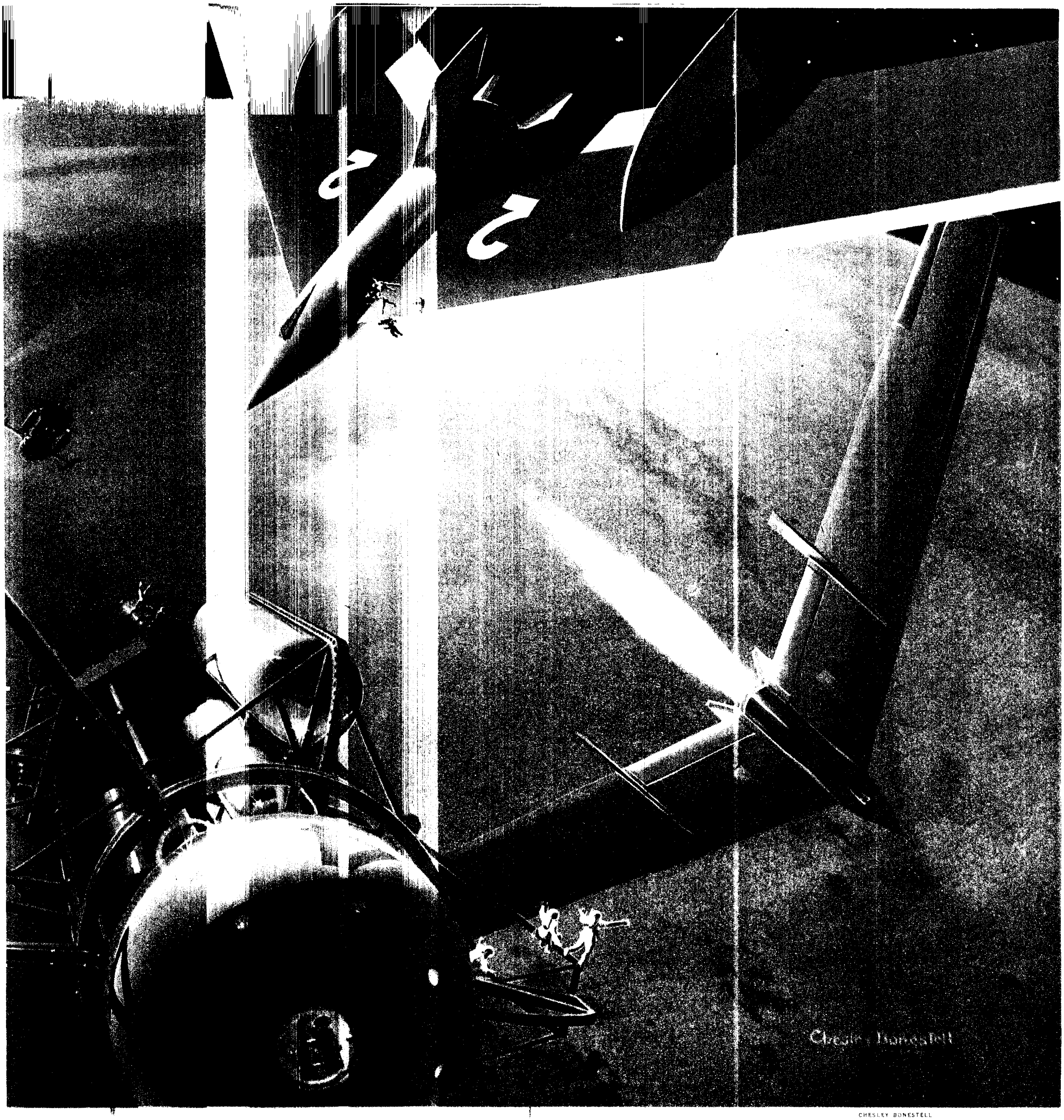
The first landing party takes off for Mars. Two other landing planes will wait until runway is prepared for them, and the remaining seven ship

a few months, particularly if the occupants of the room are chosen haphazardly, someone is likely to go berserk. Little mannerisms—the way a man cracks his knuckles, blows his nose, the way he grins, talks or gestures—create tension and hatred which could lead to murder.

Imagine yourself in a space ship millions of miles from earth. You see the same people every day. The earth, with all it means to you, is just another bright star in the heavens; you aren't sure you'll ever get back to it. Every noise about the rocket ship suggests a breakdown, every crash a meteor collision. If somebody does crack, you can't call off the expedition and return to earth. You'll have to take him with you.

The psychological problem probably will be at its worst during the two eight-month travel periods. On Mars, there will be plenty to do, plenty to see. To be sure, there will be certain problems on the planet, too. There will be considerable confinement. The scenery is likely to be grindingly monotonous. The threat of danger from some unknown source will hang over the explorers constantly. So will the knowledge that an extremely complicated process, subject to possible breakdown, will be required to get them started on their way back home. Still, Columbus' crew at sea faced much the same problems the explorers will face on Mars; the fifteenth-century sailors felt the psychological tension, but no one went mad.

But Columbus traveled only ten weeks to reach America; certainly his men would never have stood an eight-month voyage. The travelers to Mars will



CHESLEY BONESTELL

will stay in 600-mile orbit. Arms on cargo ships hold screenlike dish antennas (for communication), trough-shaped solar mirrors (for power)

have to, and psychologists undoubtedly will make careful plans to keep up the morale of the voyagers.

The fleet will be in constant radio communication with the earth (there probably will be no television transmission, owing to the great distance). Radio programs will help relieve the boredom, but it's possible that the broadcasts will be censored before transmission; there's no way of telling how a man might react, say, to the news that his home town was the center of a flood disaster. Knowing would do him no good—and it might cause him to crack.

Besides radio broadcasts, each ship will be able to receive (and send) radio pictures. There also will be films which can be circulated among the space ships. Reading matter will probably be carried in the form of microfilms to save space. These activities—plus frequent intership visiting, lectures and crew rotations—will help to relieve the monotony.

There is another possibility, seemingly fantastic, but worth mentioning briefly because experimentation already has indicated it may be practical. The nonworking members of a Mars expedition may actually hibernate during part of the long voyage. French doctors have induced a kind of artificial hibernation in certain patients for short periods, in connection with operations for which they will need all their strength (Collier's, December 11, 1953—Medicine's New Offensive Against Shock, by J. D. Ratcliff). The process involves a lowering of the body temperature, and the subsequent slowing down of all the normal physical processes. On a Mars expedition, such a procedure, over a longer period, would solve much of the psychological problem, would cut sharply into the amount of food required for the trip, and would, if successful, leave the expedition members in superb physical condition for the ordeal of exploring the planet.

Certainly if a Mars expedition were planned for the next 10 or 15 years no one would seriously consider hibernation as a solution for any of the problems of the trip. But we're talking of a voyage to be made 100 years from now; I believe that if the French experiments bear fruit, hibernation may actually be considered at that time.

Finally, there has been one engineering development which may also simplify both the psychological and physical problems of a Mars voyage. Scientists are on the track of a new fuel, useful only in the vacuum of space, which would be so economical that it would make possible far greater speeds for space journeys. It could be used to shorten the travel time, or to lighten the load of each space ship, or both. Obviously, a four- or six-month Mars flight would create far fewer psychological hazards than a trip lasting eight months.

In any case, it seems certain that the members of an expedition to Mars will have to be selected with great care. Scientists estimate that only one person in every 6,000 will be qualified, physically, mentally and emotionally, for routine space flight. But can 70 men be found who will have those qualities—and also the scientific background necessary to explore Mars? I'm sure of it.

One day a century or so from now, a fleet of rocket ships will take off for Mars. The trip could be made with 10 ships launched from an orbit, about 1,000 miles out in space, that girdles our globe at its equator. (It would take tremendous power and vast quantities of fuel to leave directly from the earth. Launching a Mars voyage from an orbit about 1,000 miles out, far from the earth's gravitational pull, will require relatively little fuel.) The Mars-bound vehicles, assembled in the orbit, will look like bulky bundles of girders, with propellant tanks hung on the outside and great passenger cabins perched on top. Three of them will have torpedo-shaped noses and massive wings—dismantled, but strapped to their sides for future use. Those bullet noses will be detached and will serve as landing craft, the only vehicles that will actually land on the neighbor planet. When the 10 ships are 5,700 miles from the earth, they will cut off their rocket motors; from there on, they will coast unpowered toward Mars.

After eight months they will swing into an orbit around Mars, about 600 miles up, and adjust speed to keep from hurtling into space again. The expedition will take this intermediate step, instead of proceeding directly to Mars, for two main reasons: first, the ships (except for the three detachable torpedo-shaped noses) will lack the streamlining required for flight in the Martian atmosphere; second, it will be more economical to avoid carrying all the fuel needed for the return to earth (which now comprises the bulk of the cargo) all the way down to Mars and then back up again.

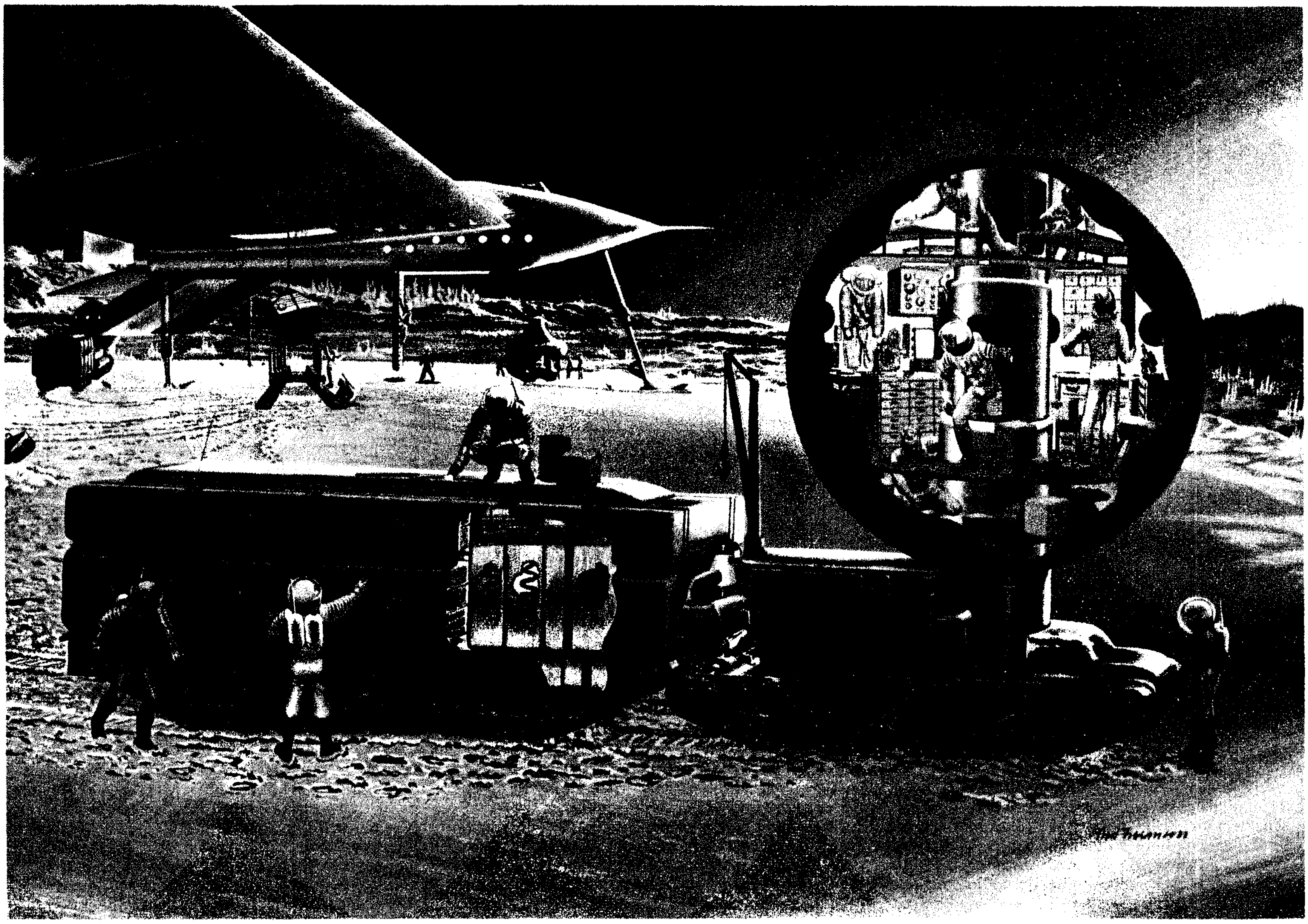
Upon reaching the 600-mile orbit—and after some exploratory probings of Mars's atmosphere with unmanned rockets—the first of the three landing craft will be assembled. The torpedo nose will be unhooked, to become the fuselage of a rocket plane. The wings and a set of landing skis will be attached, and the plane launched toward the surface of Mars.

The landing of the first plane will be made on the planet's snow-covered polar cap—the only spot where there is any reasonable certainty of finding a smooth surface. Once down, the pioneer landing party will unload its tractors and supplies, inflate its balloonlike living quarters, and start on a 4,000-mile overland journey to the Martian equator, where the expedition's main base will be set up (it is the most livable part of the planet—well within the area that scientists want most to investigate). At the equator, the advance party will construct a landing strip for the other two rocket planes. (The first landing craft will be abandoned at the pole.)

In all, the expedition will remain on the planet 15 months. That's a long time—but it still will be too short to learn all that science would like to know about Mars.

When, at last, Mars and the earth begin to swing toward each other in the heavens, and it's time to go back, the two ships that landed on the equator will be stripped of their wings and landing gear, set on their tails and, at the proper moment, rocketed back to the 600-mile orbit on the first leg of the return journey.

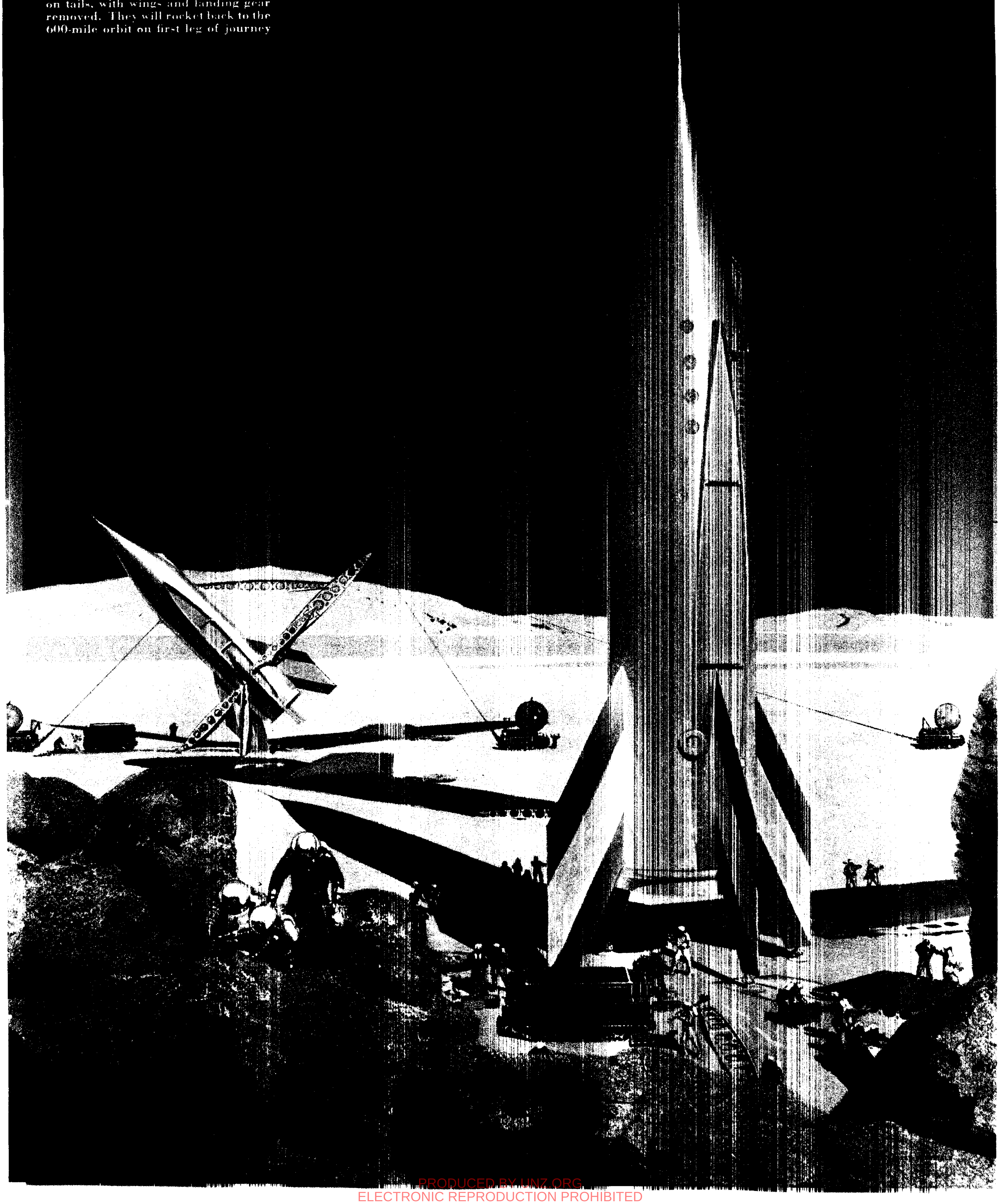
What curious information will these first explorers carry back from Mars? Nobody knows—and it's extremely doubtful that anyone now living will ever know. All that can be said with certainty today is this: the trip can be made, and will be made . . . someday.

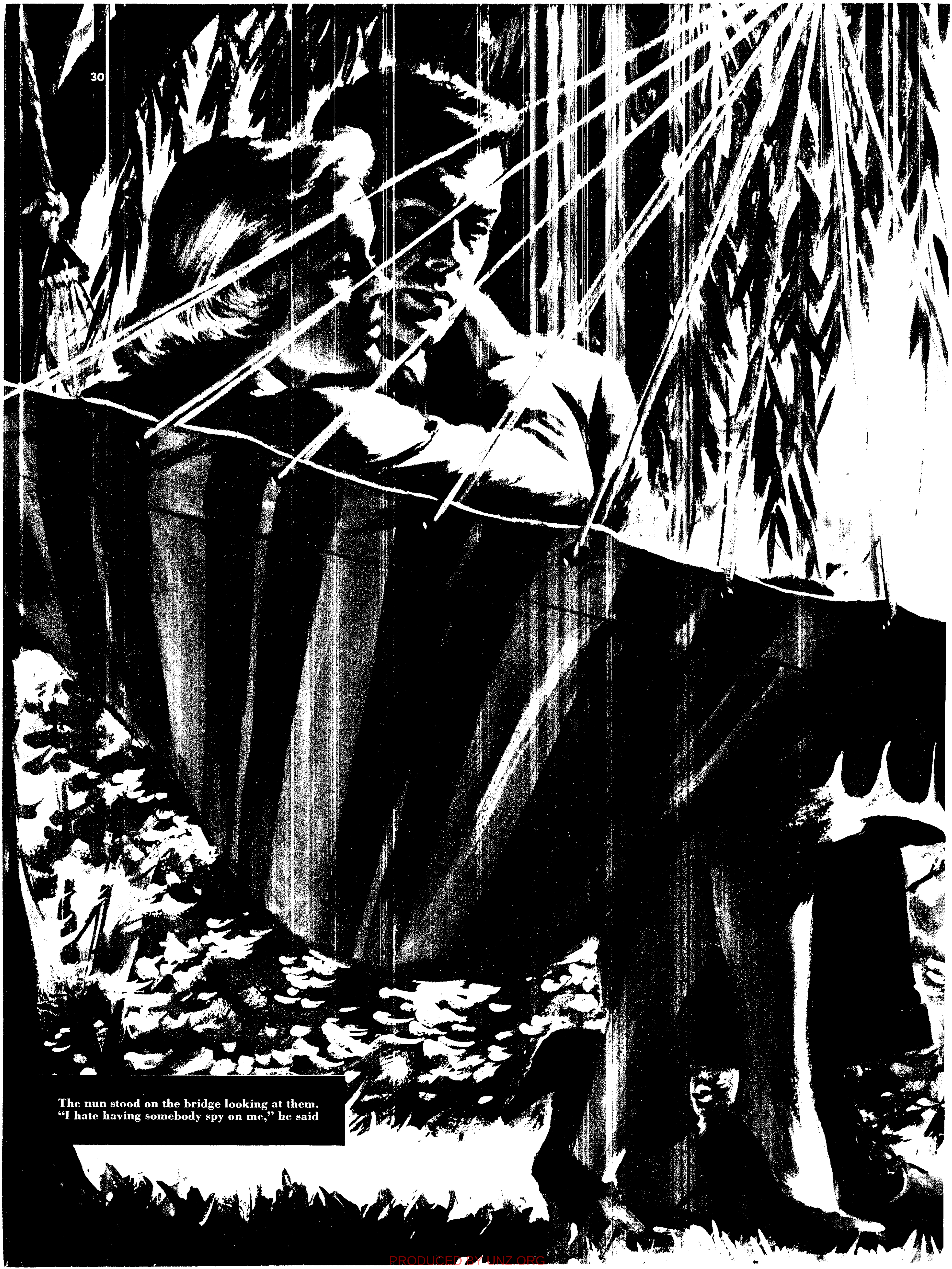


FRED FREEMAN

Advance party, after landing on Martian snow in ski-equipped plane, prepares for trip to equator. Men live in inflatable, pressurized spheres mounted on tractors, enter and leave through air locks in the central column. Sphere on tractor at rear center is just being blown up. Cutaway of tractor, foreground, shows closed-circuit engine, run by hydrogen peroxide, oil. Trailer cutaway shows fuel supply, cargo

After 15-month exploration, the Mars expedition prepares for return flight to earth. Two landing planes are set on tails, with wings and landing gear removed. They will rocket back to the 600-mile orbit on first leg of journey





The nun stood on the bridge looking at them. "I hate having somebody spy on me," he said

The Bankrupt Heart

By EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

HE house was not set far back from the road, but it was almost entirely surrounded by an eight-foot hedge. Except for the small, slatted gate there was no indication of a house at all—there was only the road and the summerhouses opposite, still boarded up for the winter. The taxicab stopped with a splatter of pebbles, and a tall blonde woman, wrapped in a fur stole, stepped out into the cool April sunlight.

"Just leave the bags at the door," she said to the driver. She got a key and some change from her handbag and paid the driver. When he had left the suitcases on the wooden steps, she unlocked the door and pushed it open.

Inside, the air was stale and musty. She carried the bags upstairs to one of the bedrooms and emptied them, leaving frothy lingerie and a pile of soft, bright cashmere sweaters on the double bed, a gold and silver heap of chain jewelry on the bureau, plaids and velvets and wools thrown over the chair near the window.

She pulled off her thin black dress, put on a pair of slacks and one of the sweaters, and wrapped the fur stole around her shoulders again. She went downstairs, turning on a lamp in the hall and one over an easy chair, and thinking that, thank goodness, at least the electricity had been taken care of. She went to the cupboard, opened it and noted that, yes, she had been right, there still was some liquor left from the summer before. She took out a bottle of gin and one of vermouth, carefully mixed a pitcher of Martinis and poured one for herself. Then she sat in the easy chair, nestled her chin in the silky fur, and sipped the drink.

Her hair was the same color as the cocktail, and she wore it long and smooth, with the ends brushed under. She had the kind of face that looked as if once it had been very pretty, but now some of the freshness was gone. From time to time she looked at her watch. She finished the Martini, poured another and watched the twilight come, darkening the bay window at the back of the room.

A half hour passed and then an hour; it was six o'clock and the Angelus bell at the convent across the inlet had begun to ring when she heard a car in the driveway, the sound of a door closing. She went out to the back porch where she could see him; he was taking a suitcase out of the car and had tossed a pair of slacks over his arm. She ran across the grass to him and he dropped the suitcase and she clung to him, her hair falling against his cheek, his hand pressing against the small of her back, her eyes, when she looked up at him, making love to him in the dim, fading light of the April evening.

"You're late," she said. "So late. I was terrified here without you. Why didn't you come earlier?"

"Hallie's plane to Miami was delayed," he said. "We sat around La Guardia for two hours before I could get her off. I knew I couldn't call you."

"Didn't she ask where you were going?"

"Sure. I said Pittsburgh. That seemed like a likely enough spot. I can't imagine having an affair with you in Pittsburgh."

She moved away from him, up the steps, drawing the fur stole closer about her. "Don't call it that," she said. "Don't ever call it that."

He laughed. "Why?" he said. "Does your catechism frown on it? Very useful word, I should think."

On the porch he cupped her chin in his hand and laughed again, but she turned and went inside. I won't say another word, she thought. I wanted it like this—a week with him—I was the one. She could remember sitting with him in her apartment one evening and saying, "I could open the place out on the Island the week before Easter"—the cottage that was left over from her marriage. "There's a fireplace and a Franklin stove. If she goes South, you and I could go out there for the week." She never quite said Hallie, his wife's name; she evaded it, as if that made her hardly exist at all.

And, oh, I am weak, she thought, wherever he's concerned. I'm tired, that's it, tired for so many reasons.

In New York you grew tired from being with people too much—the offices were crowded and (*Continued on page 56*)

Love had come to mean stolen moments with a stolen man. She had forgotten there was another kind of love

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

As film star trying to cheer down-and-out spouse, Judy does spoof of global production numbers. Shade stands for China

A STAR IS

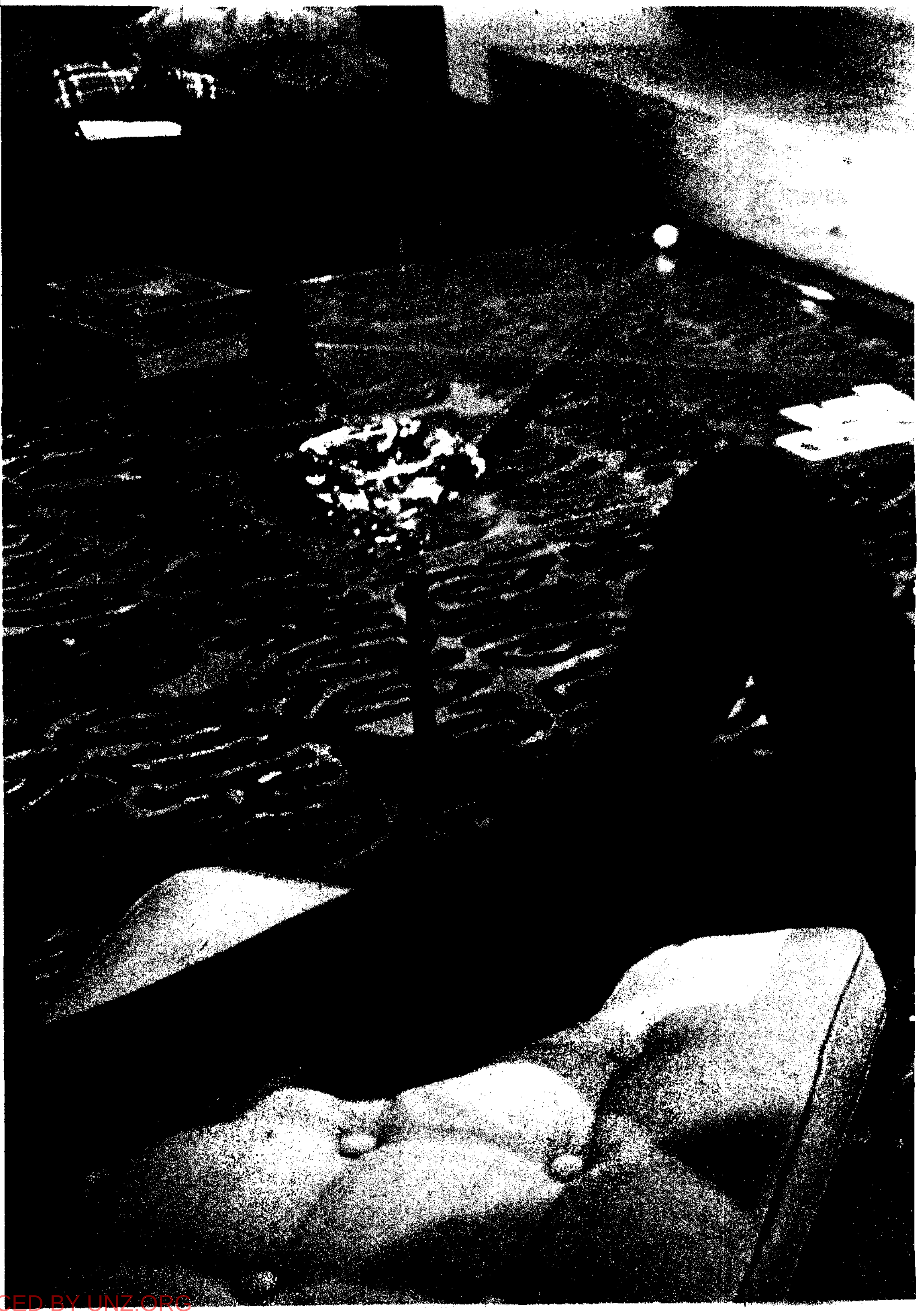
Judy's back in business, packing that old Garland magic and a brand-new pair of plum-colored tights

SINCE she was three, Judy Garland's been a singer, a hoofer and a clown. A film star at fifteen, an Academy Award-winner at seventeen, she's belted out that old Garland magic in 30-plus pictures—from Andy Hardy to Easter Parade. But success brought its growing pains. Judy began a four-year recess from movie making in 1949. Two years later, a rafter-raising stage tour gave her career the jolt it needed. Now she's back at the old stand.

For some eight months Judy's been working on a $4,000,000 redo of the Fredric March-Janet Gaynor classic, A Star Is Born, made in the thirties. Set to music, the key role recast to fit Miss Garland's special talents, the story of a band-singer-turned-movie-star has decided autobiographical overtones. As usual, Judy emotes, sings and dances. And in one musical satire on Hollywood's Big Production Number she romps over furniture, pillow-fights with movie mate James Mason, covers the globe lampooning singing styles from Peiping to Place Pigalle. True to the Garland tradition, she knocks herself out. As actress Ina Claire, visiting on the set, remarked, "This girl should do just one take a day—then catch an ambulance home."

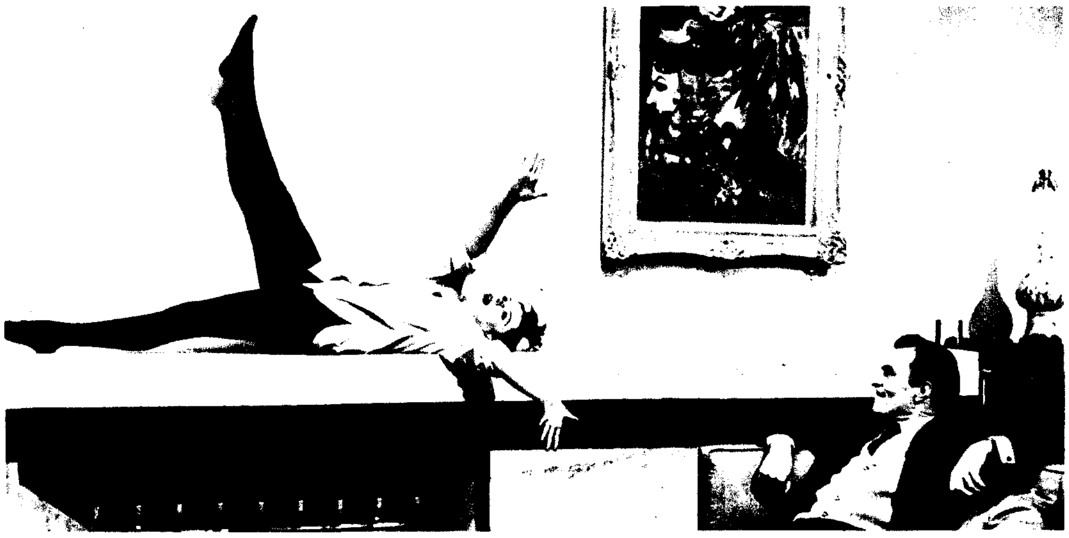
Maybe that's how a star is reborn. —EVELYN HARVEY

Impromptu song and dance takes Judy on romp around living room, and leads to a pillow fight



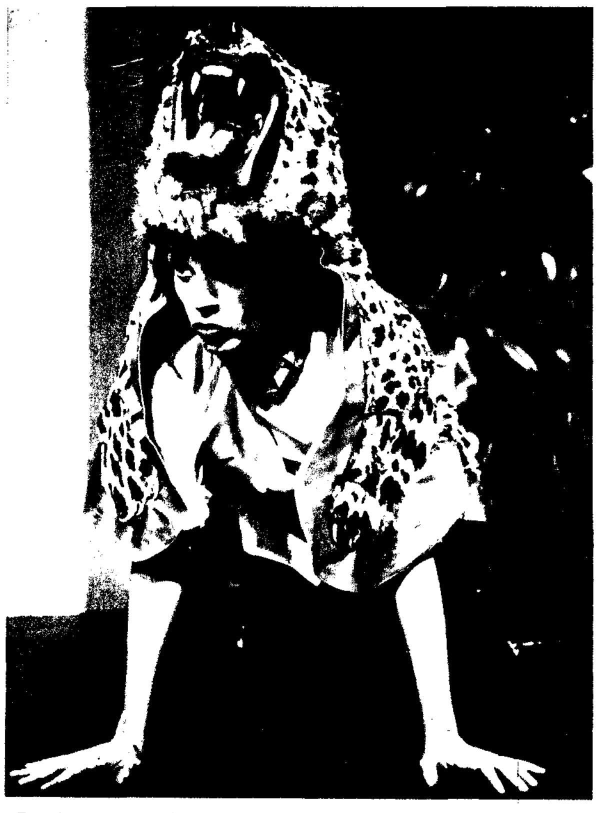
Judy joins film mate James Mason at ringside during a lull in her one-woman tour de force

REBORN



Flinging herself on mantelpiece, Judy continues her parody of imported and home-grown singing styles with wild take-off on South-of-the-Border routines

Encouraged by Mason's reaction, Judy tries a quieter tack, lampoons herself, singing same number in rendition she calls Early Garland



In Darkest Africa bit, Garland dons leopard rug. Movie, produced by Judy's husband Sid Luft, will be released by Warners this fall

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB WILLOUGHBY

Dr. Seagrave and nurse examine a patient. In World War II he and his nurses formed a U.S. Army medical unit under Gen. Stilwell

He's Still the BURMA SURGEON

Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave, our famed good-will ambassador to Burma, has quietly returned to his hospital in the backwoods after enduring war, imprisonment and a treason trial. "You can't find greater happiness than being needed," he says. He's a very happy man

By PETER KALISCHER

Namhkam, Burma

A GOOD way to make a point when writing about distant places is to quote a local folk story. (There are enough folk stories, many of them universal, to prove any point.) Take the Burmese tale of Master Po and the Tiger.

It seems the Tiger fell into a trap and his good friend Master Po set him free. "I'm so weak and hungry," said the Tiger, "that I can't hunt game—so I must eat you." Master Po demurred and they took the matter to an Ox Skull for judgment.

"*There is no such thing as a debt of gratitude,*" said the Skull. "My master made me plow his land for years and then he killed and ate me. So the Tiger should eat Master Po."

Master Po ultimately worked his way out of the dilemma, but before he did he had plenty of time to ponder the subject of gratitude.

Four years ago there seemed to be a marked similarity between the plight of Master Po and the case of Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave, the American medical missionary who had spent almost 30 years saving lives with drugs and scalpel in the jungles of northeast Burma. On August 15, 1950, Seagrave was arrested at his Namhkam hospital on the Chinese border and accused of high treason against the Burmese government. A special tribunal in Rangoon found him guilty and sentenced him to six years at hard labor. To those who feared the newly independent Union of Burma was going Communist, the verdict was an ominous sign. The rigged *trial, the American missionary defendant beloved* by thousands—the pattern was all too familiar. In the battle of ideologies there is no room for a debt of gratitude.

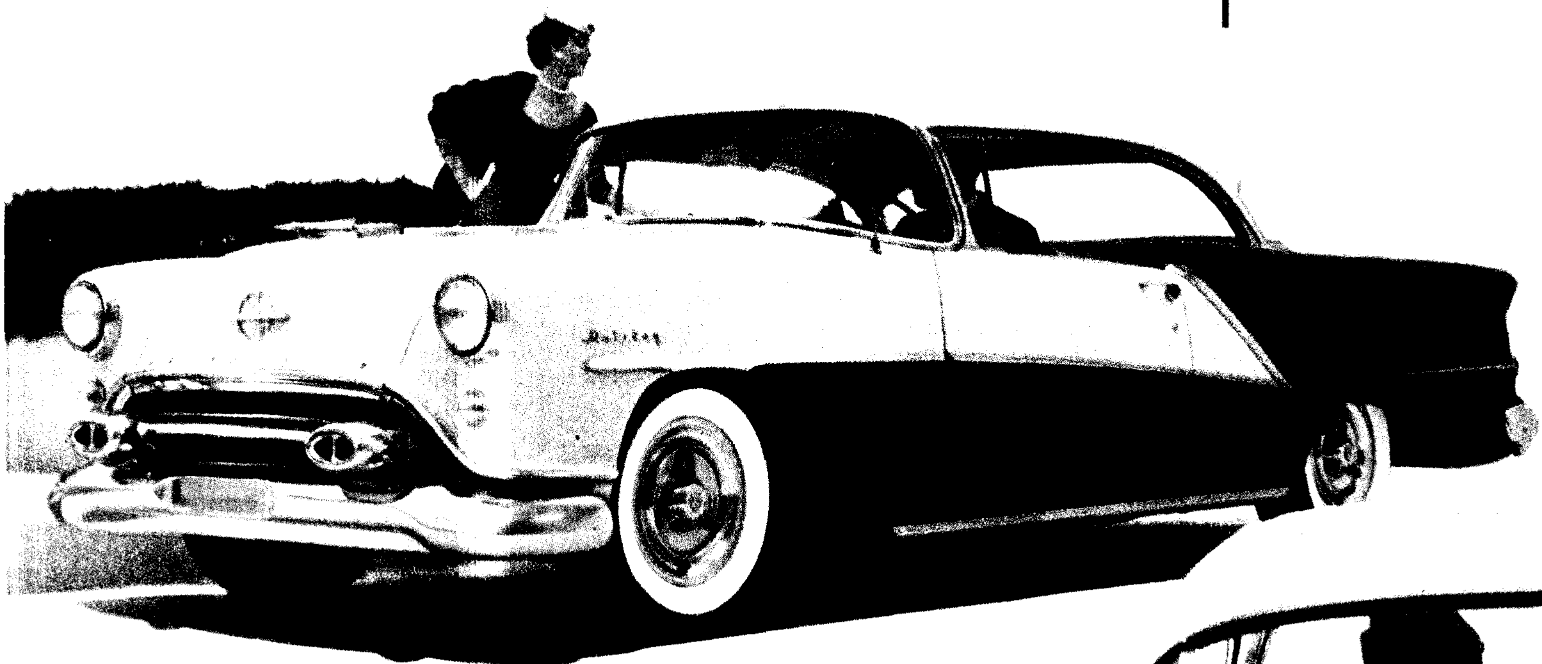
When I came to Burma this year I remembered hazily that Seagrave had taken his case to a higher court. What had become of him? Ten years ago the author of the best-selling book, Burma Surgeon, was almost as famous as the Burma Road. He had returned to Burma, his birthplace, in 1922 with his wife and baby, a Bible and a bagful of used surgical instruments; he had built new hospital buildings at Namhkam, and opened a dozen others where no doctor had yet visited; and after the Japanese invaded, he and his corps of hill-tribe nurses joined General Vinegar Joe Stilwell's China-Burma-India Command, as certainly the most exotic medical unit in the U.S. Army.

In a sequel, Burma Surgeon Returns, Seagrave described the hard-fought road back to Namhkam, *where at the moment of victory he found his beloved* hospital a shambles.

". . . I could still dream of rebuilding so that my successor could start his work with a beautiful modern hospital and not a mass of rubble," he wrote, ". . . not a Baptist hospital alone but a Christian hospital; a hospital that would appeal to Americans whether church members or not; a hospital above denomination, where Buddhists and animists could come and receive loving care when

Height of Fashion

THAT LOW-LEVEL LOOK



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sick and learn that peace comes only to men of good will. It was a beautiful dream—and outside the stars were shining."

What happened to the dream?

In Rangoon I was told (a) that Seagrave was at Namhkam, but sick and in retirement; (b) that he wasn't at Namhkam at all; (c) that he was at Namhkam but so bitter over his trial and the subsequent restrictions placed on him he was ready to leave for the United States. I was also told that the Burmese government would never let me visit him, because he was too close to the Chinese border.

Dangers of the Road to Namhkam

Worst of all, the 130-mile jeep ride from Lashio, the nearest airport, to Namhkam was reported crawling with Communists, brigands and KMTs, the Nationalist Chinese guerrillas whose depredations along the border had earlier brought an official Burmese protest in the UN. (The Burmese are in a peculiar spot, politically. Their government, which is moderately Socialist, has recognized but is wary of Communist China; Burma has a standing army of 50,000, equipped with British weapons.) If the KMTs didn't get me, I was warned, the local constabulary would, on the theory that I was an American KMT adviser.

This forbidding picture began to fade as soon as I got official sanction from the Home Ministry to visit Namhkam. "Will you see Dr. Seagrave?" an official asked. "That should be interesting."

The view during the four-hour plane ride to Lashio partly explained the wild stories you hear about the back country of Burma. From the air the country seems empty—tremendous stretches of mesa and green jungle, which are broken occasionally by a checkerboard of cultivated land or a lovely white pagoda looking like a pearl on a pool table. I mentioned the emptiness of the countryside to my seat companion, an Indian businessman bound for Mandalay.

"There are eighteen million people in a nation that might support eighty million," he said wistfully. "They export more than a million tons of rice and could produce twice as much. They have minerals, oil, tin, zinc, lead, teak, tobacco, rubber and all kinds of precious stones. No wonder they are a cheerful race."

A young, bright-eyed Chinese who spoke 11 words of English but didn't know what they meant drove me from Lashio to Namhkam in six hours. We traveled the Burma Road, snaking through jungle at first, corkscrewing up over the 4,000-foot Loi Hsansip Range—the Thirty Hills—then turning on to the Stilwell-Ledo Road that goes past Namhkam to India.

Twenty miles short of Namhkam we entered the Shweli River Valley, where 100 yards of quiet water separate Burma from China's Yunnan Province. It is hard not to write in colorful language about the Shweli Valley. Each turn in the road produced another perfect composition of straw-hat Shan tribesmen, soft-eyed cattle, a flash of river, bamboo groves and banyan trees as big as waterspouts, all drenched by an orange sun going down like thunder into China.

It was dusk when we reached Namhkam—an overgrown village whose name means the River of Gold—and turned up Nawngsang Hill to the hospital.

I found Seagrave in his small stone cottage, sitting before a wood fire in a gray topcoat with brass buttons, reading by the light of a naked electric light bulb. He got up and squinted at me through his bifocals—a short, gray-haired man with a firm jaw who looks older than his fifty-seven years.

"An American?" he said. "Well, God bless you for coming, boy. Did they really let you visit this ex-convict?"

The question was the key to one of Seagrave's gnawing worries—that perhaps the Burmese government may change its mind and stop him from following his dream. Nothing else matters as much. Seagrave last saw his wife and two younger sons in 1949 when they left Burma during the worst of the insurrections. Mrs. Seagrave lives in McDonough, Maryland, outside Baltimore, where son Sterling goes to high school. John is attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; the eldest son, Weston, is a Navy pilot; and the Seagraves' married daughter, Mrs. Richard D. Buttermore, Jr., lives in Parkersburg, West Virginia.

Two Seagraves lie buried at Namhkam—a first son, Gordon, Jr., who drowned when a young boy, and Dr. Grace R. Seagrave, the doctor's missionary sister. Grace was a Johns Hopkins graduate like her brother and had joined the hospital staff in April, 1945. Her death, while he was appealing his conviction, affected him profoundly.

The Burma surgeon performs goiter operation on native patient, assisted by his medical superintendent, Dr. Albert Ai Lun (l.)

"When I was arrested here in this room," Seagrave recalled, "Grace came over to me and said, 'Now listen, Gordon, I'm going to keep this hospital going if I die doing it!' And that's exactly what she did—a year later, from heart attack and overwork. She was writing me a report on the hospital when she fainted. You can see where her handwriting trails off. I guess the only way you can explain why we act like such damned fools is that it runs in the blood."

Twenty-two members of the Vinton-Haswell-Seagrave families have been Burma missionaries since great-grandfather Justus Vinton helped bring Christianity to the Karen tribes in 1834. Gordon Seagrave, born in Rangoon, is the last of the line still in Burma—although he is more interested in saving lives than souls. At the beginning of the war he amicably separated the Namhkam hospital from the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society which pioneered there in 1893. Today the hospital is sponsored by the nonsectarian American Medical Center for Burma, Inc., with headquarters in Philadelphia.

Contributions from the AMCB and Burmese sources had almost patched up the war damage, and Seagrave's dream was taking shape, when suddenly it blew up—as did most of Burma.

When the British gave Burma independence in January, 1948, a number of frontier tribes with distinctive languages and customs demanded their own independence from the Burmese. The Shans, the Kachins, the Chins and the Kayahs all got what they wanted—separate states or districts within the Union. But not the Karens.

On paper they were granted a state, but they demanded a bigger one embracing the richest part of the delta, where they were in the minority. The Burmese distrusted the Karens. They had made up a large part of the British-trained "Burmese" army. The Karens distrusted the Burmese and reportedly made the mistake of appealing directly to London. On Christmas Eve, 1948, Burmese soldiers with orders to disarm Karen troops massacred 80 attending church, and the Karens revolted. Two brands of Communists and half a dozen other factions also rebelled, combining with the Karens against the government or fighting one another as they saw fit. The disorders were of little concern to Seagrave until a rebel Kachin leader named Naw Seng occupied Namhkam in September, 1949.

Naw Seng had Karen advisers. Seagrave's chief assistant, Dr. Ba Saw, and 24 nurses were Karens. Later, at Seagrave's trial, the prosecution charged that everyone at the hospital got too chummy with Naw Seng. Perhaps so, but when the rebels dug in around the hospital Seagrave protested vigorously. Later, when government troops approached, Seagrave sent word to the Burmese army commander that if he would mark time for a spell the rebels would evacuate the hospital area without a fight. The message never got through and a two-hour battle ensued; Seagrave was nearly killed trying to stop it. After Naw Seng had fled, Seagrave bawled out the loyal Burmese brigadier for his impatience. The dressing-down did not sit well with the officer; to make matters worse, Dr. Ba Saw, Seagrave's Karen assistant, had run off with Naw Seng.

The Burmese army troops soon moved away, and one day Naw Seng reappeared in Namhkam. At gun point he demanded Ba Saw's surgical instruments and a list of medical supplies. Seagrave gave him the instruments and a fraction of the supplies, meanwhile concealing $10,000 worth of American antibiotics. Naw Seng also took a nurse who was in love with one of his men, and vanished. Today he is in China with a rumored 5,000 followers who are being trained in Communist guerrilla tactics. His agents have been captured near Namhkam. "If he ever comes across, I want to take the first shot at him," Seagrave says. He has cause. When the doctor was charged with treason, seven months later, the surrender of the surgical instruments and medicines to Naw Seng was the cornerstone of the case against him.

His Own Words Served to Convict Him

The case was also buttressed by Seagrave's statements, quoted and misquoted, criticizing the Burmese government—statements made in the innocent belief that no Burman could possibly misunderstand his motives. Harsher statements have been made with impunity in American election campaigns—but not during a civil war.

Seagrave was defended by U Kyaw Myint, a former Burma Supreme Court justice, and three leading attorneys, none of whom accepted a cent for their services. He spent six weeks in Rangoon Central Jail, then moved to a rented American Embassy cottage under house arrest. He remained there until the trial ended, after he had been under arrest five months.

The tribunal found him guilty on two counts. Back he went to jail to serve his six-year sentence—and was graciously given the warden's house to live in. On appeal, the Burmese High Court reversed the tribunal on one count and reduced the sentence to the time he had already spent in prison.

Seagrave was a free man, but with the conviction hanging over him he could never go back to Namhkam. The doctor appealed once more, to the Supreme Court, despite pressure placed on him by the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

then American ambassador to please leave the country because the case was doing American-Burmese relations no good. Stubbornly Seagrave moved into a small apartment belonging to his chief attorney to await the final verdict.

He wondered if the embassy was right. Did all this matter to anybody but a tiresome old crank trying to justify his own importance? He got his answer soon enough.

Down from the Shan hills, 500 miles away, by boat, by train and by foot, came a trickle of sick men and women who needed surgery and trusted no one but *their* doctor. Seagrave performed goiter operations on a table in the apartment, assisted by a nurse who had been a witness at the trial.

In August his sister Grace died. Seagrave went to the funeral in Namhkam, with special permission, flanked by an American Embassy escort and a police inspector. Nawngsang Hill was black with people. ("Nobody invited them—they just knew what she'd been through," Seagrave said.)

Calm Reasoning Quells Excited Crowd

Hundreds more arrived when news spread that Seagrave was back. Some kind of demonstration was in the making. Seagrave squashed it with an appeal to the crowd not to do anything that might prejudice his case. He returned to Rangoon the next morning.

In November the Supreme Court returned a verdict of complete acquittal. It was coupled with observations that reflected the feelings of most Burmese toward a troubled world. After reminding Seagrave that his attitude had been subject to easy misinterpretation, the Chief Justice declared: "Therefore what we would like to urge is that those who come to our country and enjoy our hospitality should not give grounds for suspicion, either by words or deeds, that they are taking sides in our internal affairs. We are a small country and we desire, as is the policy of our government, to live on terms of friendship with everybody."

Seagrave was completely exonerated, but official hesitation or plain red tape prevented him from getting permission to go to Namhkam. Weeks dragged by. He was seriously considering a hunger strike, when into his dingy apartment walked a Namhkam villager. He had been deputized to find out what was detaining Seagrave—the people wanted their doctor back. Seagrave called in U Law Yone, editor and publisher of The Nation, one of Burma's largest English-language newspapers. The Nation splashed a front-page interview with the Namhkam visitor and followed up with an editorial headlined, "SEND SEAGRAVE HOME" (to Namhkam, of course). Next day Seagrave was on his way.

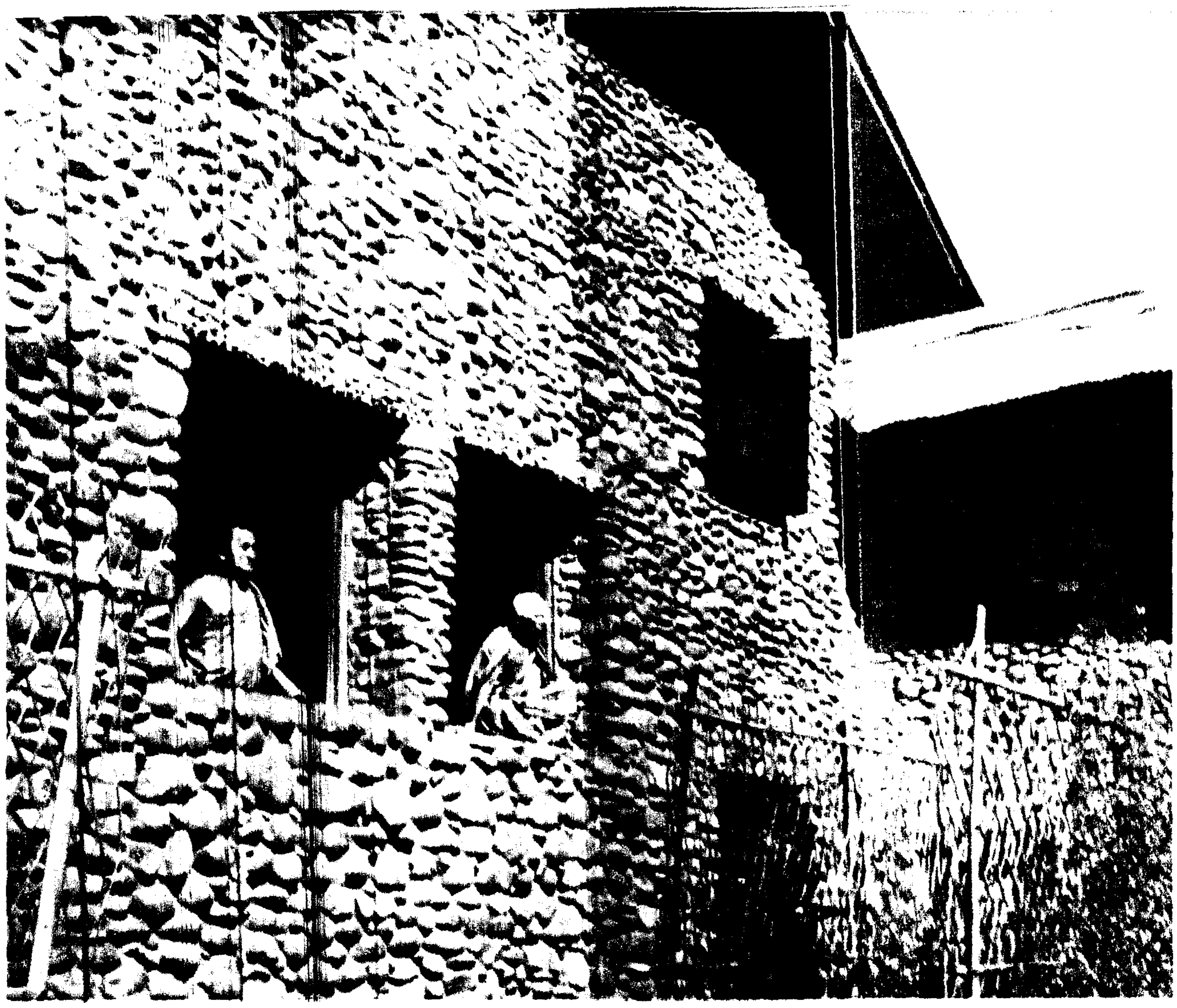
The Burma Surgeon's home-coming touched off emotional fireworks all along the road from Lashio to the hospital. Crowds mobbed his familiar 1947 De Soto station wagon. At Kutkai an old man who had translated the Bible into Kachin seized Seagrave's hand and wept for 10 minutes. At Mong Yu, the junction of the Burma and Stilwell Roads, the check-point commander was the very captain whose troops had chased the rebels off the hospital grounds two years before. He jumped into the station wagon and rode the last 30 miles to Namhkam, bawling to each challenging patrol, "The Old Man's back!"

The Old Man is back—to stay. In the last two and a half years, he has left Namhkam only three times—once to perform an emergency operation nearby, once on a picnic and once to help dedicate a new reservoir 20 miles away. His travels are usually confined to the six acres of the hospital grounds. Despite bouts of malaria and dysentery and a heart action he complacently admits will be the death of him, his work schedule begins at 6:30 A.M. and ends, two and a half packs of cigarettes later, one hour before midnight.

Once awake he reads the night-duty-nurse re-

Sad little Sam Hsan, aged five, recuperates from broken hip. Burmese patients often arrive at hospital with entire family and share bed with relatives after ailment shows improvement

Afternoons, Seagrave conducts English class for Namhkam High School students on porch of his cottage, reciting such selections as The Owl and the Pussy-Cat (with Burmese commentary)



Two patients, both Buddhist priests, sun themselves from windows of main surgical block. Seagrave returned from war to find hospital wrecked by Japanese. It's now largely rebuilt

ports (written in Burmese), and drinks the first of the day's six cups of coffee. After breakfast Seagrave shaves. There is no running hot water, but he and the family of Dr. Albert Ai Lun, the hospital superintendent who lives in a nearby cottage, boast the only two privately owned flush toilets in 1,000 square miles.

At seven thirty Seagrave drives 150 yards over the hill to the two-story nurses' home for morning prayer service. He is not an ordained minister but he has a license to preach—and on Sunday he does, when the spirit moves him, in Burmese (with a Shan accent) or in Shan (with a Baltimore accent).

The daily services are short and Seagrave closes with a hymn in a flat bass that is mercifully drowned out by the sweet voices of the nurses.

Some Data About Nurses and Salaries

There are 61 nurses now, all but eight of them students. Many of them are Baptists, with a sprinkling of Buddhists and one Roman Catholic; and most of them are Kachins. (Most of them are pretty, too.) The graduate nurses earn the equivalent of $22 to $90 monthly, top salary going to "Grandma" Naomi Hkam, the hospital matron, who also pulls teeth. Seagrave draws the same pay as Grandma, for being consultant surgeon.

After services Seagrave scrubs up for surgery. He and the other two doctors, Ai Lun and Olwen B. Silgardo (whose family came from the Portuguese island of Goa, near India), may do as many as 15 operations in a day, depending on the season.

During rice planting or harvesting, the people suffer their ailments until they have time to travel. Then they stream in by the chartered busload from as far away as Rangoon. Entire families often accompany a patient, camping out in the aisles, or, when the patient is on the mend, taking turns in bed. The hospital serves the Catholic mission in nearby Kachin State, besides several Buddhist monasteries.

The rainy season cuts down surgery patients but unlooses the scourge of the Shweli River Valley—malaria. The 2,500-foot altitude, delightful both to man and mosquito, boasts a particularly malignant strain of malaria that attacks the brain and sometimes kills in 24 hours. Runner-up is amoebic dysentery.

Seagrave estimates he has performed about 30,000 operations since coming to Burma. He is an expert at making do under conditions that would put orthodox surgeons in shock. Years ago he successfully removed cataracts of the eye with a pair of safety-razor blades. Nowadays his equipment is better, but not frilly. The hospital blankets are bought secondhand—from the Pullman Company. The lone X-ray machine is a salvaged U.S. Army model. One of the operating lamps is powered by a converted jeep engine. Even the bone-setting fracture table is a homemade contraption of jungle wood and lead pipes costing $15. The standard American model costs at least $700.

If it's a light day for operations Seagrave lectures a nurses' class in Burmese until lunch, which is prepared at the cottage by Wong Jack, a Chinese exseaman who joined Seagrave's hospital unit in India and stayed on.

Seagrave has his meals with nurse Pansy Po, the hospital secretary-accountant, her sister Esther (who, together with another staff nurse, won an American Bronze Star during the war), and Esther's husband, a schoolteacher.

After a silent grace, Seagrave usually talks over hospital problems, with grumbling and growling mixed in with affectionate praise for the staff and some pungent swearing when he gets really exercised. In deference to the ladies present he spells out the worst words, a practice that evokes giggles, since the ladies spell as well as he does.

After lunch, the doctor naps until the arrival of the Namhkam High School English class, which he conducts for an hour on the cottage porch. To a visitor, Seagrave reciting The Owl and the Pussy-Cat and The Charge of the Light Brigade—with asides in Burmese—is worth the trip over the Burma Road.

Seagrave usually takes a turn through the 250-bed wards in midafternoon, and can make detailed commentaries on all patients, 90 per cent of whom are charity cases: "This fellow had the side of his face torn out by a bear—he's going to need a little plastic surgery to fix him up. . . . Now here's a case. This woman was shot up by those b-a-x-y-z KMTs more than a year ago and we've just got her able to walk with a crutch. . . . Here's a Burma army sergeant with a fractured hip. We keep thirty beds for the army and give soldiers free treatment. The army replaces the medicine."

After touring the hospital—two double-story buildings for surgical and medical cases, a maternity and children's clinic and an isolation ward for venereal disease—Seagrave examines new patients until dinnertime.

Last year Namhkam Hospital cared for 7,000 in-patients, more than half needing surgery, while the dispensary gave 57,000 treatments to 5,000 out-patients. The hospital cost $40,000 to run; Seagrave's Philadelphia sponsors made available $7,000 worth of drugs and supplies; $2,000 was provided by a grant from the Shan States; $7,000 was contributed by friends in Burma, and the rest came from private patients paying above the cost of their treatment. These patients are charged from 25 cents to $1 per day for rooms, but are never formally presented with a bill. Instead, Grandma Naomi shows them what their treatment would cost by government hospital standards—and this oblique method pays off in donations.

Charity cases pay what they can—a few pennies, a dozen eggs or a chicken. But they try. One man came back after seven years with a gift of money scraped together a rupee at a time.

Many on Finance Committee

The hospital's hand-to-mouth finances are the concern of a National Supervisory Committee, one of Seagrave's rare political successes. It has 79 members living within a radius of 130 miles—Shans, Burmese, Kachins, Chinese, Indians, Palaungs and one Karen. One of the members is Mr. Ashique Ali, the Namhkam barber; another is the state administrator, a Shan whose third wife is a former Seagrave nurse.

Seagrave's day ends when he corrects English-class papers after dinner, reads up on ancient news magazines and pecks away at a book he has been writing for the past two years. Mostly, he has been deleting indignant passages.

"I was pretty bitter when I was arrested," Seagrave said. "Americans get a little hysterical when they go to jail. I felt Burma was ungrateful. Actually, Burma doesn't owe me a thing. I've been repaid a thousand times in gratitude by individuals. You can't find greater happiness than being needed—helping the sick get well."

By following his dream, Seagrave has bought the United States more good will in Burma than a billion dollars' worth of foreign aid could, and he knows it. "If I haven't done my country as much good as I have Burma," he said, "then I've wasted my life. That's not unadulterated conceit, you know. It's—it's *adulterated* conceit."

Having lived the good life, Seagrave's chief concern is to die the good death—on the job, like his sister and his father. He professes a great desire to visit the United States, see his family, refresh his Americanism, and drink innumerable chocolate milk shakes and gallons of good coffee. But he also finds a dozen reasons why he can't possibly leave now. Most of them are window dressing. What really strikes a chill in his tiring heart is the dread of dying away from his hospital. Sitting by the fire, Seagrave discusses the way he wants to die with a certain relish.

"I've tried to prove that an American can love a country like Burma enough to spend his whole life here. The proof, the final proof, you see, would be if I died and were buried here.

"I've got my place all picked out, right next to my son. Even the coolies know where it is. All I have to do is die and they'll start digging. I get a lot of advance satisfaction out of it. Now isn't that ridiculous? Just damned-fool heroics and I know it. I envy Grace; she died on the job. So did my father—coronary occlusion. I'll probably go the same way. I don't want any missionary to mumble a lot of platitudes over me. Just somebody like Pansy to say a few words and then let everybody have a rousing good time. The Shans will kill five pigs at the wake. And the Kachins—they'll have to send runners up in the hills to let them know—the Kachins will slaughter two cows.

"I'm only sorry I won't see it. . . ." ▲▲▲

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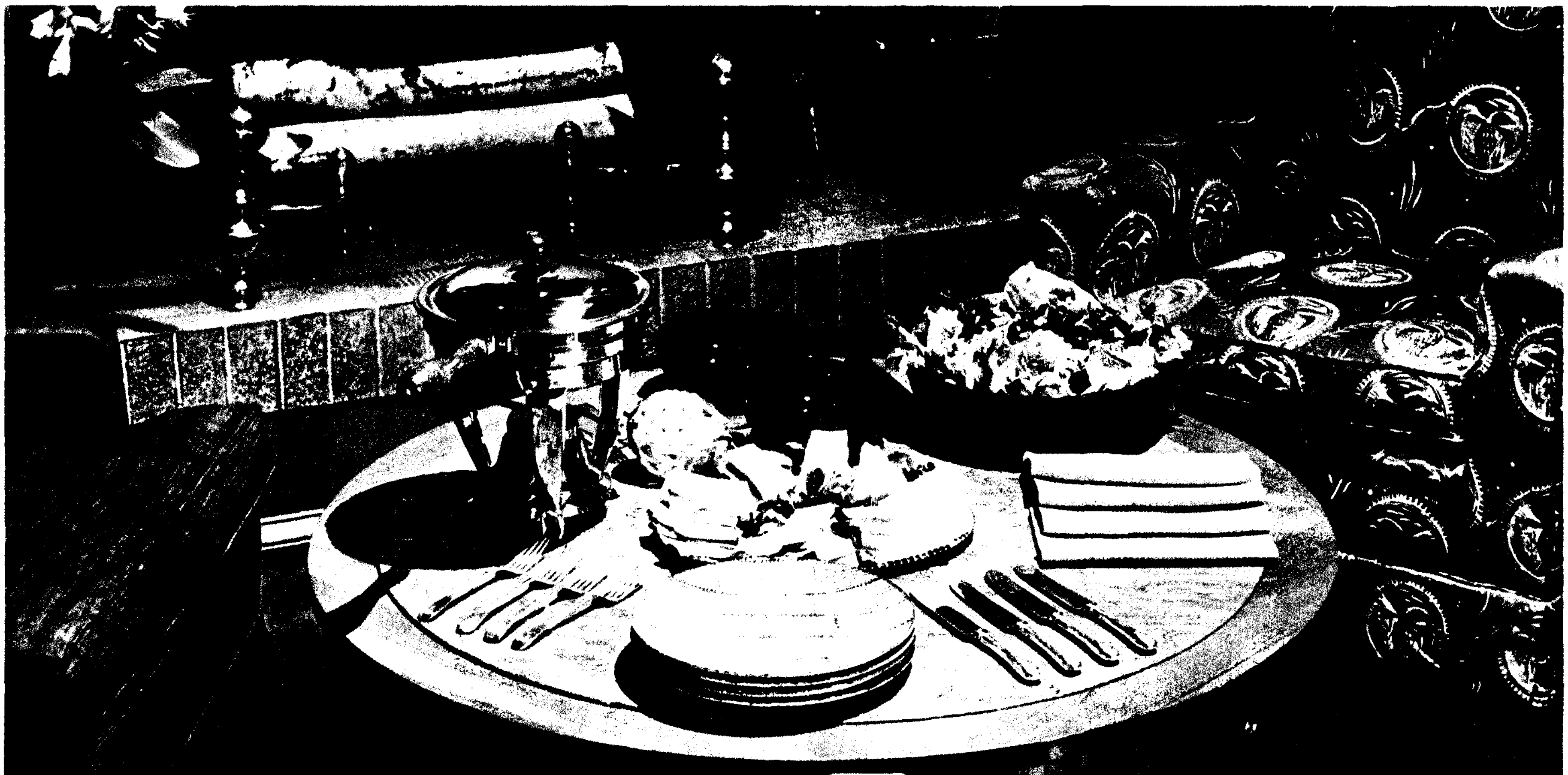

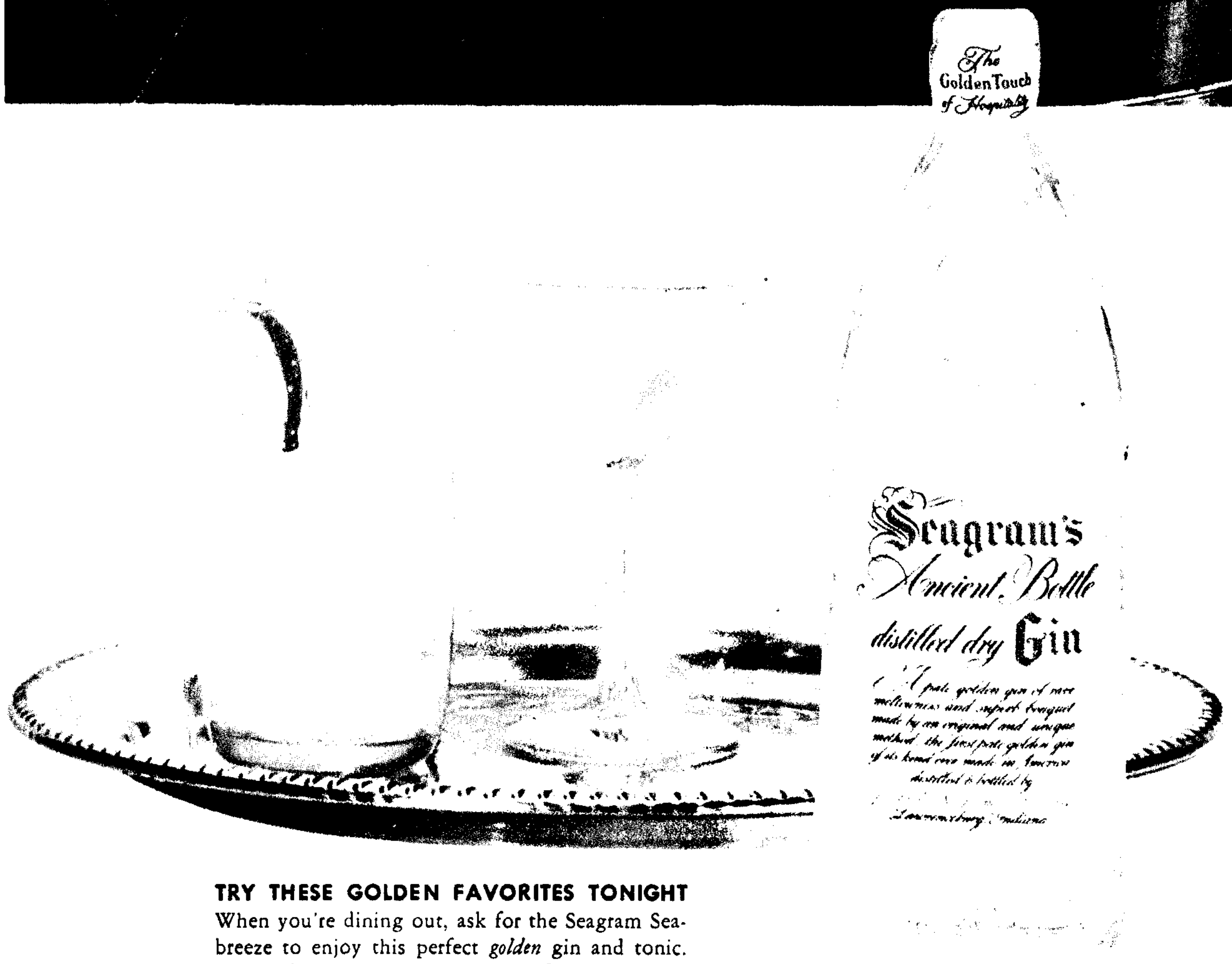

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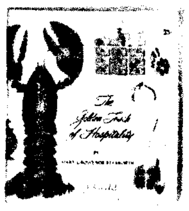

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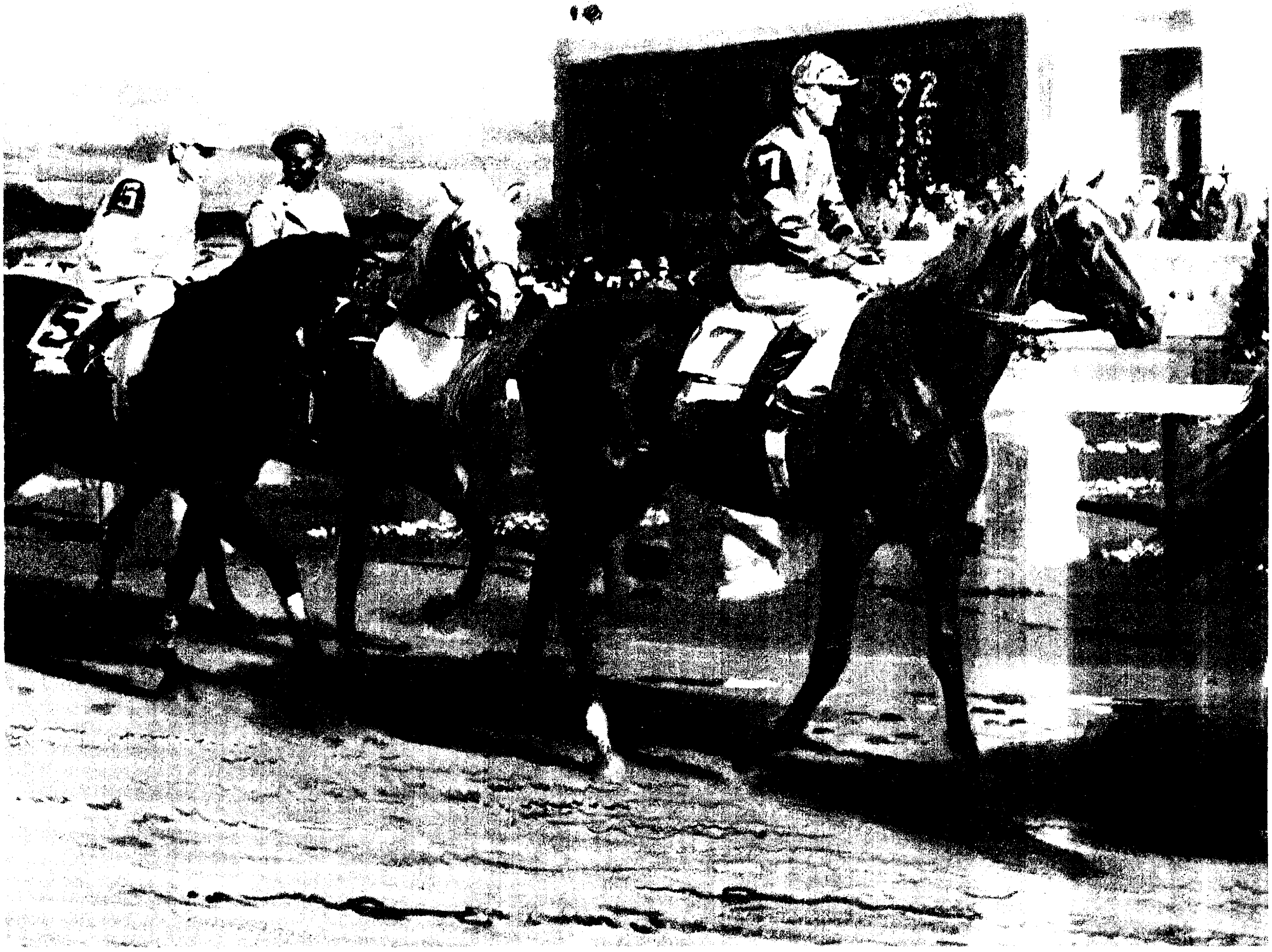


Derby Day

By MEL HEIMER

It was the richest race of its kind; millionaires had staked fortunes on it. But Mackay, a nobody, had staked even more

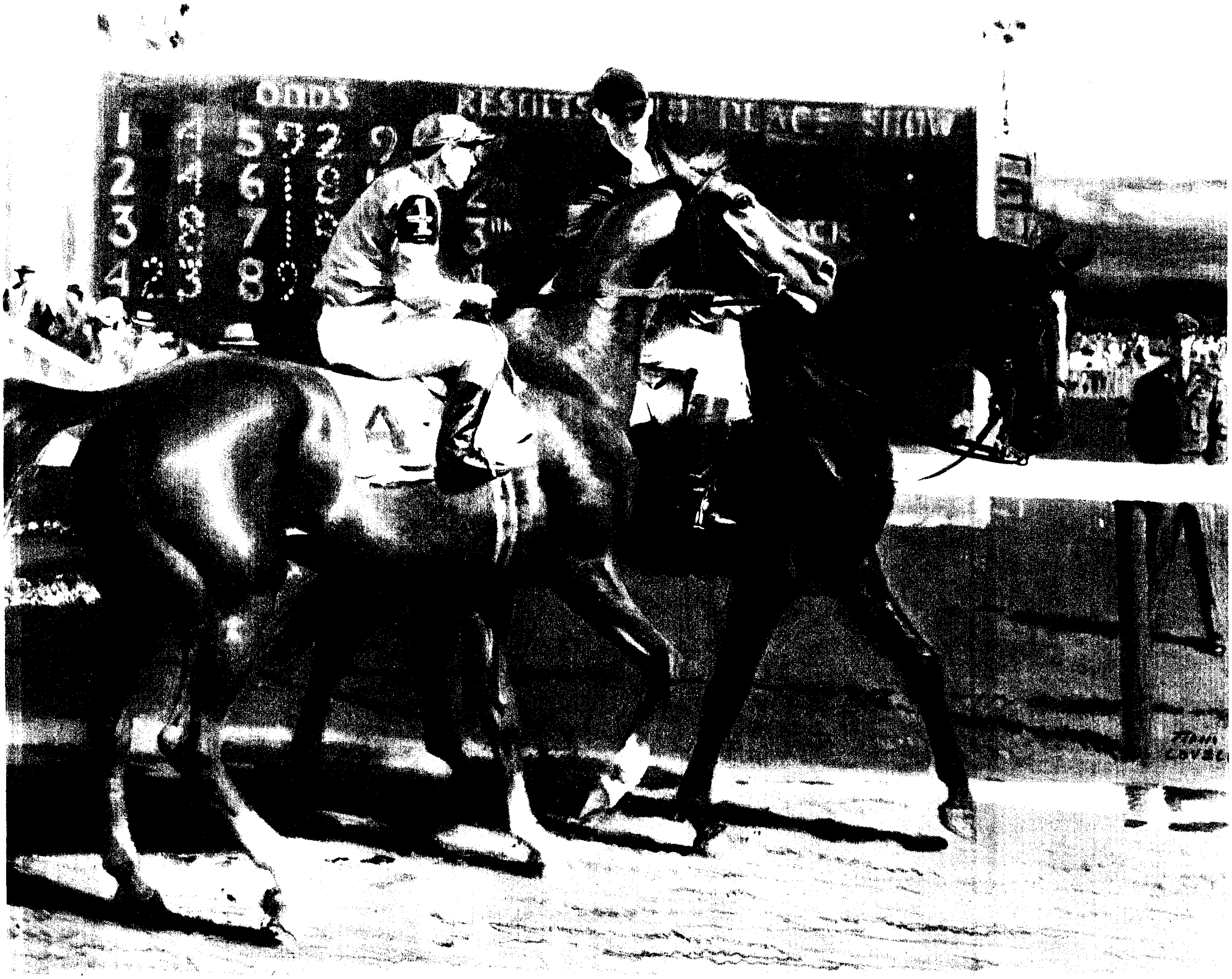
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

T WAS maybe half an hour before dawn on Saturday morning when Crazy John Mackay awoke. He shivered and stretched a little under the thin blankets on the cot set up outside the stall, and finally he sat up and started to put on his shoes. The early-morning air was still damp but it had stopped raining.

Even here at the track itself, there weren't more than a half dozen persons awake. Most of the sports writers were still asleep in the downtown Louisville hotels. Many of the hundred thousand Americans who would be there for the Derby were dozing fitfully in upper berths. Jay From—the owner of the colt that undoubtedly would be favored, maybe at odds-on—was still in Manhattan. He would come out later this morning in his private plane.

John Mackay got one shoe on, and then, remembering suddenly, he turned around and looked into the darkened stall behind him. The horse was fine. Presumably, he too had slept. Now he was up and awake and John could see the white streak—the blaze, as they said in the trade—of his nose near the empty feed bag.

Any other morning he might have said something rough and affectionate, like: Go back to sleep, you



danged idiot. Now he just looked at the horse a moment and then turned back and finished putting on his shoes.

When he had buttoned the old blue flannel shirt he reached up and took his worn leather jacket from a hook, put it on and went outside, walking along the slippery, muddy path in the direction of the track. It was slow going because he was still a little uncertain of the layout in the barn area and it was very dark, without a moon. John Mackay never had raced a horse at the Downs before.

When he reached the track, he stood for a little while looking across the infield to the stands, the twin spires silhouetted black against the sky. Now they were dark and deserted, but by noon they would be spilling over with the half-crazy, half-gay, half-angry crowd they always held on this first Saturday in May.

He ducked under the rail and took a few steps in the thick muck of the track. The sun could shine from now till doomsday and it wouldn't be better than muddy by post time. Well, he had mud calks on the horse. Not that he was putting anything over on the others—they all would be shod for mud too.

For a few seconds John Mackay stood there in the mud. He was forty-two, tall and lean and graying, and he gazed at the track sourly. "Too danged long," he said aloud. He ducked back under the rail and started walking along the slippery paths again, back to the bay named Laird of Argyll.

"Too danged long," was a familiar phrase to race-track writers, particularly at Jamaica, Aqueduct and Belmont in New York, where Crazy John Mackay usually ran his horses—or his horse. But the writers at Beulah Park in Ohio had heard it too, and those at Tropical Park in Miami.

THE Kentucky Derby is a race of one mile and a quarter, for three-year-olds. Some horsemen say it is what horses are meant for from the day they are foaled; other trainers and owners pass it by because they consider it too grueling a test, so early in the year, for a horse that, after all, compares in age with a sixteen-year-old boy. The men who breed race horses look beyond Kentucky to the Belmont Stakes in June as the true measure of a colt's greatness, but a hundred million Americans know only the Derby.

John Mackay had been running horses for twenty years. But the way the dice had been thrown, he had never before come up with a runner good enough to bring to Louisville.

In the long summer days when the Big Apple—as the New York race-track circuit is called—was turning, he frequently wandered into the press box to talk to the newspapermen. He would tell them to keep an eye on a chestnut gelding he had just acquired, or he would tell them how a particular race was going to be run: "Now as I see it, this Widener filly should hit the far turn in about thirty-four and a fifth and have a length lead on this field . . ."

Sometimes he would talk too much and they would protest a little. "Knock it off, will you, John?" they would say. Or, "Listen, Man o' War, go tell the history of racing to one of the ticket sellers; we got work to do." When he had left, they would grin and shake their heads and say, "Old Crazy John—he's a killer."

He wasn't crazy at all, of course. He was just a character in a world full of men and a handful of women who are concerned only with whether one horse can run faster than another.

"Never in the length of days that God gives me to inhabit this earth," he would say to the writers, "would you find me running a colt of mine in that

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race down in Kentucky. Too danged long. You run a colt a mile and a quarter the first week in May, you should have your head examined."

"When was the last time *you* had your head examined, John?" somebody would ask him, and he would just clear his throat and light his pipe and not say a word. He would walk out of the danged press box as if there were no reason for a sensible man to be there anyway.

Then he would go back to the barn to check on his horse or his horses—depending on what his situation was at that particular time—and to have a cup of coffee that Nell would brew for him, right there by the stalls. He would sit on an upturned feed pail and tell her, slowly and carefully, about the plans he had in his mind, and Nell Mackay would say, "Yes, John, that sounds fine." She had heard him tell those plans for twelve years now.

NELL ROSEWELL had been just twenty-two when she married John Mackay. Her father had been in the grain and feed business on Long Island, selling a lot to the racing trainers, and the summer after she finished college she had often accompanied her father when he visited the race tracks on business. Like so many girls just out of college, she hadn't known quite where she was going or what she planned to do. But when she'd met John Mackay, riding off the Belmont track on a big fat lead pony, with a skinny, nervous two-year-old just behind, her mind was made up. Maybe it was the way he sat a horse or the way he talked to her father or even the look on his face when he turned back to look at the two-year-old.

Anyway, she married him. Materially speaking, they had had twelve hard and tough years. Part of one summer they even raced at a couple of half-mile tracks in Canada. At best, Nell got two new dresses a year.

"If we can get down to the Keeneland sales in Lexington this year," John would say, "I got my eye on a filly by Devil Diver out of a Case Ace mare that maybe we could bid in for three-four thousand. She would be a winner, sure. I would stake anything else. How much we got, cash on hand?"

And Nell Mackay would tell him four hundred or eight hundred or whatever it was. And sometimes she would have to tell him, "None, John. Not to speak of."

So the years had gone along, until John Mackay was forty-two and his wife was thirty-four. Stables like Calumet or Greentree or Vanderbilt—they have one or two big horses nearly every season. It would have seemed that once, just once, John Mackay might have had a big horse, maybe just as a present for Nell. But he never had. . . .

By midmorning the horses had stopped working over the track. The exercise boys and hot-walkers were back on their beds, fully clothed, finishing their sleep. The colts had their noses in feed bags. The stable hands were washing out leg bandages and hanging them up to dry.

It was going to be a humid, steaming day; you could see that. Some of the sports writers, still yawning, came into the barn area to get some last-minute quotes from the trainers. Among them were Bob Considine, who was covering for INS, and Fred Galiani of the Morning Telegraph, the racing paper. They stopped by John Mackay's stalls and, because Nell was nearby repairing a bridle, they didn't needle him or call him Crazy John. They played it straight and asked him how the bay called Laird of Argyll would do.

John shrugged. "We'll run," he said.

"Don't you have an idea how he might go, John?" Fred asked.

"No," he said. He was going to let it go at that, but Considine and Galiani had been kind to him in the years past, so he felt a little obligated. "Three-year-olds going this far, so early, you just don't know," he said.

"Is he a good one?" Considine asked.

John Mackay didn't answer right away. He looked into the stall at the bay and then he looked sidewise at Nell. "I hope so," he said. "I hope so."

After they had wished him luck and left, John called over to Benny, the stableboy, and told him to keep an eye on the bay. Then he put on his jacket and told Nell he thought he'd take a run into town and look around.

"All right," she said. She didn't look up when he left.

On Derby Day, even as early as nine or ten o'clock in the morning, Louisville takes on certain overtones of bedlam. It was new to John Mackay and staggeringly confounding. He was well used to race-track crowds, but these were not race-track people. They were show people and gamblers and sightseers, all of them just wanting to be able to go home and say they had been there. They would remember the taste of a mint julep, bought from a passing vendor for a dollar and a quarter, far longer than they would remember the name of the horse that won the race.

Cost Conscious

So many my bills,
From taxes to rental,
I'd say that my ills
Are both fiscal and mental.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

At the Preakness Stakes in Maryland, the crowds talked about the chances of this horse and that—and talked, it seemed to John, with reasonable sanity. The crowds at Belmont in New York didn't say much, but the solid horse down to three-to-five and then nodded noncommittally when it got home the way it should.

But these people in Louisville seemed to be talking woman talk about the race—that is, they talked the way John supposed women would talk about horses. "What do you know," he heard one man say, climbing into a convertible beside a flamboyant blonde, "they got a horse called George's Chief in this race today, and I'm going to bet him just as certain as my name's George Johnson!"

John Mackay ended up finally in the lobby of the Brown Hotel in the downtown area. It was crowded but he found an unoccupied chair and sat in it.

In the hectic atmosphere of the Louisville hotel lobby he thought of the bare rooming house in Brooklyn, a thousand miles away, where he and Nell were currently living. She's ready to go, John said to himself. I know she's ready to go.

Billy Everett, who trained Jay From's horses, went past him in the lobby, hurrying. "Luck, John," he said.

John nodded at him. "Luck to you, Billy," he said.

What I am, he told himself, is a bust. I'm a bust as a man, and it's hard to live with something like that. I'm forty-two and I got nothing, not even a decent memory. I never had a Count Fleet, or a Citation, either. It was luck, bad luck, that I didn't, and it's as simple as that—but that don't pay off either me, as a man, or Nell, as my wife. And she's ready to go.

He'd seen Nell up close these last six months, and she didn't say anything any more; she had no more smile for him. It only meant she was fed up with life with Crazy John Mackay. He'd given her nothing, nothing in twelve long years; she was tired of it.

I can't blame her, John thought, because what kind of man am I anyway? I will wake up one early morning to put my colt and filly on the racecourse for a workout, and there will be no Nell there waiting with hot coffee for me when I get back. Have I got a right to expect anything else?

He got out his pipe, lighted it and smoked it for a few moments. I got a horse now, he thought. I got a horse and his name is Laird of Argyll. He had a little leg trouble and I gave him a little time and care. And now I know this much about him: at least he hasn't got leg trouble.

But I don't know if he can run, John thought. I don't honestly know. The horse had won two allowance races last year, at the end of his two-year-old season, but he hadn't even got down to the winning circle yet this spring. He might like a mile-and-a-quarter race better than a sprint. But maybe he was nothing. He could easily be nothing.

And if he's nothing, John Mackay thought to himself, then I'm nothing, and I might as well pack it in. A man lives on what lies around the corner for him, and if nothing is around the corner, what's the sense?

"And if this horse don't run, I'll lose her," John said out loud. Billy Everett was coming back across the room with his wife in tow, and he stopped as he heard John speak.

"Lose *her?*" he said, grinning. "You ain't running a filly in this race today, John, are you?" John Mackay stared at him for a moment, uncomprehending; then he shook his head and grinned.

Billy Everett and his wife went along about their business, and after a while John got up and walked out of the lobby. "I'll lose her," he said again. He went to the corner and waited for a bus to the track.

THE noise was monstrous—a great thunder of yelling and talking and singing. It had been increasing slowly in volume, and now, with the Derby twenty minutes away, it was an endless din. Thousands of people in shirt sleeves and summer dresses had crushed the muddy grass and had sprinkled underfoot thousands of sheets of newspaper, half-eaten wieners, broken glass, cardboard containers, torn sheets and lost programs. Some grim and hysterical fans were shoving their way through the underpass into the infield, and others were shoving their way back.

"I think this horse Connector will do it," one man said to another as they shuffled along behind the grandstand.

"Look, mister," a small man in built-up shoes said to another man, "you see that guy over there in the gray suit? That's Earl Sande's brother, and I think if you work your cards right—"

"Run along, Jack," the other man interrupted.

There were bars here and there on the grounds and the people were lined six deep around them. In the air was the smell of mint leaves and melting ice cream and mustard and of hot dogs in greasy water.

In the gloomy, crowded little saddling enclosure, Crazy John Mackay heard the paddock-and-patrol judge call out, "Get your riders up," and he reached down and grabbed Eddie Kain's leg and lifted the boy into the saddle. The bay horse shivered just a little, threw his head back and then settled down, and the boy prepared to guide him out of the stall to follow the other horses once around the enclosure and then out onto the track.

He was a tough kid, Eddie Kain, and he was chewing gum as he looked casually down at John Mackay for any last-minute word. But they had talked about how to ride this colt, and there wasn't anything to add. "Just ride him," John said. "Ride him."

In the infield, a band suddenly came to attention; the leader signaled the downbeat, and they began to play My Old Kentucky Home.

ARMED with a special pass he'd got from a sports writer, John Mackay fought his way back through the crowds and up one stairway after another until he reached the press box, high atop the stands. He had been told it was the best place at the Downs to see a race, and he wanted to see this one. A young man with an apron around his middle offered him a Coke and sandwich, but he shook his head and edged his way down through the long, narrow enclosure until he found an empty space on a bench. He sat down and took up his binoculars and looked far down the track where, around the far turn, Eddie Kain was galloping Laird of Argyll loosely and easily, with the other horses strung out around him.

He fixed his glasses on the horse and kept them there. He saw the colt being guided by an assistant starter into the stall, far up at the top of the quarter-mile stretch. They were fitting nineteen horses into the two gates, side by side; and near to the outside, in post position fifteen, was Laird of Argyll. In a moment they would come roaring out of that gate and Laird of Argyll would be on his own with the best horses in America. The palms of John Mackay's hands were slippery as he clutched the binoculars, and in his mind, over and over, he said: Let him do good. Let him do good.

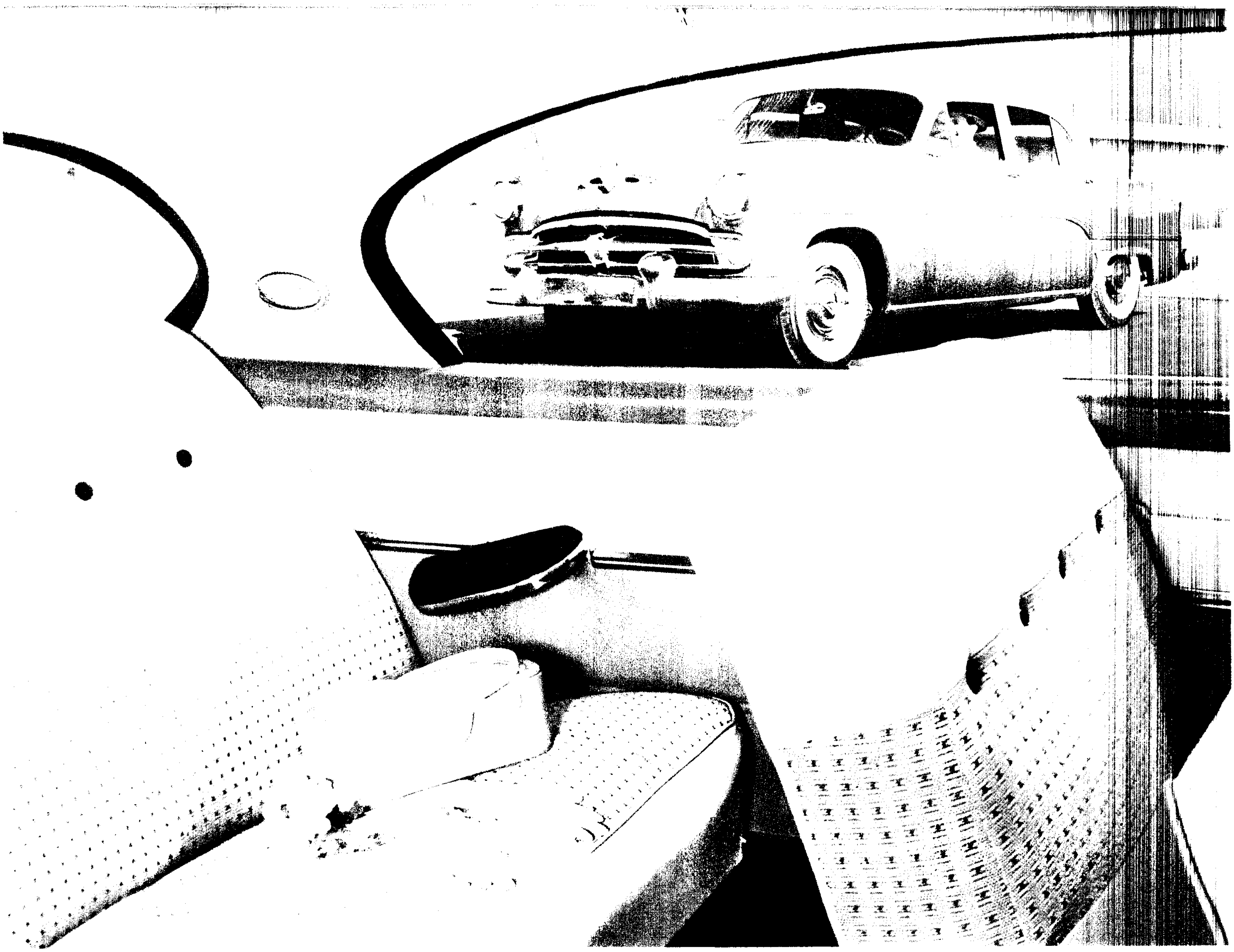
On the odds board in the infield, the lighted figures showed that Laird of Argyll, coupled in the field with six other horses, was 35 to 1. The Jay From colt, Kennett, was 4 to 5, which was about right for a horse that had won the Futurity, the Hopeful, the Wood Memorial and those other stakes.

He's a good horse, John Mackay said to himself. Let him have a chance.

Wham!

They were out of the gate, fleeing from the stalls, nineteen of them straining and thundering, edging toward the favored position fifteen or so feet out from the muddy rail strip, their hoofs sucking at the mud. They were beautiful and frightening, a runaway herd bearing down on the clubhouse turn like water from a broken dam; and when they hit that first turn the boy on Kennett had him clear by a length and a half and had taken a wrap on him, to begin rating him.

Behind Kennett they flowed along. Here, a boy was touching up his colt with his bat to get more early speed and work more easily into a contend-



Unretouched color photo of Dodge Royal V-8 Sport Coupe interior. Through window, Royal V-8 4-Door Sedan.

From any point of view a LOT MORE for the money!

First, there are the things you can see—Tasteful Color Harmonized interiors crowned by the elegance of exquisite Jacquard upholstery fabrics . . . long wearing and so easy to clean. And on the outside—flashing style and sweeping length that hold a promise of nimble performance!

Then, too, there are the unseen values—Things that make Dodge so sweet to handle, so smooth riding and dependable. Oriflow shock absorbers that adjust automatically to every ride condition. Luxurious cushions of soft, deep foam rubber. A more rugged, more rigid frame and chassis.

Savings . . . every satisfying mile—You enjoy gas-saving economy and dependability of operation unmatched by *any* car! Dodge proved its excellent mileage in the Mobilgas Economy Run . . . and shattered 196 official AAA records for performance, stamina and endurance in grueling tests.

Look and Listen! Bert Parks in "Break The Bank," on ABC-TV • Danny Thomas in "Make Room for Daddy," on ABC-TV • New Roy Rogers Radio Show on NBC

Power Plant—Stepped-up 150-h.p. from the famous Red Ram V-8—America's most efficient engine. Gives top performance and economy.

PowerFlite—Newest, smoothest, most powerful automatic transmission of all! Fully-automatic—no clutch, no jerk, no hesitation.

Power Steering—*Full-Time* for full time driving ease! Latest, greatest development in power steering! Cuts steering effort by 80 per cent.

Specifications, prices and equipment subject to change without notice. PowerFlite and Full-Time Power Steering optional at slight extra charge.

dependable

'54 DODGE

Elegance in Action

ing position; there, a jock was almost standing up in his saddle, seesawing at the reins to avoid a suicidal boxing-off. The noise of the crowd had become one giant roar, and the nineteenth horse around the turn, maybe twenty-five lengths off the leader, was Laird of Argyll.

John Mackay's hands were shaking, and he bit into the stem of his pipe. "Shake him up, boy," he muttered.

The pack of colts sped around the turn and down the backstretch amid the crowd's yelling and the tight, excited voice of the track announcer. Eddie Kain seemed to have heard Crazy John's muttering; he started to hand-ride Laird of Argyll hard, driving with hands and heels to get a run out of the horse. But the bay colt wasn't having any.

As they thundered down the long, long stretch on the back side, past the muddy path that John Mackay had walked that morning, Laird of Argyll had only one horse beaten. Up front they were in two little patches—Kennett by himself on the head end, with Teddy Atkinson rating him along brilliantly, keeping only a length or so between him and the rest of the field, but always alert for any horse moving at him, and ready to let off another wrap on the long-striding chestnut. Behind Kennett were three horses within a length of one another.

THEY start running the real race in the Kentucky Derby when they hit the far turn, the beginning of the long twist that leads ultimately into the homestretch and that endless, grinding final quarter mile—the last alley where Citation caught Coaltown and pulled away, where Broker's Tip edged out Head Play, where Whirlaway and Eddie Arcaro swept the field to run the fastest quarter in Derby history.

Today as they swept around the far turn the three colts behind Kennett made their move—but Atkinson was ready for them. The others crept up to the chestnut's hindquarters; then Atkinson reached back with his feathered bat and swiped once at Kennett's flanks. The big horse reached out and drew away from them, slowly and surely. At the top of the stretch he was two lengths in front, and already at least one of the old-time race writers had lowered his binoculars and picked up his copy paper. Nobody was going to catch the chestnut today. In the field box that Jay From's party occupied, Jay was on his feet, cheering.

In the upper section of the press box, Crazy John Mackay lowered the binoculars from his tired, smarting eyes and thought of his wife. "I get nothing," he said softly. "She'll leave."

But that was as far as he got.

A horse like Laird of Argyll is the kind to drive the best jockey in the world crazy. The jockey works and plies and shouts and waves his whip, and the colt does nothing at all—until he feels like it. When he feels like it, he takes off, and then the jockey sits tight—and prays he can stick to the saddle.

The roar of the crowd had begun to abate ever so faintly as Atkinson settled down to a hand ride of Kennett, with the finish line less than half a minute away. And then, suddenly, the roar rose to a crescendo as Laird of Argyll, taking the bit in his teeth, began to pass the other horses—to pass them all.

It was as if he were made of India rubber, and now, for the first time, was stretching as far as he could. He was sixteenth at the quarter pole and there was a wall of horses, some floundering, in front of him. But when he had run around them, which was the only way to go, he was seventh at the eighth pole—and flying.

Kennett was four lengths clear of his field at the eighth pole, and any other jockey but Atkinson, the master rater, would have looked around, seen nothing near him and begun to ease his colt. Even the good ones do that, but Atkinson does it less than most—and he never does it at all in a Kentucky Derby. He might have been fifteen lengths in front for all he knew, but he kept digging his face into the chestnut's mane and pumping away, going and coming rhythmically with the striding of the horse.

It was good he didn't look around. It was good he didn't do anything at all to interrupt the stride of the chestnut—or he would have been swallowed up and spat out by what was the greatest single finish in the history of a Derby.

"He really isn't anybody—just a conversation piece"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Seventh at the eighth pole, with the boy on him drenched in mud, Laird of Argyll kept coming the way nobody had ever seen a horse come before. He had only two hundred and twenty yards to make up ten lengths on Kennett—and he could make up only nine.

As they went under the finish line, a thunderclap of noise rolled over their heads—the chestnut was fighting it out gamely, and the ramshackle bay, his hoofs seeming barely to touch the mud, was gaining with every giant stride. There was less than a length between them, and ten yards after the finish, Laird of Argyll had him. He went past Kennett with a whoosh, and Atkinson, still tight over the forequarters of his colt, looked up in amazement as the bay left them in a rush and started around the clubhouse turn again.

John Mackay had been leaning far out from the press box. Now, limp and sweaty and pale, he slumped back onto the wooden bench and dropped his head into his hands. He couldn't even think about it; he was wrung dry.

Then they were crowding around him—all the big-name sports writers, the Considines and the Galianis and the rest, yelling and laughing happily and not knowing for sure whether to tell him what a great horse he had there, or whether to tell him how sorry they were that the horse got beat. So they told him both. They pulled him up from the bench and slapped him on the back and shouted at him, and somebody had a split of warm champagne and thrust a paper cupful at him. You wouldn't have known, up there, that Jay From's horse had won.

Red Smith, the Herald Tribune's columnist, grabbed Crazy John's hand. "John," he said, "you've got a wonderful horse there."

For a minute, John Mackay just looked at him. Then he leaned back against the bench and smiled a little. "Yes," he said. "I have."

NOBODY held a stop watch on Nell Mackay during her trip from the rail, near the finish line, up to the press box. When John had told her he was going to watch it from up there, where women were not allowed, and that he would see her after the race, she had merely nodded.

If someone *had* clocked Nell Mackay's race to the press box, he might have come up with some kind of record. No one ever made the trip faster. When she got there, her soft brown hair was a little awry, and her cheeks were flushed. A couple of the writers recognized her and invited her inside, but she just shook her head and thanked them and looked around to see if she could see her husband.

"John," somebody yelled finally. "A dame's looking for you, over here."

He had been taking a sip of the champagne from the paper cup. When he saw Nell down by the door, looking very much the way she had looked that summer morning at Belmont twelve years before, he hurried over to her.

A couple of photographers started after them but Considine blocked their way and grinned at them amiably. "This is their love scene," he said.

In the press coop, the sports writers were already pounding away at their portable typewriters. John Mackay walked his wife down a flight of stairs and then they ducked under a railing, and were on a tarred, graveled rooftop.

"Well," he said, his blue eyes questioning and at the same time pleading, "he ain't such a bad colt at that, is he?" Nell looked up at him and shook her head, unable for the moment to speak. "Nell, don't go," he said.

Her eyes widened. "Go?"

"Don't go away from me." He pulled her to him and looked over her head at the busses and parked cars and muddy streets in back of the stands. "You got every right in the whole world to go and I know it. But maybe this horse now—maybe he'll make it all different. We can afford—"

"You're crazy," she said, and she pressed her face against his old jacket and put her arms around him.

"*I* made you feel like that," she said, shaking her head. "Oh, John, I'm just no good as a wife." She cried for a moment and he held her close. "We let ourselves grow apart from each other," she went on, "and I couldn't find any way to help you or give you what you needed. If I had been a better wife—"

"Nellie," he said, "is it all right? I mean, being like me now? You don't mind, and everything is all right?" She looked up at him, her cheeks wet with tears, but she wasn't crying any more.

"I'm your wife," she said simply. "We go together."

He kissed her, and then he looked down at her and smiled, and helped her back under the wooden railing and they started back up the steps to the press box. She gave him a little shove and motioned him on and he went up the steps two at a time. When he got back into the coop, he walked down to the middle of it and looked around at the race writers.

"Gentlemen," Crazy John Mackay announced loudly, firmly, "that colt of Mr. From's ran himself a good one and we had ourselves a fine horse race, but I wish none of you would forget for a moment that running a three-year-old animal a mile and a quarter is a bad business. There is no question but that it's too danged long."

THE typewriters stopped and the writers looked around at John Mackay. Somebody told him to sit down, and he did. Then he lighted his pipe and sat there for a moment, looking at all of them.

"John," somebody else said, "tell us about the race. I'm damned if I know what I *did* see out there."

"I'll be glad to," John said. He flipped the burnt match over the ledge and looked out for a moment at the dispersing crowd. Already, for them, the Run for the Roses was almost forgotten. The horses, still blowing, their sides still steaming under the light blankets, were being led through the infield crowds back to the stable area.

"If you noticed when they broke from the gate," John said, "that roan colt of Brookmeade's racked up three-four horses when he swerved to the rail. I got to say this for that boy on Kennett, he got his animal out of that box fast, and when he . . ."

And so Crazy John Mackay told how the race had been run, and the men who would write about it sat respectfully and listened to him. The one who let his attention stray just a little was Fred Galiani, the Telegraph writer, who glanced down to the door of the press coop and saw the pretty woman in the simple blue blouse standing there watching John Mackay. And later, when John and the woman had left to go check on the ramshackle bay colt, the Telegraph writer began to type on his portable:

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 1—A horse named Kennett—a good horse—won the Kentucky Derby today, but in the years to come, when the people who live around horses sit and talk about this one, they will lean back and say, "Oh, sure, that was Nell Mackay's Derby." It was, too, because . . .

—MEL HEIMER

JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE REPORTS

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I'VE STUDIED THE FIGURES. THEY SHOW THE DECISION IS AGAIN FOR CAMELS—MORE THAN EVER THE FIRST CHOICE OF AMERICA'S SMOKERS!
NEWEST PUBLISHED FIGURES*
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How Your Town Can AVOID A Recession

Is local unemployment increasing? An expert tells what you and your neighbors can do to help your home community along the road to prosperity

By WILLIAM L. BATT, JR., with RONALD SCHILLER

WHAT is the economic outlook for your community? How secure is your job, your business, your future? Is a local recession likely? With the United States in the midst of an economic readjustment, these questions confront the people of nearly every city and town in the country today. Barring a major national recession, the answers in your community may depend largely on you and your neighbors.

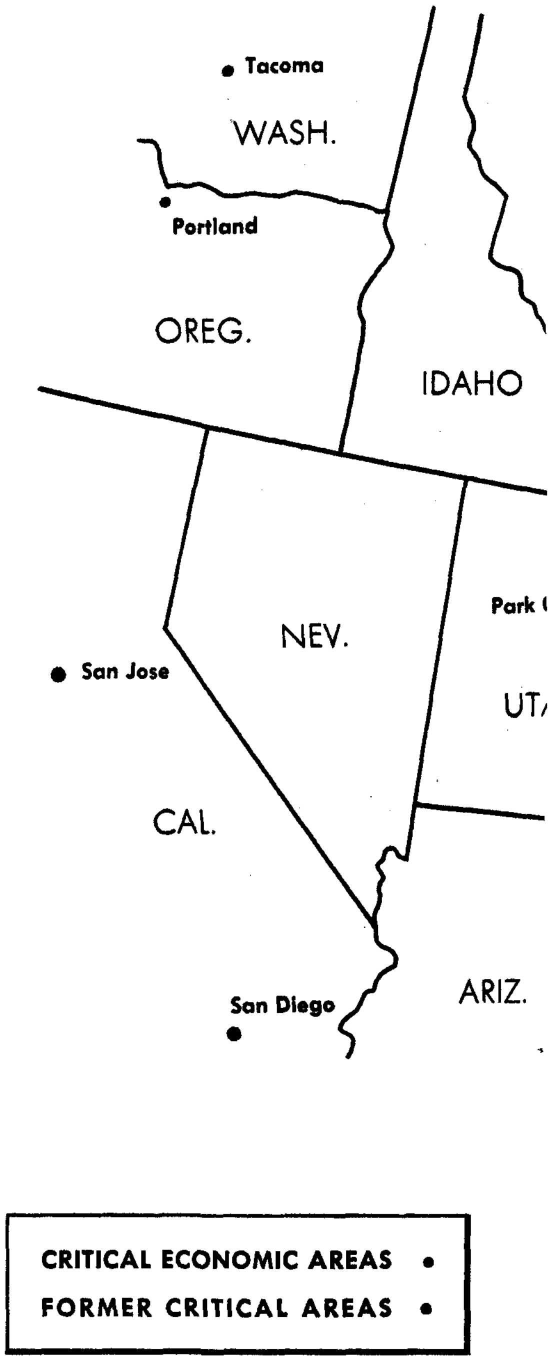
The fact is that local recessions—except for the few caused by flood, drought or other natural catastrophes—are all man-made. And the mistakes that men have made, men can correct.

Many once-blighted cities and towns across the nation already have lifted themselves out of the economic mire. In each case, the key to success has been decisive, forward-looking, co-operative action by the citizens themselves—not federal or state aid.

Their inspiring stories—some of them are told later in this article—point the way out for scores of other communities in the throes of a local slump or threatened with one. There's no need for the people of any city or town to sit idly by in the belief that they're powerless in the hands of vast forces over which they have no control.

The need for urgent action in cities already classed as critical areas by the Department of Labor is apparent. But how about other communities—your community? What are the danger signs that warn a slump may be near?

On this page you will find a list of storm warnings. Probably the most sensitive and reliable barometer of all, however, is unemployment. It has a greater effect on a community than all other economic pressures put together because it represents the point at which individuals begin to suffer. Moreover, its effects are cumulative. For every 10 people laid off by a factory, eventually up to 10 more may lose their jobs in stores, laundries and other service industries. When one business closes its doors, another may fail—and so on. Soon you have a local recession.



Watch for These Danger Signals In Your Community

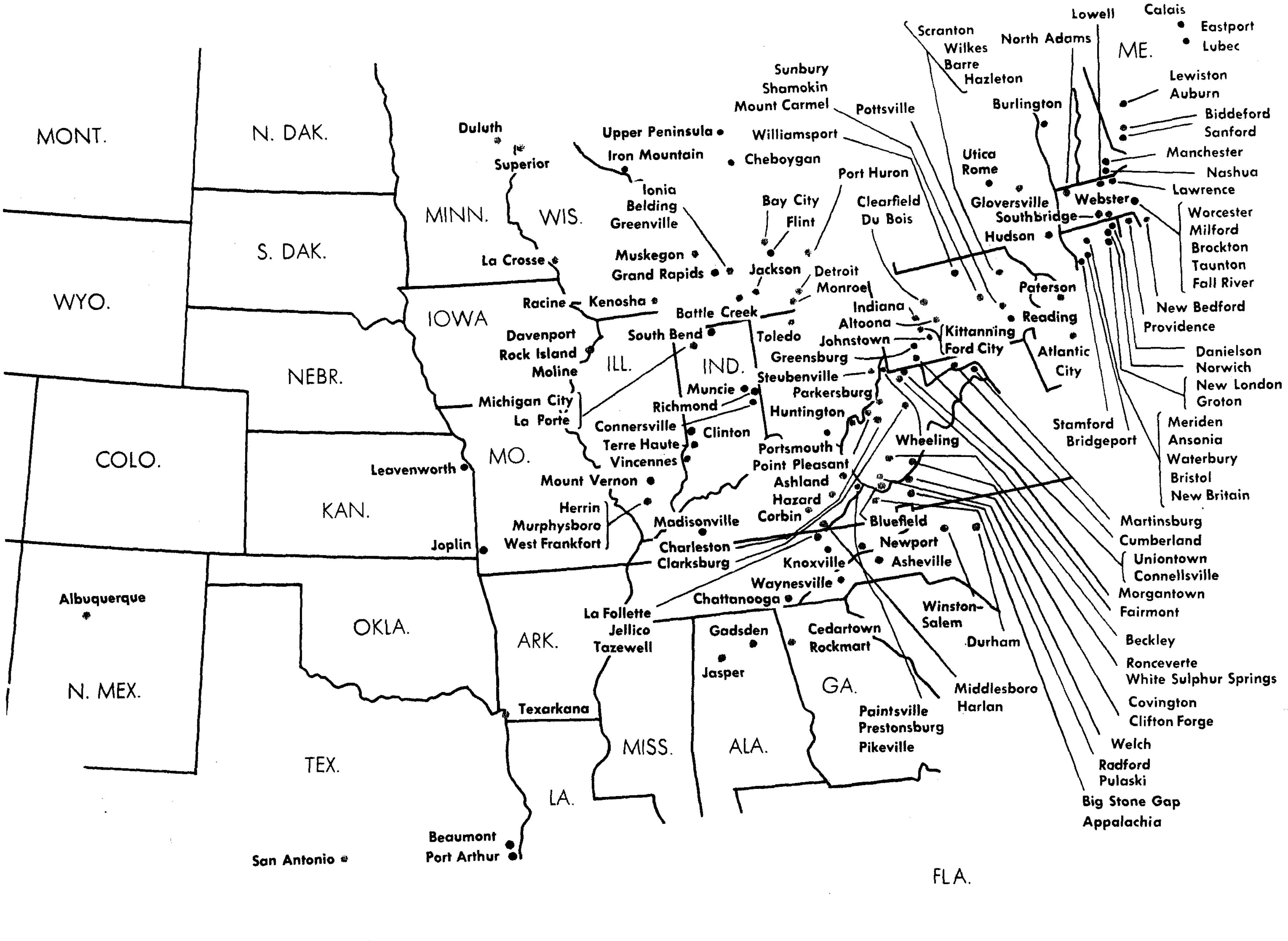
If the answer to any two of these eight questions is "yes," your community may be headed toward an economic recession. For what to do about it, see page 50.

1. Are layoffs and unemployment insurance claims increasing? Are hours of work being cut down?
2. Does unemployment total 5 per cent or more of the labor force? Is it increasing?
3. Do most of your high-school and college graduates have to leave town to find work?
4. Are older people, women and minority groups finding home-town jobs almost impossible to locate?
5. Are retail sales dropping, store failures increasing?
6. Is yours a one-industry town? If so, is it a static or declining industry? Is the employment highly seasonal in character?
7. Is your town highly dependent on defense production? Would it be in trouble if there was a large cut in our national defense budget?
8. Are local manufacturers placing new plants outside your town? Are your plants becoming high-cost, marginal units, vulnerable to shutdown when business slackens?

For this reason, the federal government keeps its finger continually on the pulse of the nation's unemployment. Every other month in the 200 largest labor market areas in the nation and in smaller towns where unemployment is serious, local offices of the U.S. Employment Service and its state affiliates send their employment statistics to Washington. After analyzing the figures, the Labor Department classifies the communities into four groups.

Cities in Group I are "areas of labor shortage," where there are more jobs than there are workers to fill them. Group II are "areas of balanced labor supply" or full employment. Group III are "areas of moderate labor surplus," where there are not quite enough jobs for workers seeking employment. Group IV are "areas of substantial labor surplus," the so-called critical areas.

All the labor market areas that have been listed as critical areas at one time or another in the boom


MONT.
N. DAK.
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WYO.
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COLO.
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ILL.
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MO.
ARK.
LA.
MISS.
ALA.
GA.
FLA.
ME.
Albuquerque
San Antonio
Laredo
Beaumont
Port Arthur
Texarkana
Joplin
Leavenworth
Duluth
Superior
La Crosse
Upper Peninsula
Iron Mountain
Ionia
Belding
Greenville
Muskegon
Grand Rapids
Racine
Kenosha
Davenport
Rock Island
Moline
Michigan City
La Porte
South Bend
Battle Creek
Jackson
Detroit
Monroe
Bay City
Flint
Port Huron
Cheboygan
Toledo
Muncie
Richmond
Connersville
Clinton
Terre Haute
Vincennes
Mount Vernon
Herrin
Murphysboro
West Frankfort
Madisonville
Charleston
Clarksburg
Knoxville
Waynesville
Chattanooga
La Follette
Jellico
Tazewell
Gadsden
Jasper
Cedartown
Rockmart
Sunbury
Shamokin
Mount Carmel
Williamsport
Pottsville
Clearfield
Du Bois
Indiana
Altoona
Johnstown
Kittanning
Ford City
Greensburg
Steubenville
Parkersburg
Huntington
Portsmouth
Point Pleasant
Ashland
Hazard
Corbin
Wheeling
Bluefield
Newport
Asheville
Winston-Salem
Durham
Middlesboro
Harlan
Paintsville
Prestonsburg
Pikeville
Scranton
Wilkes
Barre
Hazleton
Utica
Rome
Gloversville
Southbridge
Hudson
Paterson
Reading
Atlantic City
North Adams
Burlington
Lowell
Calais
Eastport
Lubec
Lewiston
Auburn
Biddeford
Sanford
Manchester
Nashua
Lawrence
Webster
Worcester
Milford
Brockton
Taunton
Fall River
New Bedford
Providence
Danielson
Norwich
New London
Groton
Stamford
Bridgeport
Meriden
Ansonia
Waterbury
Bristol
New Britain
Martinsburg
Cumberland
Uniontown
Connellsville
Morgantown
Fairmont
Beckley
Ronceverte
White Sulphur Springs
Covington
Clifton Forge
Welch
Radford
Pulaski
Big Stone Gap
Appalachia

Map is based on March statistics furnished by the U.S. Department of Labor

The map indicates current and former critical unemployment areas. All have been listed by U.S. Department of Labor at some time since 1949 as "areas of substantial labor surplus"

years since 1949 are shown on the map on these pages. There are more than 100. Some suffered only temporary recessions due to fluctuations within industries or materials shortages. Others—like the textile towns of New England and the coal centers of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and Illinois—are chronically depressed areas where unemployment has been serious for years.

But whether the recessions were temporary or chronic, most of these distressed communities had one feature in common. They were *"one industry towns"*—places where more than one third of the working force was employed by a single industry. The economic well-being of the community was completely tied to that one industry. When the industry prospered, the town prospered. When the industry faltered, the community found itself in a crisis because there were not enough other local industries to take up the employment slack.

A year ago, for example, the "Quad Cities" of Davenport, Iowa, and Moline, East Moline and Rock Island, Illinois—devoted chiefly to the making of farm machinery—were among the most prosperous in America. But with last year's drought and the sudden decline of farm income, purchases of farm equipment dropped sharply. Since then, hundreds of jobless men have walked the streets of the Quad Cities.

Every one-industry city and town in the United States that values its economic security should prepare a vigorous community program designed to broaden and diversify its economic base. Such a program is the only sure way that prosperous towns can protect themselves against a future recession, that depressed communities can help themselves back to economic health.

The value of self-help programs is clearly shown by the success of the numerous one-industry communities which already have fought or are fighting their way back to economic security. We shall tell the stories of four: Herrin, Illinois, which fell on hard times when the natural resource on which its economy depended began to run out; Altoona, Pennsylvania, whose main industry declined because of technological advances; Lowell, Massachusetts, stranded when its main industry migrated South; and San Jose, California, alternately blessed with plenty and plagued by scarcity because it depended on a seasonal industry. One of these four cities may be solving the same problems that confront your own community.

If medals for courage are ever awarded to entire communities, one certainly should go to Herrin, in southern Illinois. A few years ago the economic situation of this city of nearly 10,000 looked hopeless. Herrin lies in the center of a population area of 200,000 people, all of whom had once lived prosperously on the work provided by 25 of the nation's richest coal mines. But during the late twenties the mines began to run out of coal. One by one, they closed down until only six were left—working part time. Financial distress spread like a blight. At one time, more than half the working population was on relief.

During World War II, the government built a huge shell-loading plant on Crab Orchard Lake

MAP BY AL TARTER

“Bloody Herrin” found that labor peace helped to attract industries to the city

near Herrin, employing 6,000 people. It helped considerably. But it was a temporary relief; the plant was certain to close at the war's end. A feeling of impending disaster lay over the community.

In 1944, O. W. (Bill) Lyerla, head of the chamber of commerce, postmaster and owner of the local radio station, called a meeting of Herrin's business, labor and civic leaders. He put the situation to them bluntly.

“We can do one of two things after the war,” he said. “We can watch Herrin become a ghost town, abandon our homes and businesses and move out—or we can start now, while things are still pretty good, to bring some new industries in and keep this town alive. Take your choice. But if you decide to do nothing, I'm moving out now. I've got more money than most of you and I can afford to retire.”

The alarmed Herrinites decided to act. Under Lyerla's driving leadership, they formed the Herrin Community Council to work out an industrial program for the city. At the same time, they induced other communities to join them in setting up Southern Illinois, Inc., to develop a program for the region as a whole and make plans for bringing private industries into the Crab Orchard munitions plant when it was abandoned by the government.

The problems these organizations faced seemed insuperable. First, the region had a plentiful supply of willing workers, but nearly all were coal miners with no other skills. Second, Herrin's record of labor strife was shockingly bad. One strike in 1922 had resulted in the notorious “Herrin massacre,” during which 26 men had been killed. Finally, there was no money available to finance the program. The local bank could not undertake it, and when a delegation of businessmen went to St. Louis to see what could be done, the bankers there turned them down flat. “An unproved industrial area,” was the polite answer most bankers gave them. But, as one banker confessed later, their private opinion was: “Invest my bank's money in ‘bloody Herrin’? I'd have to be crazy!”

The men of Herrin accepted the challenge. With the co-operation of the Southern Illinois University in nearby Carbondale, they set out to train workers in new industrial skills. Some 1,500 ex-miners and their wives attended classes in a dozen communities. They learned to operate everything from office equipment to heavy lathes. Then, as each new industry moved into the area, trained workers would be ready to take their places at the machines.

Next, labor leaders got together and agreed among themselves to end unwarranted strikes. Disagreements with employers and interunion squabbles would be settled around the conference table rather than on the streets. Since then Herrin's record of work stoppages has been far below the national average. The leader of one local who violated the agreement by calling a wildcat strike was ousted from office by his union superiors.

All Business Stopped on “Destiny Day”

The problem of money was settled on Herrin's “Destiny Day”—September 25, 1944. By proclamation of the mayor, every business, school, office and gas station in the city was closed. Even funerals were postponed. The citizens flocked to Marlow's Theater, the city's biggest, to hear Lyerla outline the program that might save Herrin—and how much it would cost. He told 2,000 men, women and children jammed inside the auditorium and an overflow crowd gathered around loudspeakers outside that $100,000 would be needed for advertising, promotion and the purchase of plant sites for industries that might move to Herrin. The fund would be administered by five businessmen and 10 labor leaders.

Next day teams canvassed the city for the Destiny Fund, ringing every doorbell. Widows with no income other than state relief contributed 50 cents, laborers earning $20 a week put in $5. The owners of the biggest retail stores were asked for $5,000 each.

“It was a tough decision for some of us to make,” recalls Clyde Brewster, the local Ford dealer who took over the reins of the chamber of commerce after Lyerla's health later gave way. “The little money we'd made during the war, we were putting aside as a stake to help us get started elsewhere when the collapse came. But when Lyerla asked for it, you couldn't refuse. He was Moses leading us to the Promised Land.”

With the money raised, the Herrin program went into high gear. Soon the first big industry was landed—a large washing-machine factory built in 1946 by the Norge division of the Borg-Warner Corporation of Chicago on two square blocks of land donated by the Community Council. The factory now employs 600 people.

About the same time, Smoler Brothers, Inc., a Chicago dress-manufacturing concern, took over a $200,000 factory built with money lent by the citizens of Herrin. The loan was to have been paid back over 15 years, but the company was so successful that it paid off the notes in six. The plant employs 300 women.

In 1950, the International Staple & Machine Company, Inc., a Pennsylvania manufacturer of industrial staples, moved into another plant built with $160,000 loaned by the people of Herrin. It employs 125 men. Eighteen more new industries—making sectional homes, electric equipment, plastic products, stencil machines, fertilizers, coffins and a variety of other products—moved into the abandoned Crab Orchard munitions plant.

Altogether, these new industries pump $12,000,000 a year in wages into the region's economic blood stream.

The industries did not come to Herrin without persuasion. Herrin's business leaders traveled to New York and Philadelphia at their own expense to follow up every lead. And in 1952 they landed their biggest prize of all—after it almost got away.

Allen Industries, Inc., a Detroit manufacturer of automobile upholstery and floor mats, was looking for a new plant. Herrin men had visited the company repeatedly to plead their case, but made scant progress. One morning they learned that the company had just about decided against Herrin in favor of a Southern city; in fact, the directors were already on a train headed south. Refusing to accept defeat, a task force of Herrin businessmen, headed by Clyde Brewster, piled into a car, sped north and boarded the train. They spent three hours in

How to Fight a Local Recession

1. Organize business, labor and civic leaders of your community into a single working organization dedicated to fighting unemployment through economic development and diversification. Mobilize the community behind the organization.

2. Find effective, hard-driving leaders who know how to work with others. If no suitable local volunteers are available, hire an effective industrial-development expert from the outside.

3. Make a complete survey of the community to determine the reasons for unemployment and what new industries are best suited for your needs. Analyze the liabilities and take steps to correct them. Prepare precise information about the local labor force, transportation, utilities, industrial sites, educational and recreational facilities, and even the chemical content of your soil and water. Your local college or university may help, or a private firm of experts can be hired.

4. Make sure your community presents an attractive appearance. Towns have lost big industries when plant managers told their employers: “I'd resign before bringing my family to live in a place with such shabby streets and dilapidated schools.”

5. Solicit contributions from local businesses, organizations and individuals for promotion and for capital to build new factories where private builders and banks cannot or will not finance them.

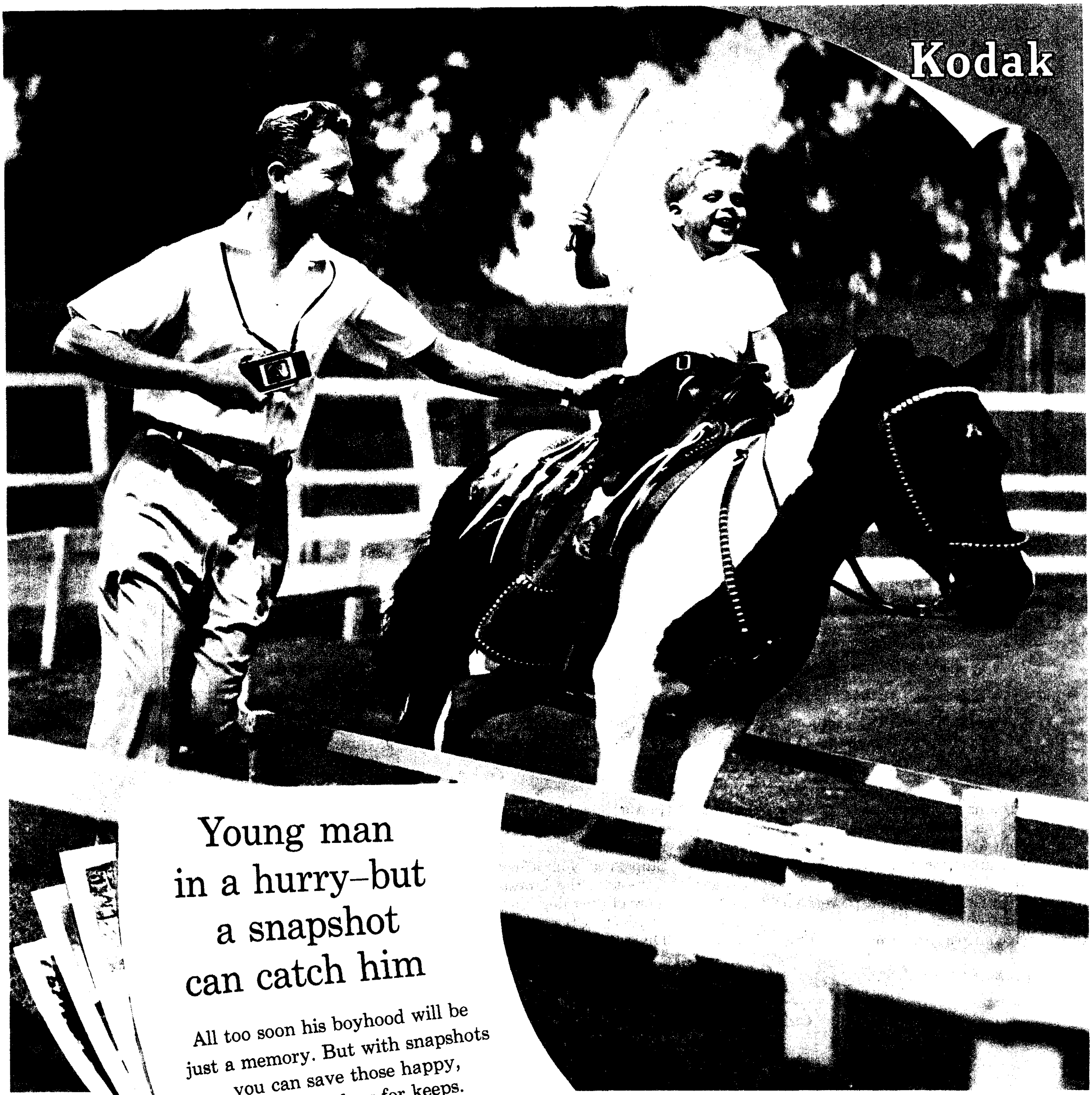
6. Begin a professionally directed promotion and publicity campaign. Advertise in newspapers and magazines, mail out literature, interview industrial leaders. Follow up any lead on a new plant until you get a definite decision on its location.

7. Develop a spirit of enterprise, even if it means building a new factory before there is a tenant for it. With vast new industries like electronics, plastics and atomic energy mushrooming and the population of the country growing by the millions every year, industrial expansion is inevitable.

8. Stabilize labor-management relations. Most manufacturers investigate the industrial relations of a community before they consent even to visit it. But even communities with a bad labor history have discovered that by obtaining the co-operation of local unions they can build a fine reputation for industrial peace.

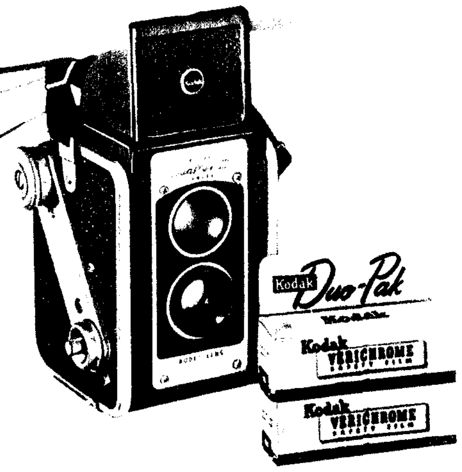
9. Don't overlook the possibilities of expanding industries already in your community. There may be diamonds lying around your own back yard.

10. Find out what help is available from the state and federal governments. Several states have set up bureaus to aid communities seeking new industries. They co-operate in research, publish brochures and, especially in New England, even provide financial assistance through privately financed, publicly authorized development credit corporations. The federal government has an avowed policy (Defense Manpower Policy No. 4, in operation since March, 1952) of placing contracts in areas of heaviest unemployment where possible. It also has given special tax-amortization privileges to defense plants which locate in these areas of chronic unemployment.



Young man in a hurry–but a snapshot can catch him

All too soon his boyhood will be just a memory. But with snapshots you can save those happy, fun-packed days for keeps.



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Have your camera with you everywhere—for that's where great snapshots are. Around home. On that special occasion. On family outings and vacations. Wherever you are, wherever you go. Then you'll *save* all those wonderful memories instead of *wishing* you had.

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NEW CHEVROLETS

are blossoming out all over!

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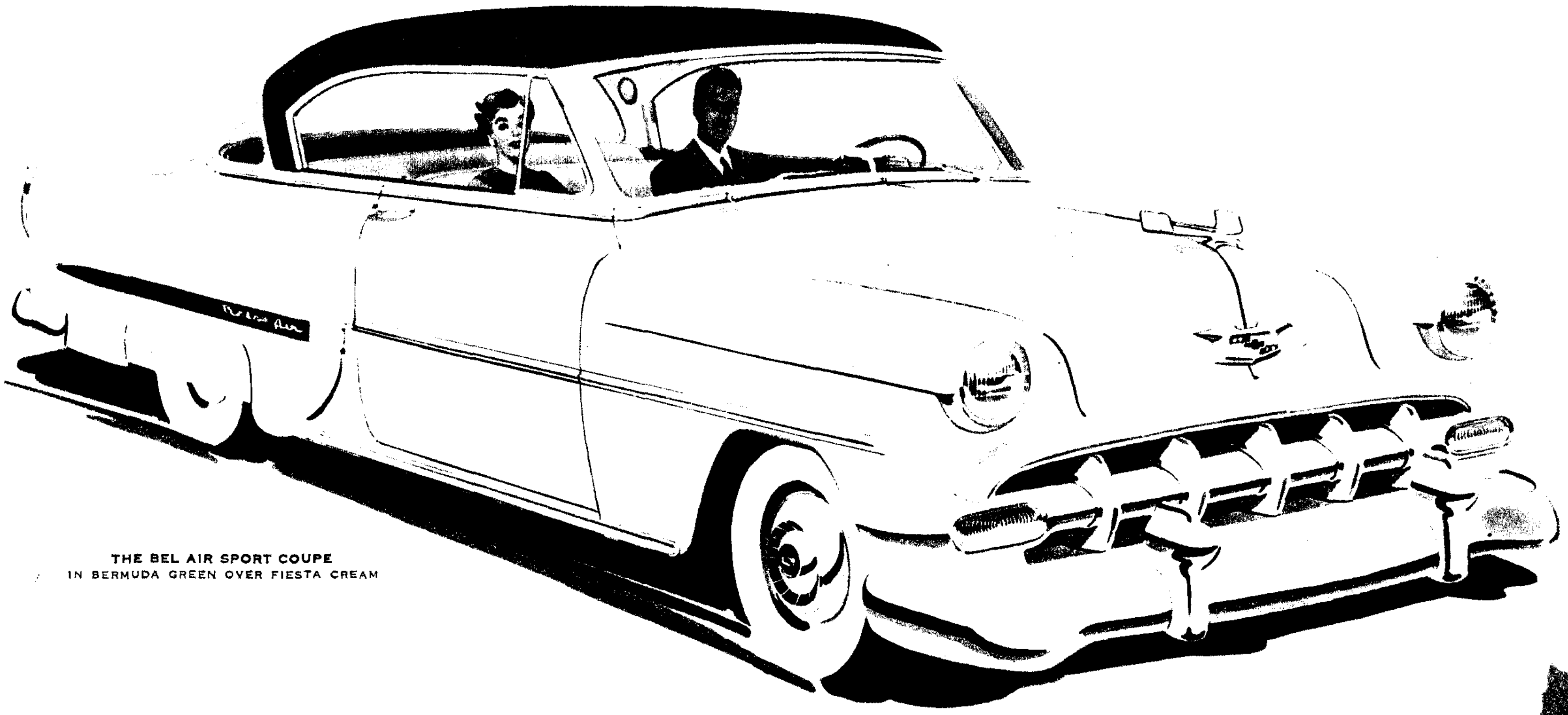

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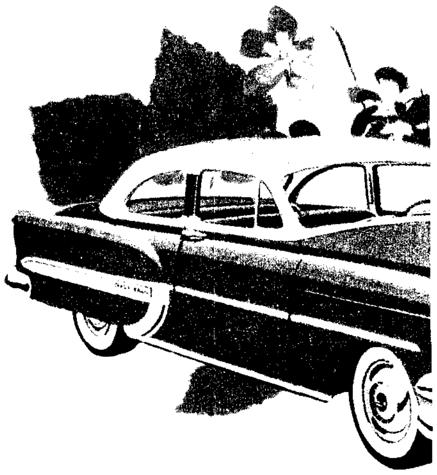
IN BERMUDA GREEN OVER FIESTA CREAM

Here are the new Chevrolets for 1954, as fresh and colorful as the flowers of spring! Whichever model you pick out for your own, you'll get smarter styling and more luxurious, color-harmonized interiors. You'll enjoy finer performance and money-saving gas mileage with Chevrolet's new power. You can have, as extra-cost options, all the automatic power features and controls you want . . . Powerglide and Power Steering on all models, Automatic Window and Seat Controls on Bel Air and "Two-Ten" models, and Power Brakes on Powerglide models. Stop in at your Chevrolet dealer's and see *all* the ways that the lowest-priced line in its field offers more of the things you want . . . the reason why *more people buy Chevrolets than any other car!* . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



THE BEL AIR 2-DOOR SEDAN
IN SHORELINE BEIGE OVER PUEBLO TAN
AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF VIOLETS

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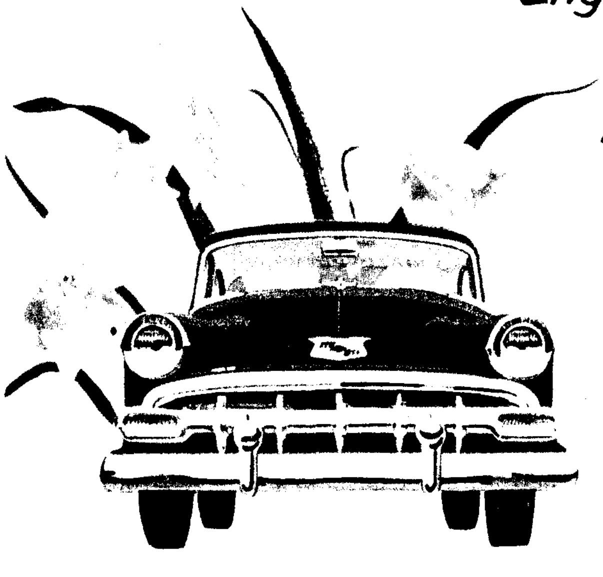
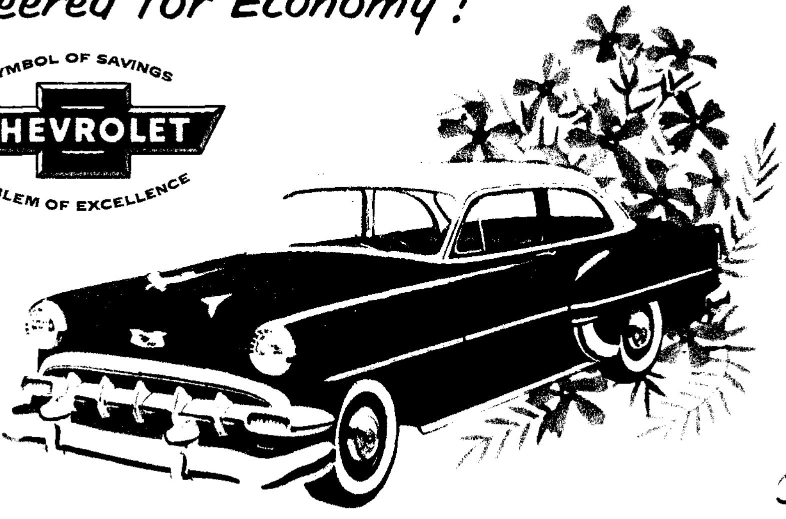
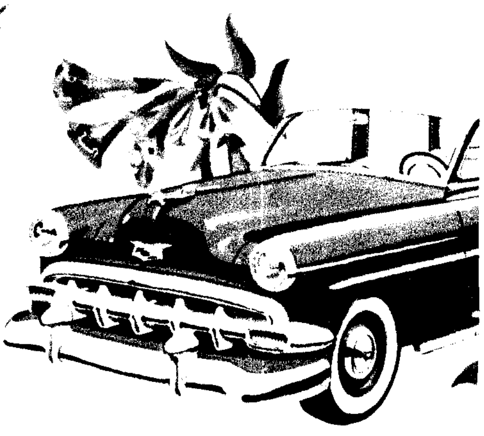


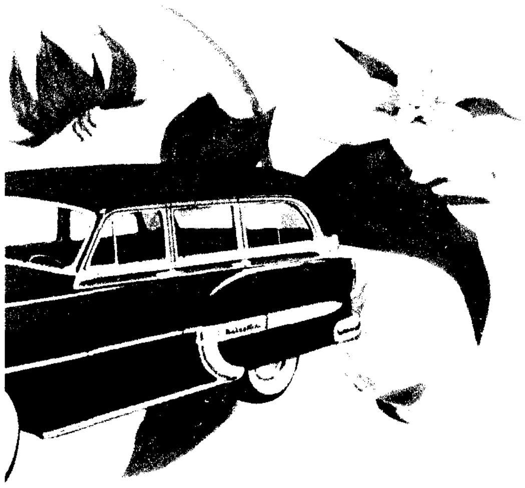
THE "TWO-TEN" 4-DOOR SEDAN
IN SADDLE BROWN AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF DAFFODILS



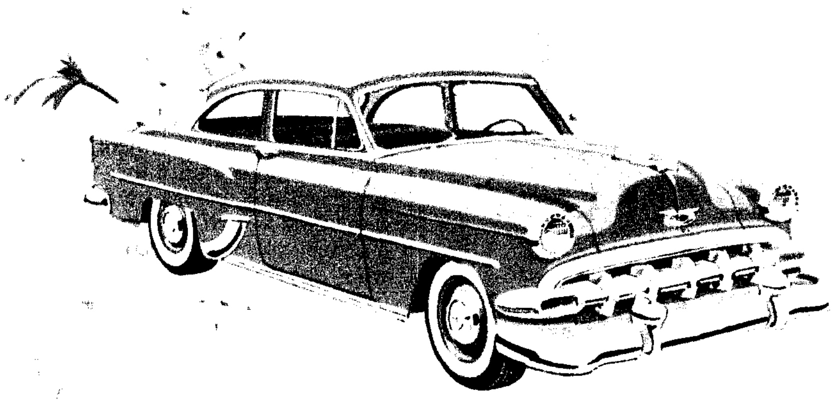
THE "TWO-TEN" 2-DOOR SEDAN
IN INDIA IVORY OVER BISCAYNE BLUE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF PHLOXES



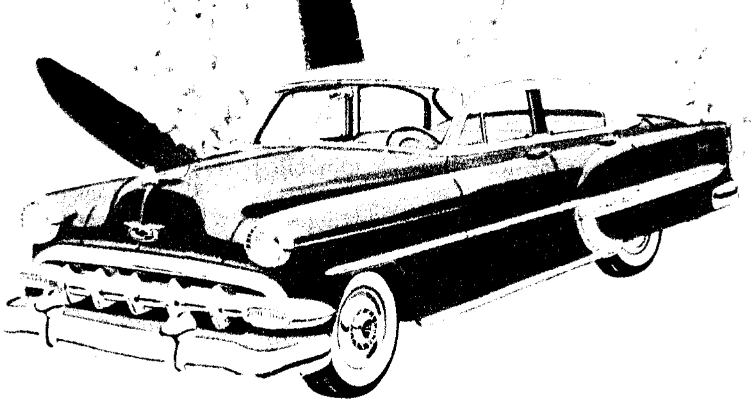
THE "TWO-TEN" HANDYMAN
IN INDIA IVORY OVER HORIZON BLUE
AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF BLUE BELLS



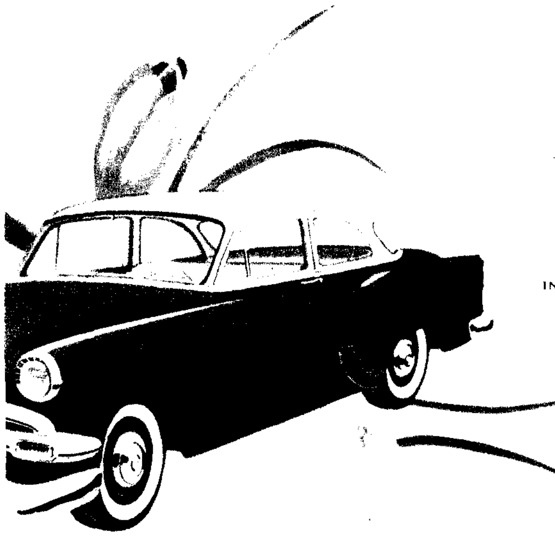
THE BEL AIR TOWNSMAN
IN BERMUDA GREEN AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF TRILLIUMS



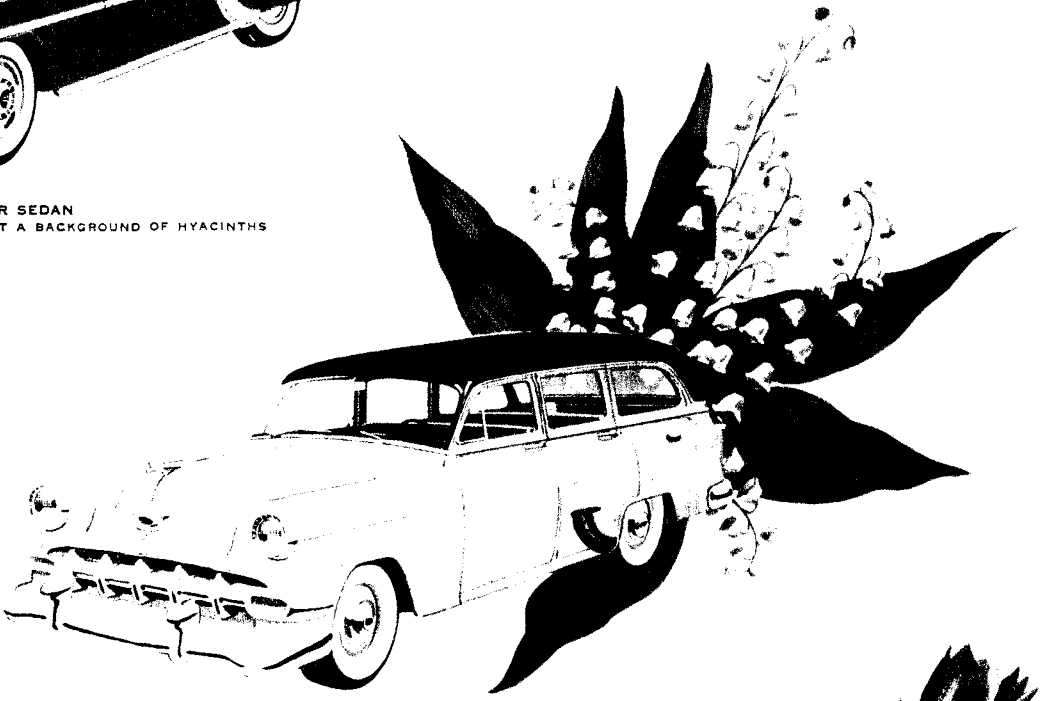
THE DELRAY CLUB COUPE
IN SURF GREEN AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF PRIMROSES



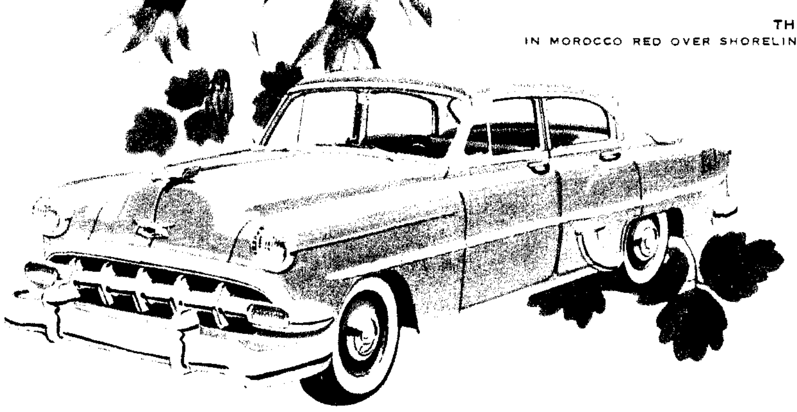
THE BEL AIR 4-DOOR SEDAN
IN INDIA IVORY OVER HORIZON BLUE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF HYACINTHS



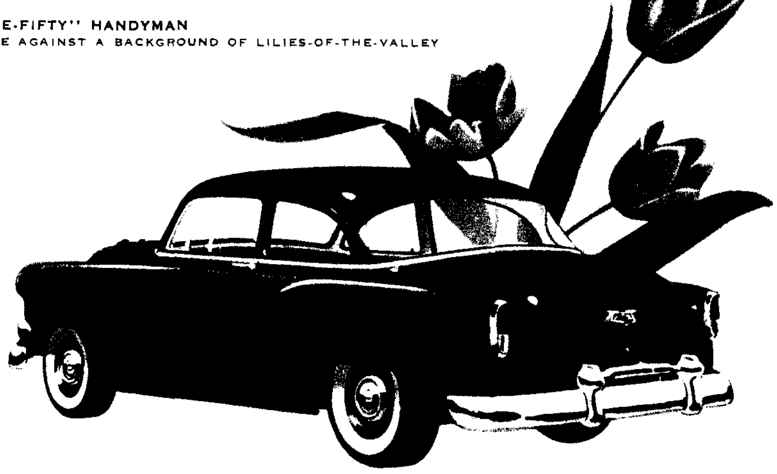
THE "ONE-FIFTY" 2-DOOR SEDAN
IN INDIA IVORY OVER BISCAYNE BLUE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF CROCUSES



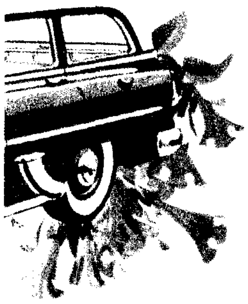
THE "ONE-FIFTY" HANDYMAN
IN MOROCCO RED OVER SHORELINE BEIGE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY

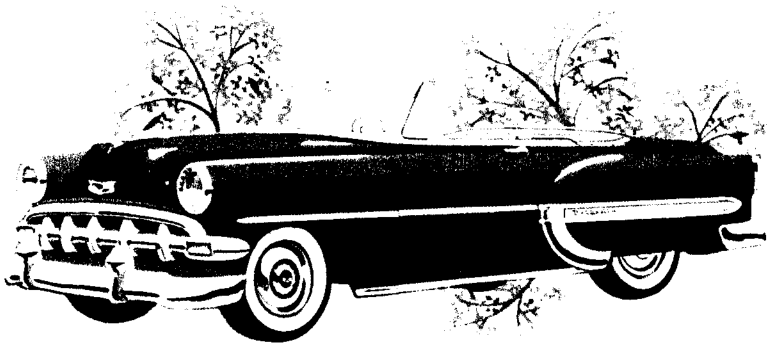


THE "TWO-TEN" 4-DOOR SEDAN
IN SURF GREEN AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF COLUMBINES

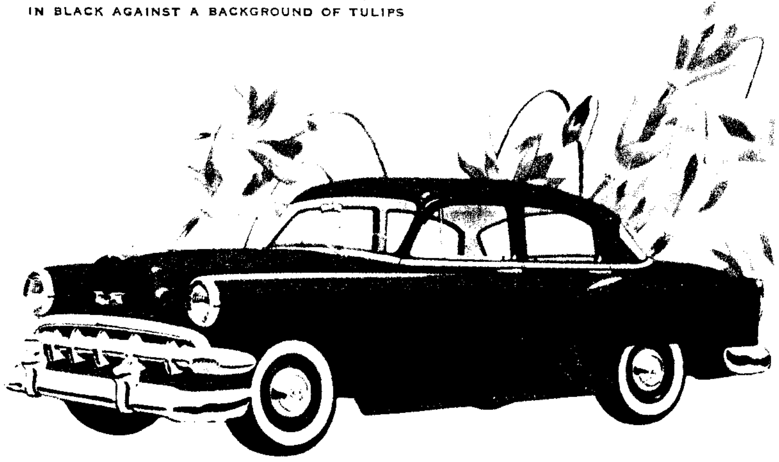


THE "ONE-FIFTY" UTILITY SEDAN
IN BLACK AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF TULIPS





THE BEL AIR CONVERTIBLE
IN ROMANY RED AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF BLUE FORGET-ME-NOTS



THE "ONE-FIFTY" 4-DOOR SEDAN
IN SADDLE BROWN AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SHOOTING STARS

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Released thru
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FOR MOTHER OR DAD
WHO DESERVE
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THE BERKLINE CORPORATION
MORRISTOWN 8C, TENNESSEE

Lowell, its textile mills abandoned, pegs its hopes

the directors' compartment, presenting facts and figures until the Allen people promised not to make a final decision until they visited Herrin to look over a factory site. The directors came, liked what they saw, and agreed to build in Herrin—provided $1,200,000 was made available to erect the factory.

It was at this point that the project almost foundered again. The most that the people of Herrin could raise toward the Allen factory was $400,000; they had already given $500,000 for earlier projects. Labor unions and fraternal organizations like the Elks and Eagles had drained their treasuries. Individuals had nearly exhausted their savings.

But at the crucial moment a letter arrived at the chamber of commerce from the Prudential Insurance Company, one of the largest in the world. The Prudential offered to make up the remaining sum—and promptly came through with an $800,000 loan.

"It was a welcome surprise," Brewster says. "It meant more than that our financial worries were largely over. It was a graduation diploma that told us we had proved ourselves as an industrial area."

The Allen factory was built at a total cost of $1,350,000. It now employs more than 500 workers and eventually may employ 2,000.

Despite the progress made, unemployment has not ended in Herrin. But the industrial-expansion program is only half completed. The Community Council hopes to bring two more new industries to the neighborhood before the end of the year and looks confidently toward the day when chronic unemployment will end for good.

How Altoona Faced Its Crisis

In Altoona, Pennsylvania, the problem was different. Altoona, a heavily industrialized city of 77,000, was the site of the largest steam-locomotive building and repair shops in the world, employing 15,000 people. So long as steam powered America's railroads, Altoona seemed safe. But after World War II, diesel engines began to replace steam in the East, and employment in the shops took a dizzy slide downward.

Refusing to panic, Altoona's business and community leaders met the crisis head on. The chamber of commerce formed a nonprofit corporation known as Altoona Enterprises, Inc., to develop a program for expanding and diversifying the city's industries. The corporation hired a large Philadelphia engineering firm and teams of graduate economics and engineering students from nearby Pennsylvania State University to survey the city's economic assets and liabilities—its labor skills, power, gas and water supply, transportation and industrial sites. "By the time they were finished, there wasn't a question we couldn't answer about our industrial potentialities," says chamber of commerce secretary Stanley Ruth. "Those reports became our bible."

Simultaneously Altoona Enterprises launched a campaign to raise $1,000,000 for promotion, advertising, purchase of industrial sites and loans for new industries interested in coming to Altoona. Every business establishment in town—2,000 in all—was assessed sums ranging from $60 for barbershops and shoemakers to $5,000 for the largest enterprises, to be paid over five years. The money was solicited as insurance. "You buy insurance to protect yourself against fire and theft," they were told. "Well, this is an insurance policy to protect your business against recession." The Altoona Industrial Payroll Insurance Plan, as it is called, is administered by an elected Committee of One Hundred.

The program began to pay off almost immediately. First new industry attracted was a branch of The National Radiator Company, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. It was followed by a ball-bearing plant, a shoe factory, an automobile-parts plant, a chair plant and several others. Together they provide jobs for 1,200 people with an annual payroll of nearly $5,000,000. Some of these companies were attracted by newspaper advertising, others by mailed brochures. And as in Herrin, every businessman was a volunteer scout. The chair factory is in Altoona only because an out-of-town salesman happened to remark to a local furniture dealer that his company was thinking of expanding.

"The most important discovery we made is that when industries decide to open up new plants they want to move fast. It costs them money to wait," says Mike Devorris, an official of the local electric company. "When they asked complicated technical questions, we didn't have to stall them off while we made an investigation. We already had the answers. They didn't have to waste time negotiating a loan. We had the money waiting for them."

Sometimes even these attractions weren't enough. Sylvania Electric Products, Inc., an electronic tube firm which already had one factory in Altoona, received an urgent government order and wanted to open a second plant. But no building was available. The solution provided an excellent example of the group co-operation and the individual self-sacrifice that mark most community recession-fighting programs. Raymond R. (Babe) Long, the owner of the local interurban bus company, had just built a new garage. He agreed to move out, even though it meant that he had to park his busses in an open field until he could build another garage. Today his former garage is a factory employing 400 people.

Altoona is not yet out of the woods, but its citizens can see daylight ahead. New industries are taking up the slack as the railroad shops continue to lay off help, and the pattern for future economic security has been set.

When Lowell's Textiles Migrated

Lowell, Massachusetts, also discovered the importance of being prepared to receive new industries. This city, with a population of more than 100,000, was once the country's leading cotton textile manufacturing center. But in the 1920s the textile mills began to migrate to the South, where labor was cheaper. Economic decay set in. Lowell became one of the worst-blighted areas in the United States. It was left with a versatile, well-trained labor force, plenty of power and water, heavy unemployment and miles of venerable multistoried red-brick mill buildings, some dating back to before the Civil War. Like most other New England textile towns, Lowell tried spasmodically to bring new industrial tenants into the old buildings, but the effort was not very successful.

In 1951 the Massachusetts state legislature passed a bill empowering the Lowell city government to set up a municipally supported, 11-member industrial council to work out a comprehensive plan to improve the city's economy. As executive director, the council hired a top legal and industrial expert, Earl F. Cook, who immediately began preaching the heretical doctrine that old buildings were "the curse of New England."

They're Helping Themselves

Many communities now or formerly classed by the Labor Department as critical unemployment areas have begun industrial-development programs along the lines suggested in Mr. Batt's article. Among those whose programs have proved outstanding are the following:

Altoona, Pa.
Cheboygan, Mich.
Danielson, Conn.
Fall River, Mass.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Hazleton, Pa.
Herrin, Ill.
Iron Mountain, Mich.
Joplin, Mo.
Lawrence, Mass.
Lowell, Mass.
Manchester, N.H.
Muskegon, Mich.
Nashua, N.H.
New Bedford, Mass.
Pottsville, Pa.
San Diego, Calif.
San Jose, Calif.
Scranton, Pa.
Taunton, Mass.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Uniontown, Pa.
Utica, N.Y.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Worcester, Mass.

A number of other cities and towns whose unemployment problem is not acute also have launched development programs. They include:

Calvert City, Ky.
Dallas, Tex.
Evansville, Ill.
Fresno, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Morenci, Mich.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Portland, Me.
South Bend, Ind.
Springfield, Ohio
Stockton, Calif.
York, Pa.

for recovery on light industries

William L. Batt, Jr., the author of this article, served as special assistant to the U.S. Secretary of Labor from 1949 to 1953. He had charge of Operation Bootstrap—assisting several communities to combat local recessions along lines he recommends on these pages. Batt is now serving as executive secretary of Toledo, O., Industrial Development Council

"A building is a machine like any other used in production," he said. "New England has few important raw materials, and because of its geographic position it cannot compete with other parts of the country in transportation costs. We must concentrate, therefore, on light industries producing goods low in weight and high in value—like plastics, light metals and especially electronics. Then, by adding skilled labor, we can convert a dollar's worth of material into, say, a magnetron tube worth $500. Such industries cannot operate efficiently in old cotton mills. Their assembly lines need modern, one-story plants and ideal working conditions and spacious parking areas. We must build new factories or die."

"Build or die" became Lowell's motto. An organization called the New Industrial Plants Foundation (NIP for short) was established and financed by 25 businessmen, each of whom invested $5,000. NIP acquired from the city at nominal cost a 110-acre tract at the intersection of two arterial highways and bisected by a railroad. Christened Lowell Industrial Park, it is large enough to accommodate nine big one-story plants and has ample parking facilities and wide, landscaped lawns.

Then, with no tenant in sight and no assurance that it would ever be occupied, the new foundation began erecting a 42,000-square-foot ultramodern plant suitable for a variety of light industries. Before the building was completed, it was bought and fully paid for by Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., for its Hytron Radio & Electronic Company. The plant, which makes transistors, eventually will employ 1,000 people. The investors got their money back plus interest, and began construction of a second building. Although it is only half finished, negotiations are nearing completion for its sale to a manufacturer in the light metals field. "We plan to have a new factory under construction at all times," says Cook.

Lowell is about a quarter through its recovery program. Much remains to be done, but the citizens are confident they have found the key to a prosperous, stable future.

The headache that beset San Jose, California, was seasonal unemployment. The city lies in the center of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, where more prunes are grown than in any other region on earth. "We lived in a prune economy," recalls Kenneth Conn, executive editor of the San Jose Mercury and the News. "During the summer months when the fruit was harvested, every man, woman and child able to work was employed in the local packing plants. In the winter, there wasn't a job to be had. And when the price of prunes dropped a cent, tears flowed down the streets."

After World War II, San Jose businessmen decided something had to be done to create more jobs. Veterans were returning. People were moving into the state in unprecedented numbers. The area's population was increasing at a rate of 15,000 a year.

The chamber of commerce established an industrial department with an annual budget of $60,000 to advertise the industrial advantages of the valley. It was good advertising, and many prospects were attracted, but inexperienced San Jose wasn't ready for them.

"It was ridiculous," recalls Pete Pasetta, a local builder. "We'd drive the president of some big company to a likely-looking site. When he asked the price of it, we didn't know. When he inquired about sewers, we said we'd talk to city hall. When he wanted to know about sidings, we told him we'd take it up with the railroad. He'd get disgusted and go someplace else where they knew the score."

Broccoli Farm Put to Good Use

Finally Pete decided to take matters in his own hands. He bought a nearby 120-acre broccoli farm, persuaded the city to extend water pipes and sewage lines to it, and ran railroad tracks through the broccoli at his own expense. It was a completely prepared industrial site. The first prospect Pete led out to the farm bought a section of it immediately. In a few months, every acre had been sold, so Pete bought two other farms totaling 300 acres.

Today almost 50 industries stand on the three farms. They employ 3,000 people, pump $15,000,000 in payrolls into Santa Clara Valley's economy every year, and pay $400,000 in annual taxes compared with $1,000 formerly paid by the farmers on the identical land. On a nearby tract, the Ford Motor Company last year started construction of a $100,000,000 plant that will employ 4,000 to 5,500 people when completed.

The valley's economic problems have largely been solved, and San Jose no longer is listed by the Labor Department as a critical area.

The experiences of these four cities are not unique. Many other once-depressed communities in the United States have done as well or better, but space does not permit a description of their achievements. Any city in America, either threatened by or in the throes of a serious unemployment problem, can help itself as these cities have. The economic future of every community lies in the hands of its citizens. ▲▲▲

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garbage wrappings and toting . . .
unsightly, unsanitary garbage cans . . .

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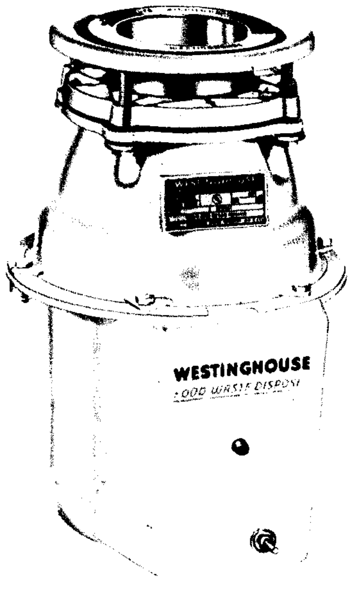

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*Prices slightly higher west of Rockies.

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The Bankrupt Heart

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

parties were crowded and streets that you pushed through, feeling lonely, were crowded. And then there were the times when you were alone. Every year there were more of them, the day-and-night times of being alone—when the telephone didn't ring, when a man brushed past you to be near a girl who looked the way you used to look, when he smiled at the girl the way somebody used to smile at you. I'm thirty-three-years-old tired, she thought.

"Look," he said from the doorway, "let's not fight. Marian?"

She nodded. "Let's not," she said. I couldn't possibly, she thought; I never was very good at fighting anyway. The things she had not fought for were like a path of flagstones, leading down to the place where she was now. She'd wanted children, when she was young and married and believed that a marriage meant children; but he had hated the idea and she had not fought, not really. And she'd wanted to keep her marriage, for she didn't believe in divorce; but she had not even fought for that. She simply had turned and walked away from it.

And now, she thought, even now, I can't fight this. I couldn't say get rid of her or get rid of me, she thought, I couldn't. Hallie has the money and the business, and the money and the business are important to someone like you. They make you the way you are—the expensive tweeds, the expensive suitcase, the long pale car parked outside the cottage for a week. I have absolutely nothing but you now, bits of pieces of you, snatches of time.

She stood up and he took her in his arms. "You're a grown-up woman," he said. "Be realistic."

She nodded. "Yes," she said, "I will."

"It's going to be warm," he said after a minute. "Look at the sky out there. We're going to have a bit of early summer."

THE little nun was warm. Since February, when she had entered the convent, the weather had been cold and blowing. Damp, penetrating air came from the ocean, a mile away, and she had shivered in her black wool shawl. But now April had come and her habit felt heavy and uncomfortable, even so early in the morning, at prayers before Mass.

She looked at the older sisters, filing into their pews, fingering their long, heavy rosaries. They knelt serenely, as if it were not spring, as if the air coming through the open stained-glass windows were not heavy and filled with promise. Oh, dear God, she thought, I love You so. I love You so. She knelt quietly, holding her book of prayers, bending her head over it, trying to quiet the strange warmth and turmoil she felt inside.

The morning before, she had fainted in chapel and now she fought against that, against being so ill that she forgot everything except that color was disappearing from the altar and the bright windows, and all the black-and-white figures were a single haze and she was a part of the haze.

After the gospel had been read, they had discovered her. She had tried to stand, but could not, and after they had half carried her outside she had collapsed. She had been terribly sick, there in the grass beyond the chapel, and had felt lost and lonely all day long because she hadn't prayed at all that morning; she had not heard Mass.

"Pray, my dear," Reverend Mother had said, when she had gone to her later in the day. "This happens to many of us. We simply must pray that we may receive strength from God."

The little nun, whose name was Sister Mary Catherine, was seventeen years old. In the morning light her skin was pale as milk; her hair was soft and brown under her black novice's veil. Her hands, turning a page of her missal, were child's hands. They worked in the laundry room, the ironing room, the kitchen, and still they were the hands of a child.

Something is wrong, she thought; oh, my dear God, something is wrong. She had said it, the day before, to Reverend Mother. "I don't know," she had said, "I can't explain, but something is wrong."

Reverend Mother had smiled. "In the beginning, Sister Mary Catherine," she had said softly, "something often is. You will grow stronger. With God's help, you will."

The little nun could not explain the peculiar feeling; she only knew it was there. That had been yesterday, at five o'clock, the beginning of the sisters' recreation hour. It was a warm, musky twilight and the novices had strolled about the sloping lawns that led to the inlet below.

Sister Mary Catherine had walked down the path to the water's edge and along the pebbled walk until she reached the wooden bridge that marked the end of the convent property. It spanned the inlet in an arc; from the top you could see bits of the countryside, low white houses and tall hedges, blooming forsythia, trees beginning to have leaves on them again.

She started across the bridge and felt a ripple of air blow at her black habit. When she reached the mid-point, the highest spot on the bridge, she could look down at the yard of a house across the inlet, a wide spread of lawn, a hammock, a summer chair or two, a little round table, bright red.

AS SHE watched, the hammock moved; a woman who had been lying in it sat up. Her hair was blonde, and the bright dress she wore moved in folds with the warm wind when she stood and walked toward the man coming out on the porch.

Sister Mary Catherine watched them curiously. They were such an unbelievable-looking couple—he stood so tall above her; she looked so gentle when she leaned forward and pressed her cheek against his.

They sat together in the hammock. In the sun and shadows of the April afternoon they were touched with youth and so much love that Sister Mary Catherine, standing on the bridge, was transfixed, watching them; they were like figures of romance from some book that she had read a long time ago.

"What's that?" he said, looking beyond Marian toward the bridge.

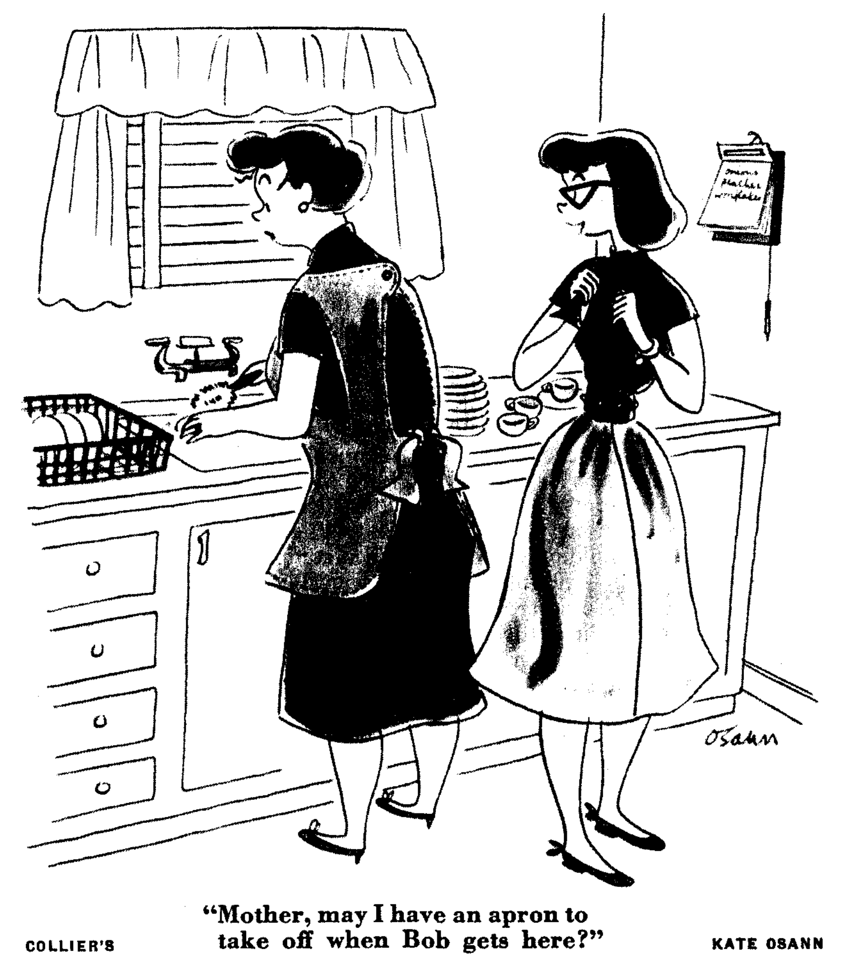
"What's what?"

"That. On the bridge."

She turned, and through the dipping branches of the willow tree she could see a nun in a black novice's habit standing on the bridge.

Marian stiffened, and thought: Oh,

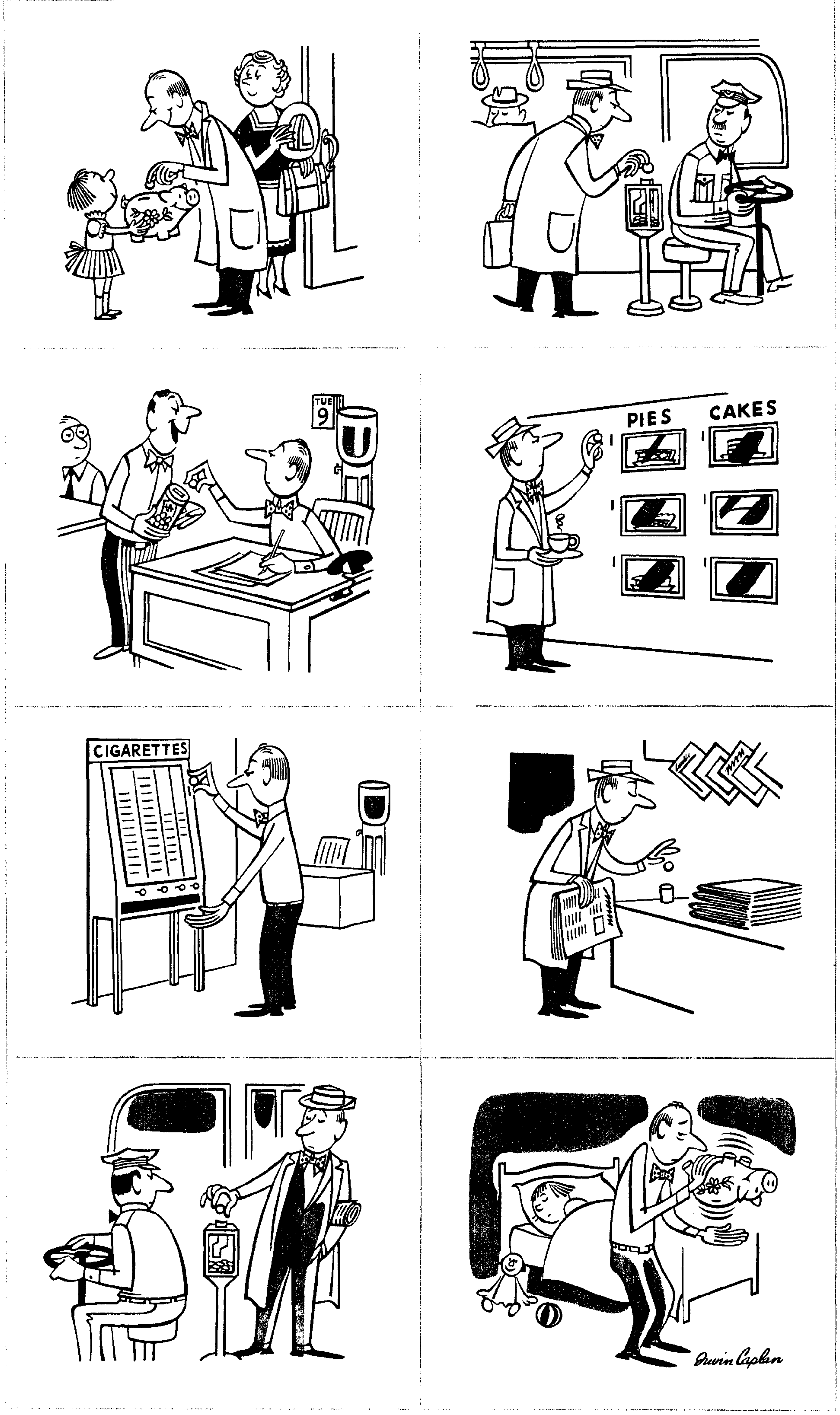
TIZZY



COLLIER'S "Mother, may I have an apron to take off when Bob gets here?" KATE OSANN

QUICK CHANGE

By IRWIN CAPLAN



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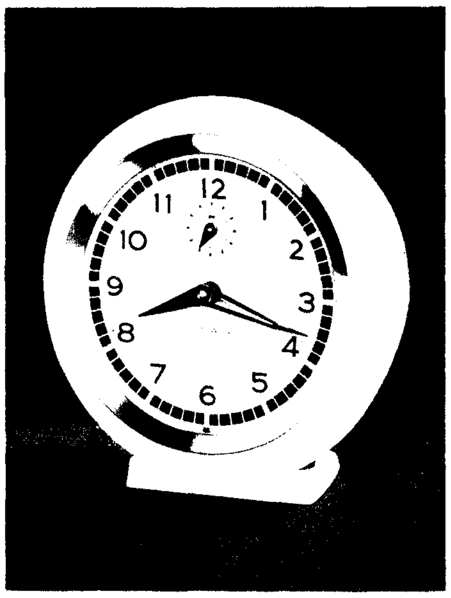

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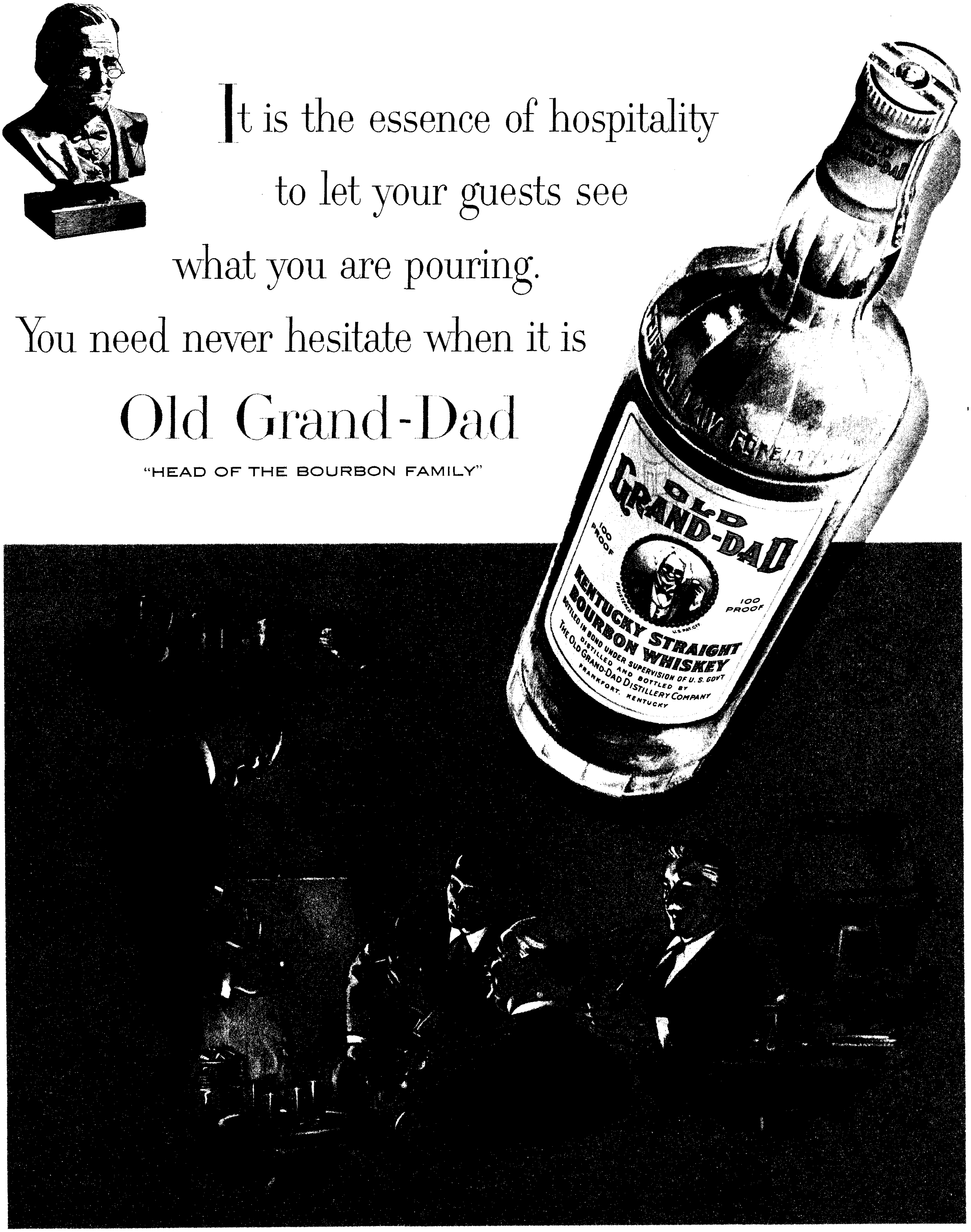
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY why here? And why now? It had been so long since she had even looked at the convent or the chapel or at anyone like the little nun who stood on the bridge—making her remember, just by being there, a time when life had been good and not at all the way it was now.

"She's from the novitiate," she said, turning away. "They always used to walk over here. I used to know some of them. I don't suppose they'd speak to me now."

"Well," he said, "what would you like me to do? Pour her a cocktail?"

"Don't be funny," she said. "Just don't be witty."

"It's very sophisticated," he said. "Religion along with your Martinis. Brother!"

SHE stood up with her back to him and to the bridge. "They like to walk over that bridge," she said. "When we used to come here they always were coming over to look at the fish or the turtles or something. They're very young. I never thought about nuns' ages when I had them for teachers in school, but now I know they're often awfully young."

"That's the trouble," he said. "They just don't know what they're doing."

"When I was seventeen I knew perfectly well what I was doing," she said. "It's after that, that you get lost."

"Okay, okay, don't get moody about it," he said. "But I hate to have somebody spying on me."

"Well, don't pay any attention," she said. "Keep your back turned."

"Four days more," he said, coming up behind her.

Only four days more, Marian thought. Only that.

"Let's go inside," he said. She turned and, without looking at the bridge again, walked up the lawn, up the steps of the porch and inside the house with him. Beyond, in the chapel spire, the Angelus began to ring. . . .

Sister Mary Catherine had heard of certain nuns who had lost their vocations. When the prayers before Mass began that morning, she gave herself to them; she didn't know how it began, the loss, and she prayed to know how—or never to know it at all. Was it sudden, a rush of feeling—or was it slow, something that grew, and you hardly knew it was growing?

Was it seeing something like she had seen yesterday, the house across the inlet, with the two people there who had something she had left behind, had never really known? Oh, my dear God, she prayed, let me keep it. You have given it to me—let me keep it. Let me do something to keep it. . . .

"What would you like to drink today?" he said to her. "Champagne?"

"Wine," she said. "Red wine." Red wine for my love. They had returned from a trip to the dunes together, stopping at the post office on the way back. His secretary, the only person he had trusted, had forwarded his mail from New York. There was a letter from Hallie. He had told Hallie to write him in New York.

"She wants to know if I'm wearing a summer suit," he said. "She read about the warm spell up here."

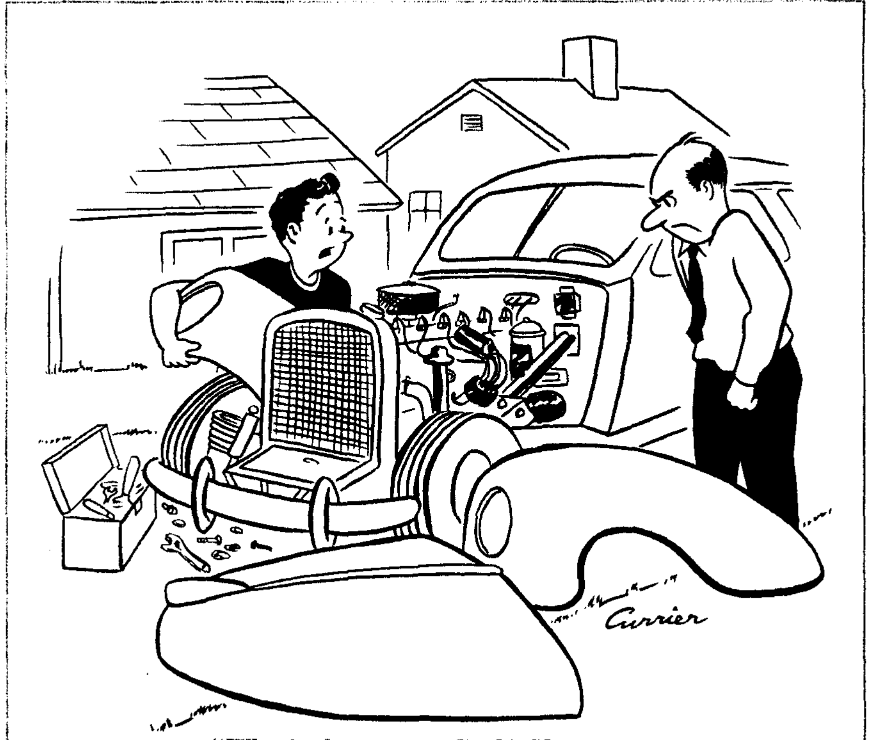
When Marian said nothing, he finished the letter, crumpled it and threw it in the wastebasket.

And have you had your hair cut, Marian thought, and are your shoes shined? How did this happen to me? she wondered. He belongs to her. How did I ever get to the point where he could hold me this way? She could remember sitting with him in a restaurant in New York, a few evenings after they had met, and hearing him say, "You know what the score is—that's what I like about you. How long ago were you divorced?"

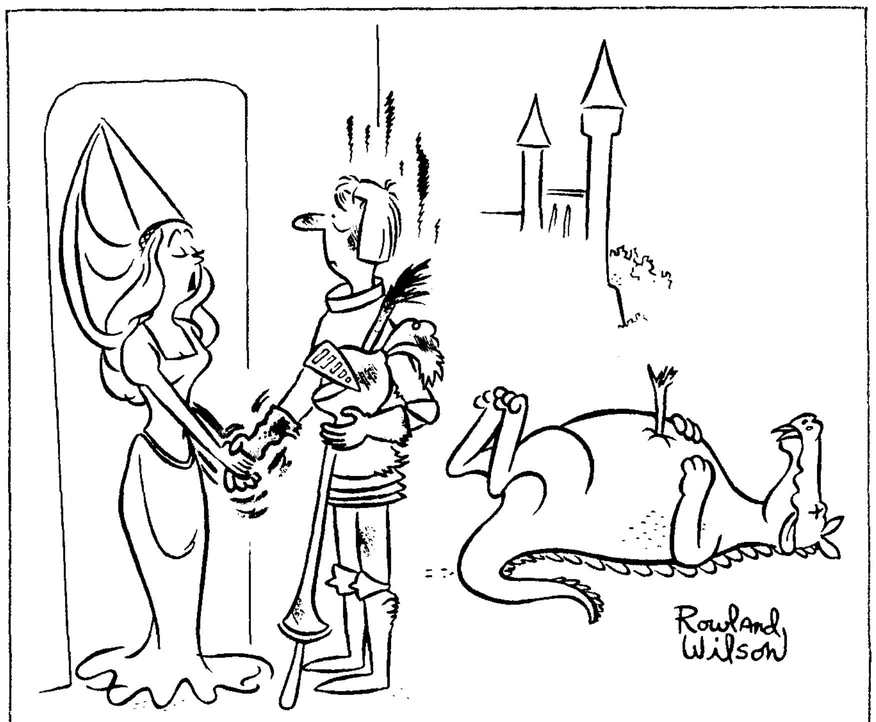
"Years ago. Five years—six almost."

"Well, then," he had said, touching her hand. "You've had plenty of time to get around, haven't you? That's the kind of girl I like."

Plenty of time, she thought now—years and years, around and around and around. And she had so firmly believed in getting around; she had always been the girl with the freshest Martini and the newest man. Only now, this man was all that mattered—because he was the first one who had cared for so long. Perhaps it was only because he was searching for something too, and was trying to find it this way—with her. But what did it matter why? All that was important was that, for a little while at least, he cared.



COLLIER'S "What's the matter, Dad? You *said* I could use the car tonight" HAROLD CURRIER



COLLIER'S "Thanks a lot" ROWLAND WILSON

"Hey!" he said now. "What are you thinking about? I asked you if sparkling Burgundy would be all right?"

"Oh—yes," she said. "That would be fine." There were, after all, only two days left.

It somehow seemed to be growing dark earlier that evening. The grass and the water were beginning to be covered with evening shadows when they went outdoors and sat in the hammock.

"It's funny out here tonight," she said after a minute or so.

"Funny?"

"Peculiar. I don't know . . ."

"Is she there?" he asked, after another minute.

"Who?"

"You know who I mean—the penguin. The penguin on the bridge."

She shrugged and leaned back in the hammock. "I don't know," she said. "I didn't look." . . .

Sister Mary Catherine walked across the bridge. The convent and the chapel were already deep in shadows—it was almost the end of the recreation hour. She had walked all along the water saying her rosary, not mingling with the other sisters who strolled about in groups of two or three. But she could hear their talk and their laughter.

Sister Mary Helen was laughing about Sister Gertrude, who was in charge of the ironing room. Sister Gertrude was nearsighted and could never tell the novices apart. And Sister Mary Regina said that Sister Gertrude always knew *her*, because she always scorched the sheets.

Reverend Mother, who was sitting on the wide back porch, was watching the path beside the water. Reverend Mother was watching her, and Sister Mary Catherine knew it. Reverend Mother knew that she walked across the bridge every evening, and she suspected that Reverend Mother, who was supposed to know everything that happened beyond the convent property, knew why.

It was the third day of the little nun's unrest, and she knew that it must show on her face. Everything would be written on her face; everything always had been. She felt a kind of coldness and fear as she walked automatically toward the bridge.

The rough wooden floor of the bridge was hard to see in the fading light. As Sister Mary Catherine walked slowly over the arc of the bridge a gust of evening breeze blew her black veil across her eyes. The heel of her shoe caught in a crack and she stumbled and grabbed for the rail.

She felt something rip and then a pain, and when she straightened up she felt unable to move at all. Her left leg hurt and she stood clutching the rail, trying to put all her weight on her right foot. She tried to take a step then, but her leg still hurt and she grabbed the handrail again.

HE WAS saying to Marian, "Maybe in July. Hallie will be going up to the Cape with the kids then, and we can get another week out here. There'll be some good swimming."

Such a small piece of hope he held out to her; it's April, she thought, and now I will wait for July.

"What's that noise?" he said, turning around suddenly, swinging the hammock with his weight. "Somebody called. I heard a voice."

"It's the wind," she said. But then in the silence, she heard someone calling softly; the person seemed to be on the bridge.

"I beg your pardon," the little nun called. She was gripping the handrail and leaning forward. "Could you help me, please? I'm sorry to bother you . . ."

He turned quickly and his elbow upset the glass of wine Marian was holding, making a splash of red on her white blouse. "Did you hear that?" he said. "Damn it, I told you she was spying."

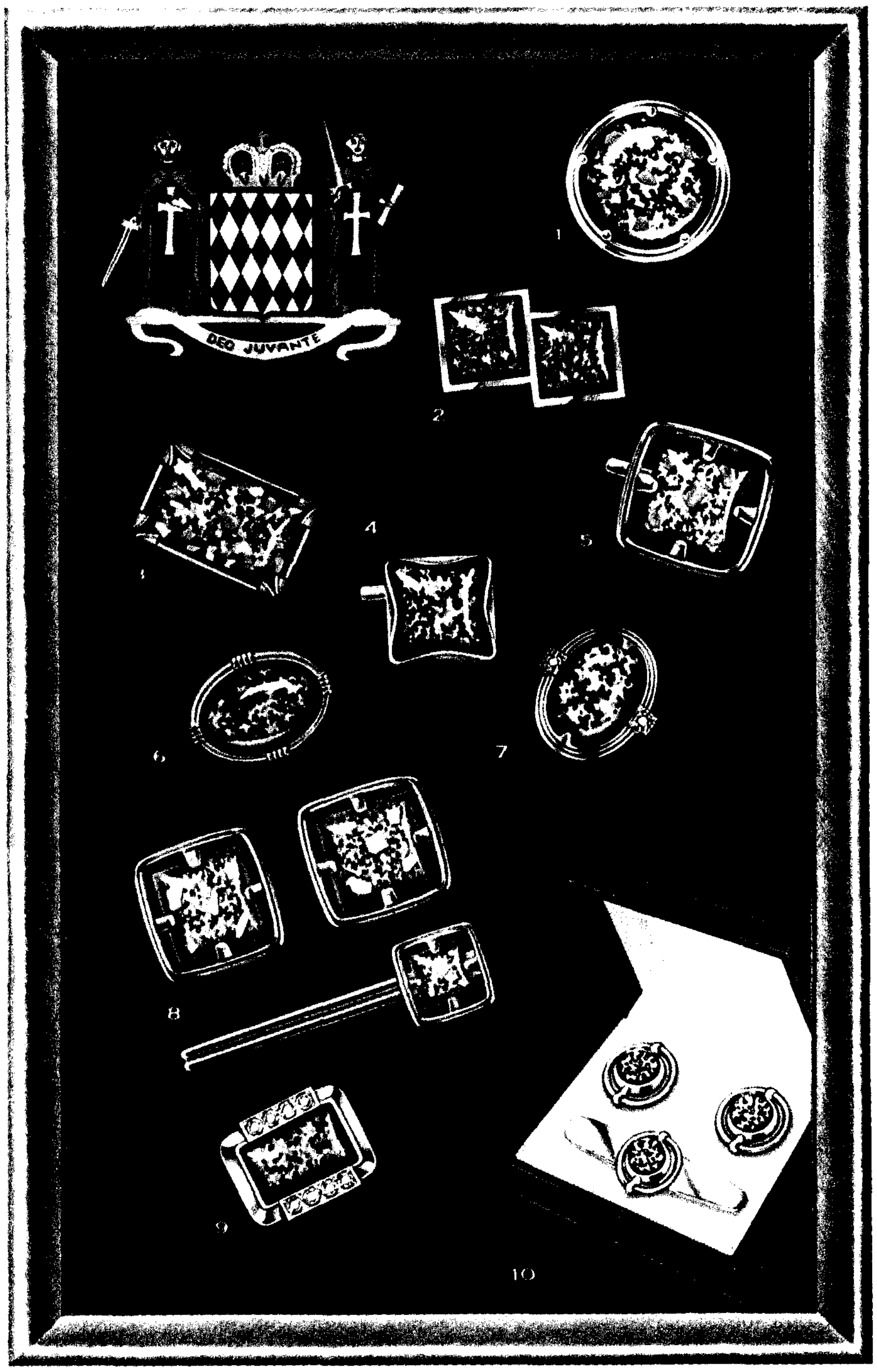
"Stop it!" she said. She stood up and a trickle of the spilled wine went down her arm. "She wouldn't call if she didn't want help." She hurried across the lawn, brushing away the low willow boughs that scraped at her hair. "Something wrong, Sister?" she called.

The little nun's face was small and white against the blackness of her habit. She took an uncertain step forward. "My—my leg," she said breathlessly. "I seem to have twisted it. I wondered if—you see, it's getting quite late—I wondered if you might help me back to the convent?"

Marian walked quickly over the bridge to where the nun stood. "It's quite a walk," she said. "Do you think you can do it?"

"Oh, it's not too far," the little nun

WHAT IN THE WORLD SHALL WE GIVE HIM?



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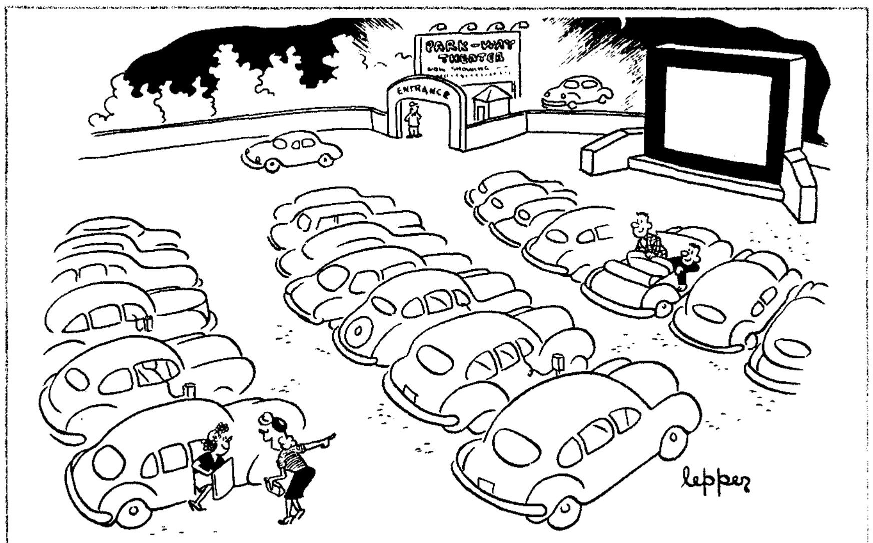


COLLIER'S "I found a couple of good seats down front in a new convertible" EDWIN LEPPER

said, "and I really must get back. The prayers start at six."

Marian held her arm and they took a step forward and then two. Then the little nun sank against her and grabbed the rail again. Her breath caught like a sob for a minute. "I think I shall just have to be late," she said. "I won't be able to move very quickly." She looked down at the full folds of her skirt and sighed.

"Don't worry, Sister," Marian said. "If you have to get back, we'll get you back." She looked across the bridge to where he was standing with his back to them. "Bart!" she called, "we need some help!"

BART stood without moving for a moment, then slowly he turned and came toward them.

"I hate to bother you and your husband," the little nun said shyly. "You always look so—so peaceful, sitting outside. It's so pretty here just before it gets dark."

My husband, Marian thought, and she said quickly, "Oh, no, you're not bothering us at all. We'll take you back in the car."

Bart was frowning when he got to the bridge. The two of them half carried the little nun across the lawn and into Marian's cottage. "I'll put a compress on your ankle," Marian said.

"Oh, no," the little nun said, "please don't bother. I do have to get back. And I'm sure it isn't the ankle—it's my knee, my left knee."

"Well, on your knee, then," Marian said. She turned on the bright overhead light and started for the kitchen.

The little nun gathered the folds of her habit about her. "Oh, no," she said. "If you would just take me to the chapel." Her hands fumbled with the long rosary at her side. All she wanted to do was get away, back to the prayers in the chapel. In the strong bright light, these people were not young or touched with any romance; there were lines all along the woman's forehead and about her eyes, and the man's face was dark and angry. He was almost as old as her father. She looked up at him. "I wish," she said, "that you would ask your wife to please not bother. I don't need a compress, really I don't."

"I will," he said and turned toward the kitchen. "And she *isn't* my wife."

Marian was standing at the window, looking out toward the bridge. "Why?" she said to him, without looking around. "Why did it happen here—tonight? Why can't she move?" She shivered. "I'm frightened," she said. "It was supposed to happen—that she should come here, after I've—been here with you. Something made her come here." She buried her face in her hands. "It's punishment," she said, weeping. "It's punishment, for us."

"Now, look," he said, "stop thinking that way. Get rid of those religious superstitions of yours—"

She turned on him. "Don't say that!" she cried. "Not while she's in the house. She's—she's good . . ."

He shrugged. "Well, I'm going to unload her," he said, "drive her back to where she came from." He went to the doorway. "Come on, I'll take you back," he said to the little nun. He took her arms and started helping her to the door. "You stay here," he called to Marian.

"No," she said, "I'm coming. I'm coming with you." There was a dark wool shawl on the couch and she grabbed it and wrapped it around her to cover the splash of red wine on her blouse.

"Stay here," he said irritably. "I'll be right back."

She moved close to him. "Oh, can't you see?" she said. "Can't you?"

He frowned at her. "See *what*?" he said. "What are you talking about?"

She looked at him, feeling sorry because he lived in a different world—a world where every question had to have an answer in black and white, where you saw only what your eyes could see and where you solved life with your body: you fought or made love or played a game until you were quite tired. She looked at him and felt sorry, but she didn't want to touch him any more.

She started for the car. "I'm coming too," she said. "And don't you try to stop me."

THEY put the little nun on the back seat, with her left leg still extended. They drove around the bend of the road and across the car bridge to the convent, without speaking. The convent was connected to the chapel by a breezeway, and they could hear a low hum of prayers coming from inside. As he stopped the car, Sister Mary Catherine leaned forward excitedly and tapped Marian's shoulder. "It moves!" she said. "My knee! It isn't caught any more—I can bend it!"

Marian sat perfectly still. She had asked "Why?" and here was an answer. She got out quickly and went up the steps to the convent. The little nun climbed out of the car and followed her, limping hardly at all. She wanted to run, up the steps and through the breezeway to the chapel, to the only place she wanted to be. The doubts and unrest of the morning seemed a long way away.

The man caught up with her. "Hey, what's the story on this?" he asked. "Are you sure you couldn't move that before? What are you doing, anyway—putting on some act?" His face was even angrier than before.

But she was home now, miles and years away from him and she looked up at him without being afraid. "I used to go skiing," she said politely, "before I came here. And I have a trick knee from an accident I had once." She smiled at him. "It just comes like this and then it goes. I'm sorry I had to disturb you." Her eyes, with the smile, were lovely.

"Skiing," he said. "Well. I'll be damned!" He pulled open the door of the convent. "Hey, Marian!" he called.

Marian was standing at the entrance to the breezeway, speaking to an elderly nun. "I don't know what happened," she was saying. "I don't know. We brought her back as soon as we could. I wanted to—to come back with her."

The Reverend Mother smiled. "You have been very kind, my dear," she told Marian.

Sister Mary Catherine came up breathlessly, and her peace and love and the warmth of being home were in her expression. The Reverend Mother looked at her and smiled again. "It's all right, Sister. Go into the chapel. You can make up the prayers you have missed this evening."

Sister Mary Catherine went through the breezeway, walking very straight, her veil blowing out behind her.

"We worry about them," the Reverend Mother said to Marian. "We worry, and we shouldn't."

"Hey, Marian," he said, drawing near to her, "she has a trick knee—from *skiing!* That's all it was. Priceless, isn't it?" He turned to the Reverend Mother. "I think she thought she was seeing a vision or something," he said, nodding toward Marian.

The Reverend Mother ignored him. "I think we shouldn't worry at all," she said. "The young ones are so very close to God. They are so special to Him—"

Marian looked through the breezeway. "Can anyone go inside?" she asked. "I mean, could anyone—like me—go in to make a visit?"

"Look, Marian," he said, "we have to get back. There's nothing unusual about this, I tell you. She told me it happens all the time!"

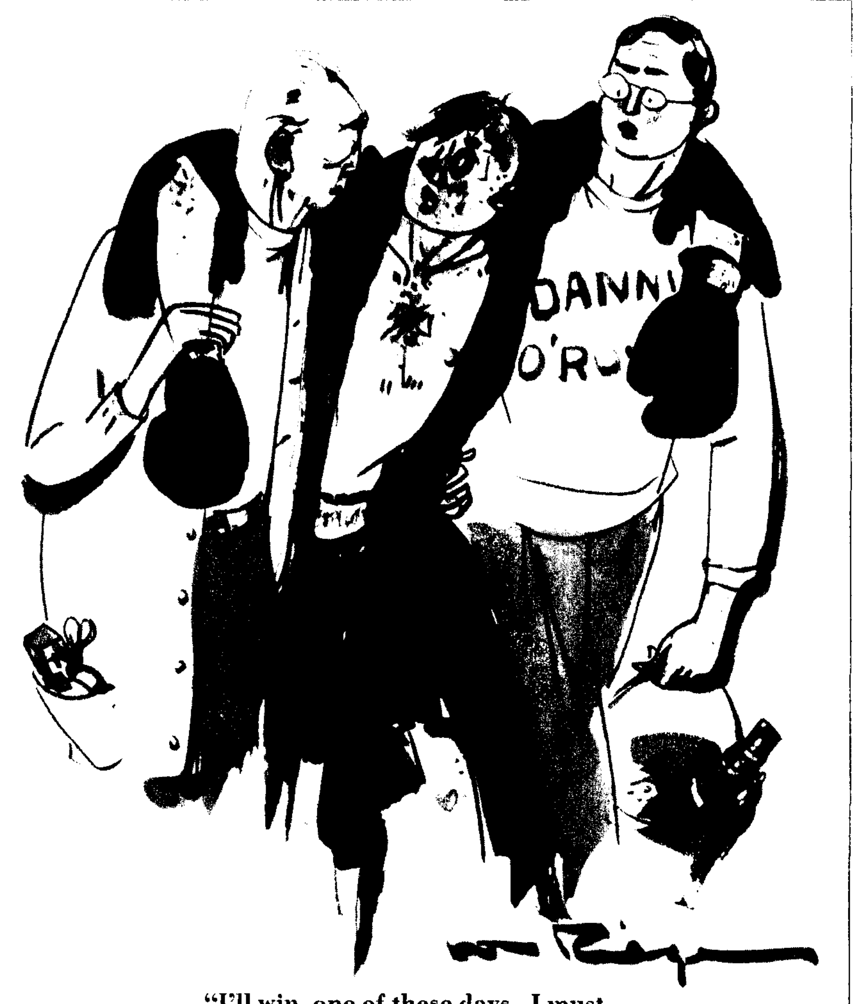
THE Reverend Mother looked at him for the first time. "Not all the time, sir," she said. "I would not say it happens all the time." She pointed toward the breezeway. "Of course you may go inside, my dear," she said. "We don't reserve this only for the sisters. Anyone may go inside, at any time."

Marian turned and faced both of them. In the dim light, with the dark shawl over her hair, her face had much the same look as the little nun's had had: a look of peace and love and a new kind of warmth. "Don't wait for me," she said to him.

"But—Marian," he said. She turned and walked away from him. "What does she mean, don't wait?" he said to the Reverend Mother. "How long does this business take, anyway?"

The Reverend Mother fingered her rosary. "I believe you should go as she asks you to, sir," she said. "I wouldn't wait for her." She opened the door of the breezeway again and the sound of the prayers was louder. "I wouldn't be surprised," she said, "if it took a long time, a very, very long time." She went down the breezeway toward the chapel, away from him, and he stood looking after her, frowning.

—EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN



COLLIER'S

"I'll win, one of these days. I must be a better man than *somebody!*"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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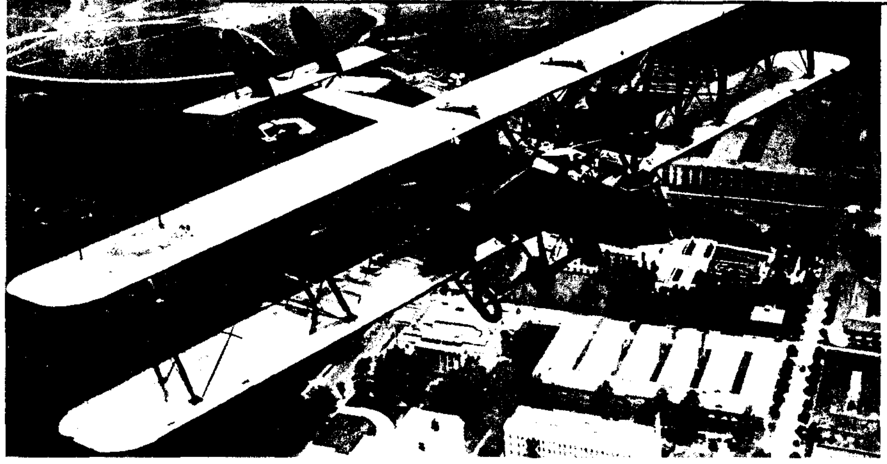
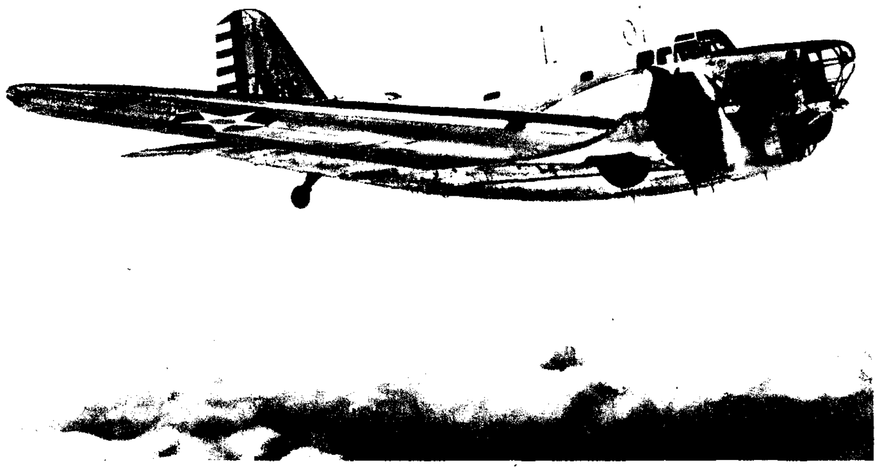
THE planes on these pages show how America has led the world since World War I in the step-by-step development of bombers and other aircraft. Today, modern U. S. military aircraft are the world's best, but it takes from 4 to 7

1. **From 1903 to 1914** fewer than 50 U. S. military airplanes were built. Fortunately, both the Army and Navy had units experimenting with airplanes as military vehicles. The first bomb was dropped by hand in 1911 from an early Wright pusher (above). Real bombers and tactics were developed much later.

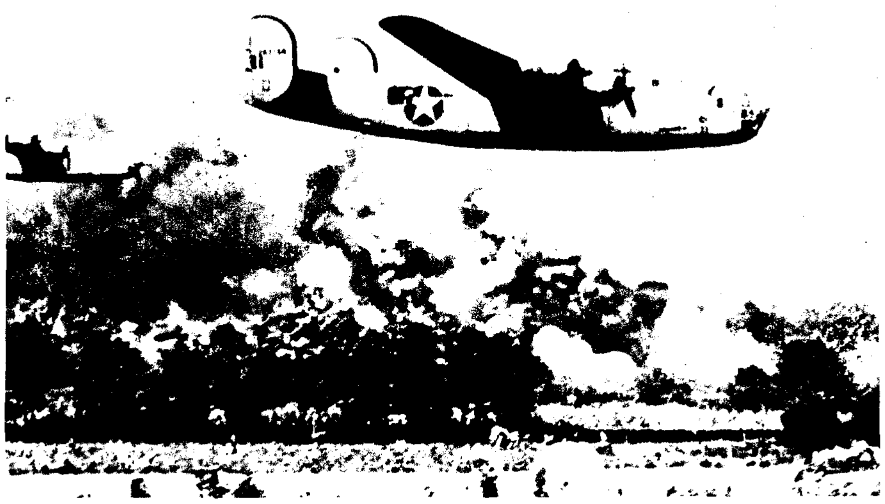


2. **America** still had few airplanes and no real bombers, when she entered World War I in 1917. Then a huge production effort was belatedly organized. Engines, trainers and a few combat planes were built. Our first big bomber, the Liberty-engined Martin MB, did not appear until 1918, too late for service in the war.

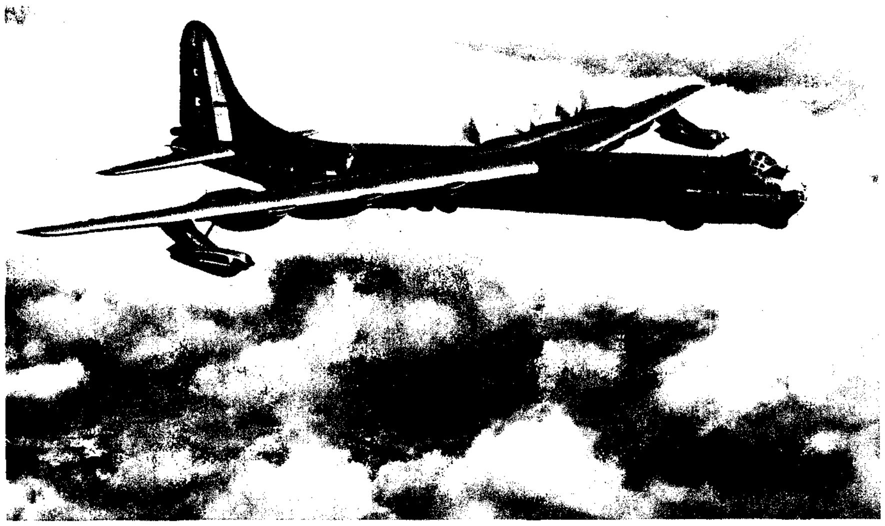
3. **Neglect** of military aviation after the war was of growing concern in the mid-1920s. Then Congress approved America's first sustained aviation program. Among the new planes developed for the Army Air Corps was the Keystone B-3A bomber (above). It helped put muscle on America's post-war military skeleton.



4. **As air science** advanced in the 1930s, external struts, wires and fabric slowly gave way to all-metal construction, while air-cooled engine and propeller improvements speeded over-all air developments. One of the best new bombers was the twin-engined Douglas B-18A (above) of 1937-1940. Several hundred were built.

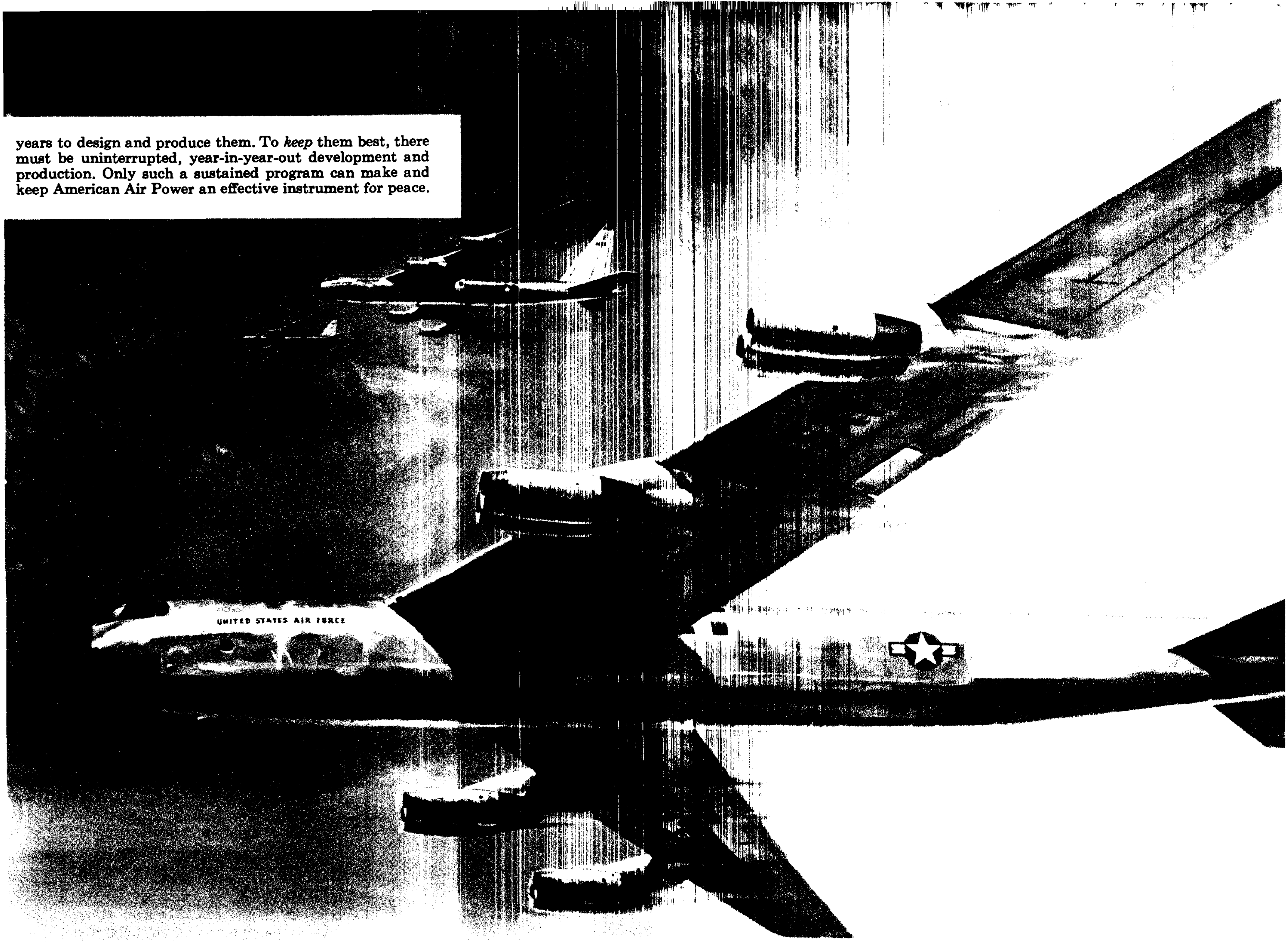


5. **Thousands** of heavy bombers such as Consolidated B-24s (above), Boeing B-17s and finally, the atomic bomb-carrying B-29s, were major weapons of World War II. Even with the industry's backlog of big-plane experience, these airplanes still required years of research and development before production.



6. **Post-war giant** and current mainstay of long-range U. S. air striking power is Convair's huge B-36 global bomber. Initial work to design this mighty airplane—the ultimate development of piston-engined bombers—began as early as 1941. In its class, only our new multi-jet bombers can exceed its speed and altitude.

years to design and produce them. To *keep* them best, there must be uninterrupted, year-in-year-out development and production. Only such a sustained program can make and keep American Air Power an effective instrument for peace.



7. Newest long-range U. S. Air Force bomber is Boeing's sleek B-52, a 150-ton giant of unrivaled performance. Its engines are Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57s.

Can U.S. Air Power Prevent a War?

The answer lies in how consistently America pursues a sound peacetime Air Power policy

From the Martin Bomber of 1918 to the Boeing Stratofortress of 1954, American Air Power has become so important that its strength or weakness can mean the difference between winning, losing or *preventing* another world war.

To succeed in preventing war, our Air Power must be strong enough to discourage aggression before it starts. This means aircraft that are ready for instant retaliation against any aggressor—aircraft second to none *in performance* and strong enough *in numbers* to do the job.

It took years to develop, step-by-step, the airplanes on which modern Air Power is based. And in today's highly-technical age, it takes even longer to design and build aircraft of the future.

Under these circumstances, consistency of effort—both in development and production—is essential. With the U. S. exposed to possible atomic attack, the need for this effort is more urgent than ever.

That is why the Air Force, the Navy and the Army must have the support of every citizen for a realistic, continuous Air Power program. Only through such a program can America meet, and even forestall, emergencies—and at the same time avoid the costly waste of stop-and-go aircraft production programs.

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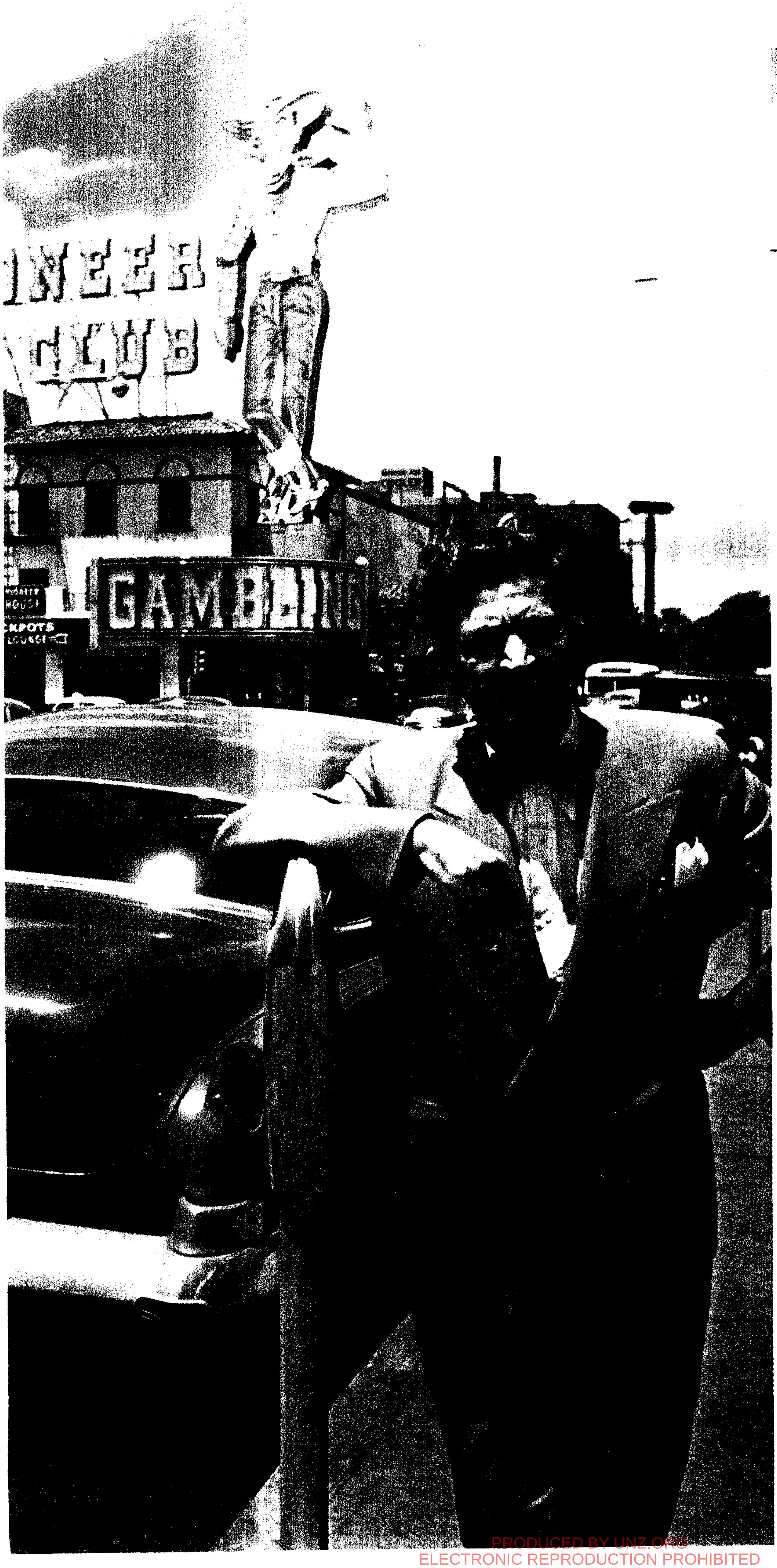

OUS KING OF THE GAMBLERS

OF DICE

"Behind him as far as the eye can see," recalls one gambling crony, "there was destitution—thousands of crapshooters . . . flat on their back after mixing with the Greek"

NICK THE GREEK, the well-known student of philosophy and rapid calculation, and also the undisputed king of the world's high-rolling, independent gamblers, was waylaid by a rosy-cheeked young life-insurance salesman in Las Vegas, Nevada, some time ago. With his usual smiling courtesy, the tall, dignified-looking gambler listened to a long spiel, including a lecture about his duty to his wife and children. When the salesman started talking about the "1,000-to-one gamble" the company was willing to take on his life, however, Nick the Greek, who is sixty-one and has never married, stopped smiling as though struck by a sudden and unpleasant thought.

"One moment, young man," he interrupted. "Let's get this straight. You say your company is willing to lay me odds of 1,000-to-one that I don't die before this policy is paid up. Is that true?"

The young man nodded.

"But to collect on those odds," Nick the Greek went on, "I have to make sure I do die right after I make the first payment."

At this unexpected turn in the conversation, the salesman's mouth dropped open. Although he was a depressing sight, Nick the Greek fixed him with a reproachful eye.

"You look like a nice boy," he said. "Why do you go around touting people with a murderous proposition like that? You could get the chair."

This reaction from such a likely-appearing sales prospect thoroughly rattled the young man. All his life, he had thought of insurance as the staff of widows, which it is. Now, through the strange, off-angle prism of a gambler's eyes, insurance suddenly appeared as a kind of handbook, and himself as a bookie, coldly posting odds on a man's life expectancy. It was enough to overturn all the carefully arranged furniture in a young fellow's mind.

Had the salesman been a habitual gambler, of course, no such confusion would have assailed him. He would have understood that a high roller like Nick the Greek had spent his whole life in a struggle to achieve odds of even one-and-a-half-to-one on various gambling propositions, and that to suddenly offer him delirious, Arabian Nights odds of 1,000-to-one, and then make him kill himself to collect, was not only in bad taste, from Nick the Greek's view, but an invitation to violence.

Throughout his 42 years as the nation's all-time, high-action gambler, Nick the Greek has avoided violences brought on by frustration by taking just about any bet thrown at him.

This headlong practice has caused him to win

Nick the Greek enjoys the sun in Las Vegas, his major headquarters in recent years. He knows he can't beat house odds, but it's the only place he can gamble—and he must gamble

AND MEN

"Logically, the only sound advice regarding the game of dice is: Don't play it. I play it. The best long-term attack I know is to play the don't-pass line and take the odds. Using that method, I've lost several million dollars. Some people say that dice should be played by feel—if you start winning and feel you will win more, pile on your bets to the limit, then quit when the feeling goes. The nonsense inherent in that theory is evident. The dice don't know who's throwing them . . ."

By RICHARD DONOVAN and HANK GREENSPUN

and lose an estimated $500,000,000 in his lifetime, mostly in the lightning exchange of table play. "What came, went," he says briskly. "I have been rich and busted 73 separate times in my life. The exhilaration of this form of economic existence is beyond my power to describe."

To thousands of God-fearing Americans who visit his headquarters town of Las Vegas every year, Nick the Greek's elevatorlike economy, plus his mysterious air, have made him into a legend, a genuine folklore figure. Their curiosity nettles Nick the Greek. Recently, when a Las Vegas newspaper publisher informed him that he had been voted a greater local scenic wonder than Hoover Dam in a poll of out-of-state tourists, he became incensed. "What's this?" he cried. "Dragging a great national edifice into a popularity contest? What are the people coming to? Why aren't they about good works?"

The people weigh heavily on Nick the Greek. They prey on the contradictions in his personality. Behind his dark, rather courtly façade lies a coldly inquiring, aristocratic mind, steeled by long study of philosophy, in which science he holds a college degree. This mind causes him to look at the people's antics with an aloof, censorious air, as though he were a fastidious theatrical critic suddenly required by his paper to review a peep show. Behind his impressive façade, on the other hand, also lies an emotional, warmly generous and sympathetic nature which has caused him to give away some $5,000,000 in his lifetime. While his mind, or superior self, is standing apart indifferently observing the folly of other men and blistering them with epigrams, his sympathetic nature is wringing its hands at their plight and forcing the rest of him to mix it up in the very middle of the peep show.

"This divided command would make idiots of most people," he says, wearily. "But not me. I'm as comfortable as a pair of horsehair shorts."

As a cultivated and worldly man, Nick the Greek believes that wit should be man's chosen instrument. He has sharpened his on professors and prize fighters, writers and politicians, ladies of station and no station, and clergymen and hoodlums, among others. He regards a dining room or bar table as essentially a field of honor around which rival raconteurs gather and try to dismast one another.

In conversation, he is primarily a counterpuncher. In Los Angeles recently, a clergyman Nick the Greek had known for years sighed gustily over the difficulty of attaining wisdom.

"Why don't you try gambling for small money?" Nick asked. "A man will expose his deepest emotions for a ten-dollar bill."

Not long ago, a man who was thinking of building a new gambling casino on Las Vegas' "strip" came to him for advice. "Never bank-roll a man who swings a key chain," Nick the Greek began. "He's frivolous. In picking a name for your place, try to get Texas into it. Oilmen are the only people with money any more. Don't up the limit for little old ladies. They've been gambling longer than you have. Finally, you might consider abandoning the project. Ancient Rome condemned gambling, as you may know, on the ground that it was effeminating. I could not advise contributing to a spirit of girlishness in our society in this age of wars."

Nick savors a joke with comedian Joe E. Lewis, one of a great many celebrities with whom he has hobnobbed during his career. His intimates have ranged from mobsters to professors

High Praise from Retired Con Man

Observations of this sort have naturally earned Nick the Greek widespread admiration in some gambling circles.

"Back in Chicago," says Solid Gold Jones, a retired confidence man, "crap games were knocked over on the hour, a high roller couldn't walk two blocks away from an action without somebody immediately had a roscoe in his ribs. But Nick? Every night, out walking by himself with cash in all his pockets. Thirty blocks on streets you wouldn't send the Marines into. But at no time did he ever have a dime heist off of him.

"It was a tribute to the man, from the city of Chicago," Solid Gold says, huskily. "In Chicago, they respected class."

In other gambling circles, admiration of Nick the Greek is tempered.

"The man was merciless," says Sherlock Feldman, former proprietor of Sherlock's floating St. Louis crap game, a respected institution in that city for many years. "He had no feelings; he made no mistakes. Everywhere he went, the air was full of smoke-filled rooms. Behind him as far as the eye can see, there was destitution from coast to coast—thousands of unfortunate crapshooters flat on their back after mixing with the Greek. Him and his philosophy books."

These divergent views of Nick the Greek reflect the odd mixture of warmth, uneasiness and puzzlement he has usually aroused in all who have known him. Although he thinks of himself as the most transparent of men, practically no one, least of all gamblers, has been able to explain him at all.

Among sports it is felt that after four decades of crouching over tables, eating with a teen-age disregard for diet, smoking up to 25 cigars a day and sleeping an average of less than four hours out of every twenty-four, he should be ready to pass on. Instead, his physical stamina remains preposterous.

A few months ago, for example, Nick the Greek settled at a crap table in Las Vegas' Thunderbird Hotel. He had a scratch on his ankle which had looked a little angry when he put his sock on. By midnight, he noticed that his foot throbbed, he says,

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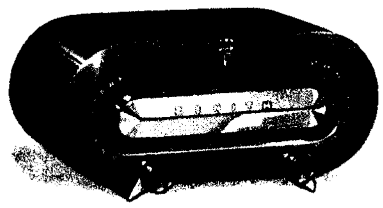

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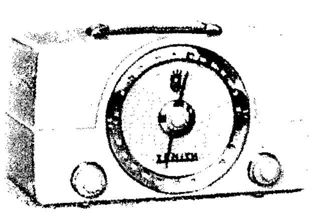

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and the next afternoon he became annoyed because his leg was swollen to the knee and turning purple. That evening, as Nick the Greek remained stolidly on his stool, a worried stick man called a doctor, who crouched under the table to look at the leg and then ordered the gambler to a hospital. After ordering Nick to the hospital several more times, the doctor shot the leg full of penicillin, propped it on a stool and warned Nick he might soon fall into delirium.

"Delirium?" murmured Nick the Greek, studying the action. "Ah, yes."

After the Doctor's Last Call

The doctor returned several more times to treat the leg. Fifty-five hours after Nick had first sat down to play, the doctor called for the last time. The leg was healing and Nick the Greek, who had been cat-napping between dice rolls, seemed refreshed.

"Come around again, sir," he called, cheerily, as the doctor was leaving. "I took in $54,000 since you gave me that first shot."

Nick's seemingly compulsive need to gamble is a source of wonder to his more reflective friends, among them the head of the department of social studies at an Eastern university. Last summer, the professor passed several pleasant hours discussing this problem with the gambler.

Nick was in an oddly regressive mood. "I'm tired of living like a guest in everybody's house," he said, morosely. "I ought to retire to one of my own."

"You can't retire," scoffed the professor. "You're the field marshal of the back room."

"Field marshal?" said Nick. "I thought I was just one of the walking wounded. But you're wrong. I'm not addicted to gambling. I never went out of my way to kick up an action."

Some years ago, Nick the Greek was not going out of his way to kick up an action when he encountered Mike Lyman, late Los Angeles restaurateur and brother of orchestra leader Abe Lyman, in a card club. "How about some singlehanded stud?" Nick asked. Lyman said he was broke. "I'll stake you," Nick said. Lyman, a bridge expert, said he would play only bridge, a game Nick neither knew nor liked. After a short struggle with himself, Nick the Greek staked Lyman and two more busted gamblers to fill out the hand. Playing bridge, he lost $25,000 in ten hours. Around noon the following day, he suddenly remembered that he was supposed to catch a four-o'clock train for Philadelphia, to witness the first Dempsey-Tunney fight. With his usual lack of addiction to gambling, he began to urge Lyman and the others to go with him. When they hesitated, Nick the Greek bought them tickets and promised to underwrite all their expenses on the trip.

"By the time we got to Philadelphia," he reported later, "it had cost me $300,000 to learn to play bridge. To round things out, I bet on Dempsey and lost another $160,000. A couple of weeks later, I went to the World Series and left an additional $150,000 behind. But I had action. Yes, indeed."

Nick the Greek's offhand attitude toward money has probably done as much as anything else to make him a mystery to his associates. Away from the tables he seems to lose all interest in it. This attitude is often attributed to the fact that he was born to a well-to-do family in Rethymnon, Crete, and had a young gentleman's luxuries lavished on him by a wealthy godfather in Smyrna, Turkey, where he was reared. But this explanation hardly covers a problem of such scope.

Nicholas Andrea Dandolos, christened Nick the Greek by the Racing Form in 1912, habitually regards the most abrupt transitions from pinnacles of wealth to the limbo of the busted—transitions other men have thought catastrophic enough to kill themselves about—as stimulating and beneficial changes in the humdrum of everyday.

"Money shrinks the head and the spirit," he says. "I couldn't think my way past a savings account."

Besides his gambling losses, for which he is more famed than for his winnings, Nick the Greek has separated himself from an estimated $500,000 simply by leaving money in clothes sent to cleaners, by not watching his tips and by letting large bills, which he jams by the fistfuls in all pockets, fall around clubs, restaurants, sidewalks and other places.

Once, Nick the Greek left a new hat hanging in a San Bernardino, California, restaurant. Some 35 miles out of town on the Las Vegas highway, he mentioned the fact to a friend named Jack, who was driving him. The friend said he could get a new hat. "But it looked good on me, Jack," Nick insisted, softly. "You must have noticed the fit." Jack drove another 15 miles, stubbornly, before the tone of Nick's voice changed. "Jack," he said, "I want that hat." They turned back and Nick the Greek found the hat still hanging on the restaurant wall. There was $80,000 in the band, in $10,000 bills.

To break the humdrum of everyday, Nick the Greek has operated as a one-man relief agency for much of his life. Some petitioners, having touched him once, took out accounts with him that lasted for years. Penuriousness never seems to have descended on Nick except on a few occasions when other busted high rollers hit him for money. "It was the competitive angle that bothered me," he says. Whatever the reason, he usually regretted such lapses.

Laughing Joe Seeks a Stake

"In front of Jack's Restaurant in New York one morning," Nick the Greek recalls, "I met Laughing Joe Titus, the melancholy gambler, who wanted to borrow a thousand. Immediately, perversity seized me; I couldn't reach in my pocket. I said: 'Joe, come along with me to Coakley's. I'll win it for you.' "

Nick the Greek sighed heavily. "I lost $280,000, all the money I had, trying to raise that thousand," he said. "I had to make the loan anyhow, of course. I had to borrow it."

Of all Nick the Greek's mysterious qualities, the one that has probably caused the most uneasiness and suspicion among his gambling associates has been his habit of reciting verses, making inscrutable philosophical statements or reading virtually unknown books at times of general stress.

At Santa Anita a few seasons ago, for example, Nick the Greek had

$50,000 in board and side bets riding on the nose of a dark horse. Around him vibrated a number of other horse players who had also bet heavily on the dark horse on his say-so. As the steeds rounded into the stretch, the dark horse was a length in the lead. Then it stumbled and was passed by three other horses; near the wire, it recovered and in a brilliant burst of speed nosed across a winner. Glassy-eyed and speechless, the other horse players turned to Nick the Greek to see what effect the terrible strain had had on him. He was reading a translation of the verses of Sappho, and had missed the finish entirely.

"What kind of talk is that?" he protested, when the others accused him of disloyalty to the ideals of the turf. "Reading is important. I have laid the groundwork for the most exhilarating amour simply by quoting the love lyrics of this dear woman and some of the other more yeasty bards."

A Lesson in Human Nature

Nick the Greek has not confined his poetic or philosophic comments to ladies, of course. A few months ago, he was trying to illustrate a point of human nature to Joe Bernstein, a lifelong gambler who sustained severe shock during World War II when (1) he was drafted; (2) he was assigned to a military police outfit; (3) his first duty was to raid a soldier crap game. In illustrating this point of human nature, Nick the Greek paused, hit upon a thought and said: "Passion determines desire, Joe. Desire, in turn, determines reason and reason determines action."

"Is that so?" said Bernstein, guardedly. "I always thought action came on spontaneous."

When Nick the Greek pressed his point by quoting several verses from Omar the Tentmaker, Bernstein's eyes narrowed.

"You know, Nick," said Bernstein, quietly, "sometimes I think you ain't one of us."

Over the years, this same thought has bothered a great many students of Nick the Greek. Professors at Columbia University, the University of Chicago and three California universities, with whom he sometimes discussed matters historical and metaphysical, were convinced of his scholarship but uneasy about his economics. Crapshooters, bookies and other yeomen of chance felt restless about a man who talked to professors. Young ladies who tried to pin him down to matrimony were constantly frustrated by the shadow of a young Chicago girl whom Nick the Greek had once loved and quarreled with, and who had died before he could make it up with her. Society sports with whom he consorted on Long Island and at Saratoga fretted about his wide acquaintance in the underworld. And hoodlums could not begin to understand a man who moved among them, winning their money and knowing many of their secrets, and who yet remained aloof, politely declining to front for their clubs or share their pleasures.

"My inability to identify myself with anybody's world is probably genealogical," Nick the Greek says. "My ancestors were Middle Eastern nomads and bazaar merchants, Levantines. While half of them were wallowing around in the fleshpots, the rest were out in the desert with their hair in their eyes, rending their goatskin garments and calling on God to witness the depravity of their relatives. With forebears like that, a man's compass is bound to fluctuate."

However erratic his genes, Nick the Greek concealed their gyrations successfully during most of the 42 years of his working life. In the early 1920s, he disrupted the gambling economy of New York, Chicago, Saratoga, Hot Springs (Arkansas), San Francisco, Los Angeles and points between. He had just turned thirty at this time and was handsome, vigorous, well-groomed and wealthy. O. O. McIntyre wrote about his action and social life almost as religiously as Mark Hellinger and Walter Winchell, who composed one of his first columns about Nick the Greek, were to do later on. He knew every headliner and every show girl of interesting dimension in all the principal cities; his abilities as a dancer were so celebrated that ballroom floors were often cleared for him; he gambled so high that strong men could barely stand to kibitz his action. He had dinner with Enrico Caruso, Fred Astaire, Colonel E. R. Bradley and the Duke of Windsor; he also had dinner with Al Capone, Dutch Schultz, Legs Diamond and Dion O'Banion.

Invitations were only part of the tribute paid to the foremost gambler of his time. Whole cities paid tribute of a more substantial kind, San Francisco in particular. Arriving in that city in 1924 with about $500,000 in cash and a reputation as the greatest poker player in the United States, he was an unbearable challenge to all the local gamblers.

"I liked San Francisco fine," Nick the Greek says. "The resistance among the sports was fanatical. It took me almost six months to win a little money."

Big Winnings at Low-Ball Poker

The only easy winnings Nick the Greek had in San Francisco were at low-ball, or reverse, poker, in which the low hand wins. He took in $420,000 in two weeks at this game. At the end of six months' steady play, he sat on his hotel bed one night, counting up the total he had won from businessmen, professional gamblers and others. They came to $1,100,000. Adding the money he had brought with him, he had a little more than $1,600,000.

Back in New York, the news of Nick the Greek's great San Francisco strike spread rapidly. When he arrived there in 1925, a delegation of Broadway sports, including Arnold Rothstein, the famed gambler; Sam Rosoff, the subway builder and behind-the-scenes Tammany boss; Joe Starr, the Wall Street broker; Leo Kaplis, a wagering gentleman from New Jersey, and others, was on hand to greet him.

"You could almost see tears in their eyes, they were that happy to see me back from the provinces," Nick the Greek says. "But nobody mentioned a crap game for at least an hour, for delicacy's sake. Fifteen minutes after the hour, however, the game was in progress in a loft on 54th Street."

As the dice began to roll, the great news flew across Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn and parts of Jersey, and in breathless clusters the kibitzers

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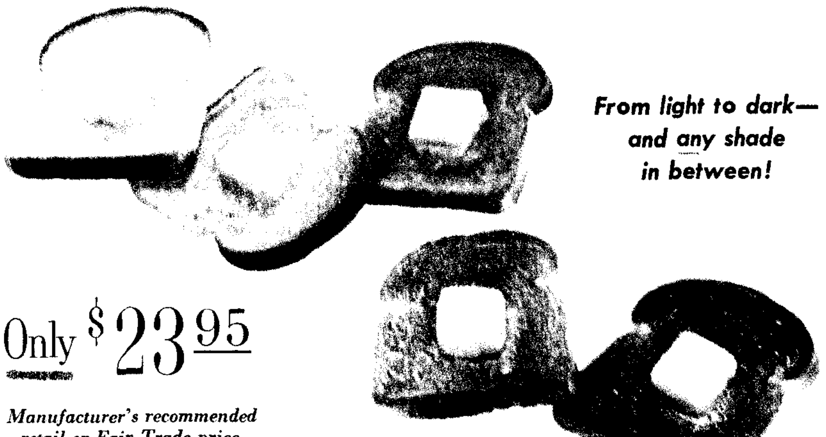

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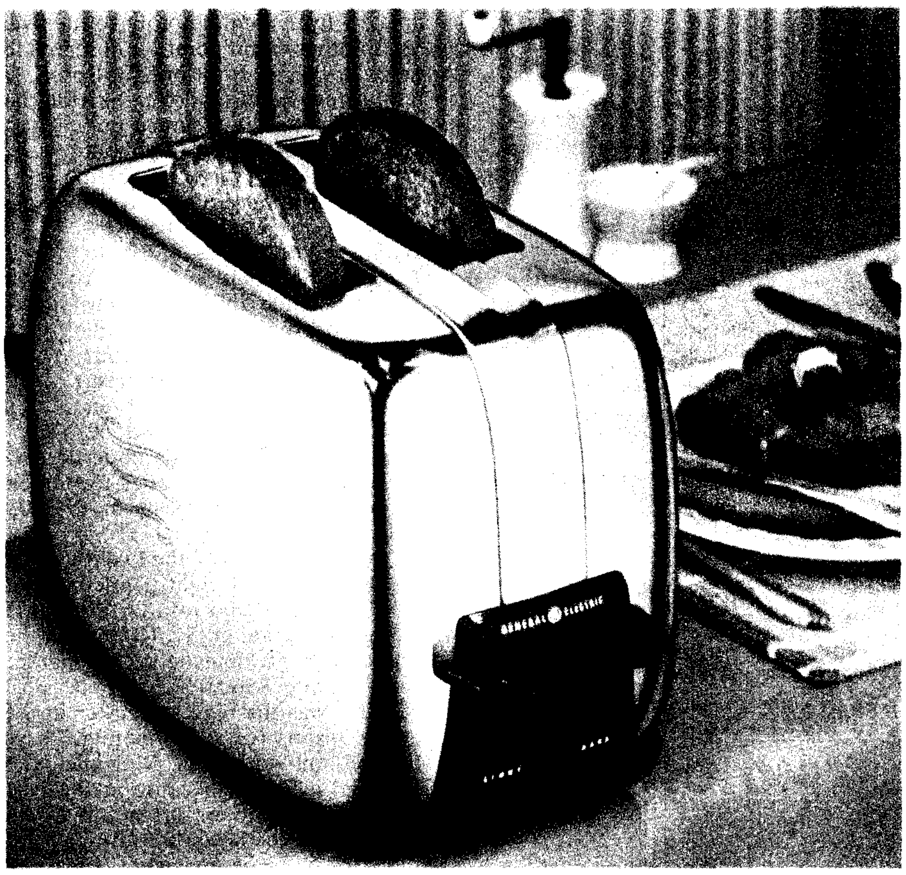

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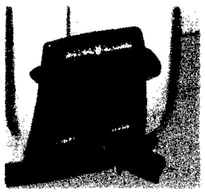

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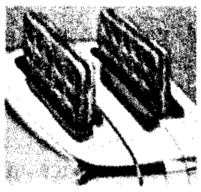

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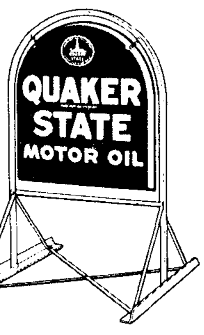

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began to arrive to witness the struggle.

"I opened strong, as I recall, by laying the odds" (taking all bets) "for whatever amounts the other gentlemen wished to put up," Nick the Greek says. "It was a no-limit contest, of course. After several dozen warmup passes, I realized that the other predators at the table were not shooting at one another's bank rolls, but at mine alone. A stimulating discovery."

Cops' Visits Were Purely Social

The action lasted 12 days, with slight, intermittent breaks for food and sleep. It moved four times to other lofts and basements. The cops, who were barred by a court injunction from breaking it up, since some of the crapshooters were heavy politically, dropped around from time to time to inquire if everyone was comfortable.

"At one of the high points," says Nick, "I put down $180,000 against $120,000 that a gentleman would not make a five. He did not make the five. At another high point, I observed a stack of bills in front of Sam Rosoff. I saw a few hundred-dollar bills at the top and naturally assumed that the whole pile, which was about an inch thick, was composed entirely of hundreds and worth about $7,000 in all. I bet Rosoff his pile, at odds of six to five, that he would not make a six. He made the six. 'How much do I owe you?' I remember asking him. 'Eighty-four thousand,' Rosoff answered, riffling his pile, which had ten $100 bills at the top and 69 one-thousand-dollar bills underneath."

On the eleventh day, Nick the Greek started running bad, losing up to $50,000 a pass.

"Near midnight of the twelfth day," he says, "I faded eight gentlemen for $10,000 apiece and lost. After that, I was done. I paid off $1,040,000 on the spot and the gentlemen took my marker for the other $560,000."

"This was the biggest marker in the entire history of crapshooting," says the well-known broom, Mutzigle, who is called a broom because in the past prosperous gamblers often hired him to abuse when they were losing. "But the Greek come up with it to the amazement of one and all. He shot the whole San Francisco roll in the greatest craps action known to man. Absolutely the greatest!"

Mutzigle's footnote ends on the thought that Rothstein and the other gamblers confidently expected to see no more of Nick after such a crushing loss. But his recovery was rapid.

"A few months after the game," Nick the Greek recalled recently, "a prominent hoodlum called at my hotel rooms in an intoxicated condition and informed me that he desired action. Knowing he was dangerous when drunk I begged off, but without success. The ensuing game, which was conducted on a sheet on my sitting-room floor, began badly. I started to win. Then I won more and more. The more I won, the more the hoodlum drank and the more often he glanced at the .45 lying near him on the sheet. After 18 hours' play, when I was $190,000 ahead and in imminent peril of my life, I finally struck on a scheme. To give the hoodlum an opportunity to steal his money back and save face at the same time. I told him I was going to turn in. 'Play for both of us,' I told him. 'Shoot and fade yourself. Let me know how you come out.'

"I didn't count on the man's warped sense of honor," Nick the Greek concluded dismally. "After about an hour, he shook me and said: 'Nick, this game is too much for me. You gotta let me up. I lose another $20,000.' "

On the proceeds of this and other actions, Nick the Greek eventually felt the urge to have another try at Rothstein and his friends. This time, he stuck to stud poker, at which he was the acknowledged master. In one game in Rothstein's apartment in New York, he won $675,000 in ten hours' play. Near the close of the game, however, he ran once more into what he calls the Rothstein jinx. Nick the Greek had an excellent hand—one king in the hole and one king showing. Rothstein had an ace of diamonds down and a king of diamonds showing.

Facing each other after the other players had dropped out of the hand, the two expressionless players got down to the real, underlying point of high gambling, which is not so much to win money as it is to prevail over all opposition by force of intuition, cunning and courage. Nick the Greek opened with a cautious bet, $10,000, so as not to drive Rothstein out of the hand. Rothstein raised him $30,000, and Nick called, then caught a four on the next deal while Rothstein got a nine of diamonds. Rothstein then bet $60,000 more, and Nick called.

SABOTAGE

However brave my plans to save,
My helpmate always knifes them.
I husband my resources, but
She goes right out and wifes them.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"On the next deal," says Nick the Greek, "I caught a six and Rothstein got his fourth diamond. This was the moment. I was sure Rothstein had no pair, but he might have a diamond in the hole. I'm sure Rothstein believed that I had no pair card in the hole, otherwise he wouldn't have stayed so long. But I don't know; he was a queer, cold man at the table."

After a pause in which the other players sat unmoving, Rothstein bet $70,000 more. Very quietly, Nick the Greek called and then raised Rothstein $142,500, which was all the money he had in front of him. This bet made the total pot $605,000, the biggest pot in the biggest stud-poker game ever recorded.

Then it was time to deal the final card. Nick the Greek drew a seven of clubs and sat back, yawning, riding on his kings. Rothstein got his card face up. It was a seven of diamonds, giving him a diamond flush and the winning hand.

After this game, Nick the Greek took the only vacation he has ever had. He went to a remote mountain lake in the Adirondacks. All one day, he sat in a camp chair by the lake in a dark, double-breasted suit and bow tie, letting the sun seep through the suit and getting lightheaded from fresh air. Surfeited with nature that night, he might have slept more than his usual four hours had not an odd rustling and clicking noise arisen outside his tent around 2:00 A.M. Aroused from deepest slumber by the clicking noise—which Nick the Greek believes today was being made by a bear, but which his sleep-fogged ear mistook at the time for the sound of dice rattling—he arose as in a trance.

"Boys! Boys!" he called, feeling his way through the dark forest outside. "Where is the action?"

When he realized where he was, Nick the Greek was so shaken that he tossed the rest of the night and left early the next morning for Manhattan.

"Nature is full of trickery and malice," he informed some bookmakers outside Lindy's Restaurant later on. "I advise you to have nothing to do with it."

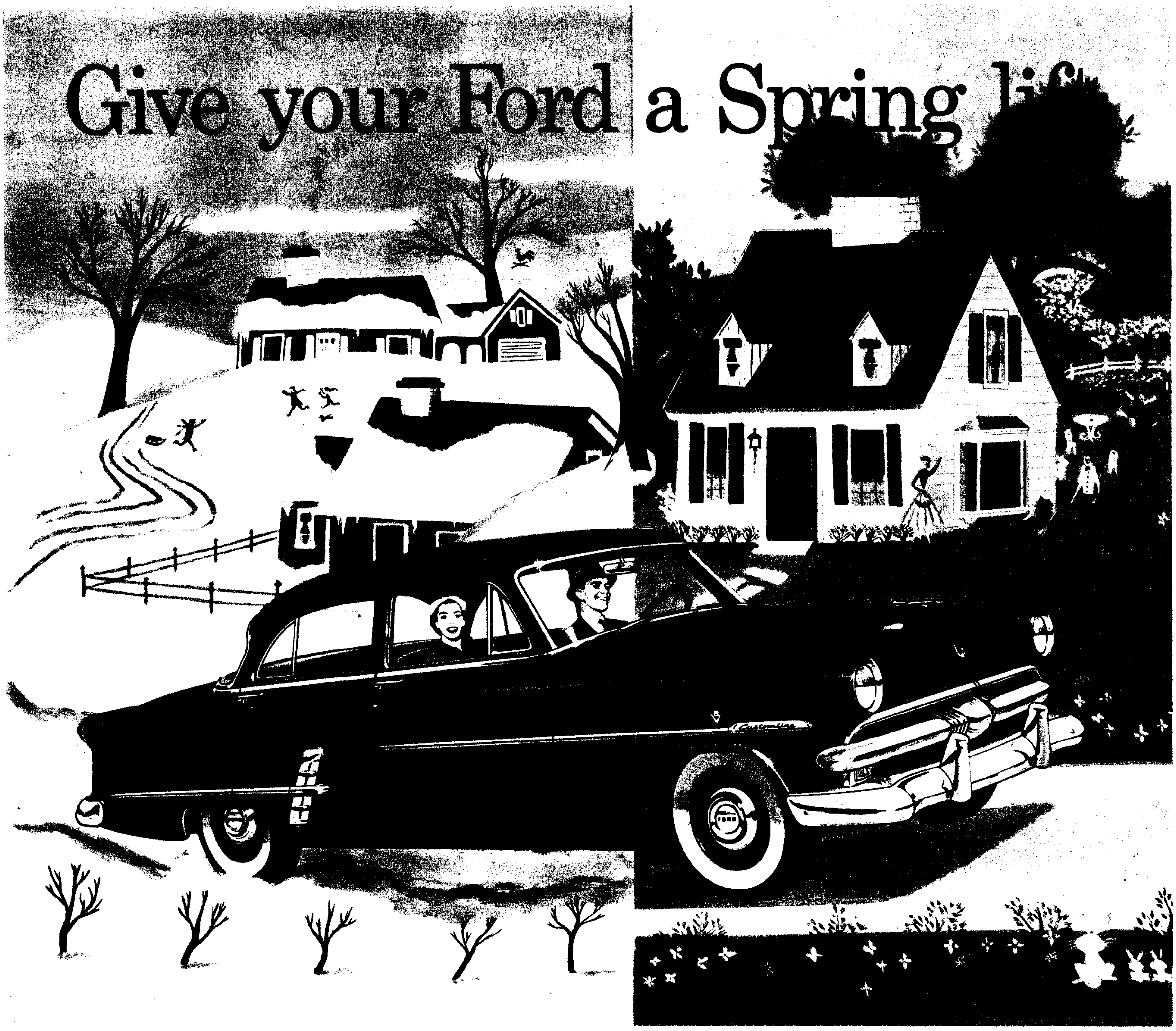
In the 1930s, the reputation Nick the Greek had been building as the highest roller extant, the man who made the big action wherever he went, began to show its troublesome side. Kibitzers began to haunt any game he happened into. Reporters wanted to write up his life story—a most disturbing proposition to a man who had lived most of his life with society's questioning eyebrow cocked at him. Every place he visited, local gamblers wanted to play him, just to say they had. "By 1940, with pressure against gambling mounting in every state but Nevada," Nick says, "I finally decided to visit Las Vegas. I found it revolting. Fremont Street, the main stem, was a dusty road bordered by wooden sidewalks. There were two clubs in town, both jammed with cowboys, loud-shirted tourists, railroaders, prospectors, Indians in blankets. I couldn't see much action in that layout."

Las Vegas' Whiskered Gamblers

On that first trip, Nick the Greek was in the company of Carl Laemmle, Sr., founder of Universal Pictures and an old friend and companion in action. Elbowing his way into one of the clubs, the world's greatest gambler gazed tolerantly at a draw-poker game staffed by sourdoughs, cow-pokes and other dusty and whiskered gents. Just to have something to tell the sports back in Los Angeles, he decided to sit in for a while. That tale was never told.

"I never saw poker players harder to get a tell on," Nick the Greek recalls. "Most of the prospectors' faces were hidden behind wildernesses of facial hair; the faces of the Indians, while hairless, were as of stone. As play progressed, I somehow got the feeling that these gentlemen knew more about the game than one might suspect. In any event, I dropped $23,000 before I could get clear. I had to swear Laemmle to secrecy. I also had to change my impression of Las Vegas."

Between 1940 and 1943, Nick the Greek began to travel more and more often to the fast-growing desert town. Finally he decided to stay. He had about $2,000,000 in safe-deposit cash behind him at the time. Since depression and law had pretty well put an end to the great age of the high rollers, Las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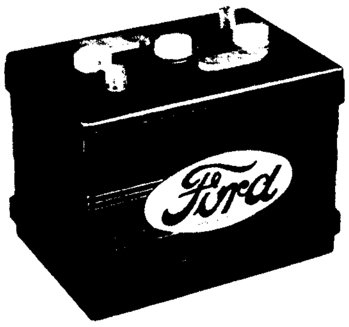

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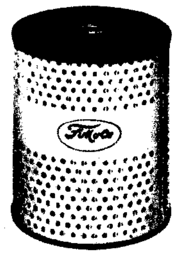

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"I have the gambler's inheritance . . ."

Vegas seemed about the best place for a man of action to dig in.

"Nick might have owned Las Vegas practically from end to end," says one of Las Vegas' hotel owners. "But he didn't seem to be interested in real estate."

When Nick the Greek arrived to stay, there were three clubs downtown and two fledgling hotel-casinos on "the strip," that stretch of highway south of town which is now lined with multimillion-dollar hotels. Strip property that now sells for $750 a front foot might have been his for $40 an acre; people tried to give him strategically located downtown and strip property in payment of gambling debts. "Fortunately, I didn't succumb to their wiles," he says. "I might have been permanently shackled to wealth today."

Some Offers That He Refused

Fighting for his freedom, Nick the Greek turned down free-of-charge offers for up to 50 per cent of the Last Frontier (which recently sold for $5,500,000); the El Rancho Vegas, valued in 1945 at $2,550,000 and probably worth twice that today; the multimillion-dollar Flamingo, which reportedly proved the death of mobster Bugsy Siegel; the huge Desert Inn, in which he was offered controlling interest for nothing, and the newest and perhaps costliest of all the strip hotels, the Sands.

All that was asked of Nick the Greek in any of these propositions was that he run the casinos, or just lend his name to the hotels. There was one overriding reason why he always refused. He was a high roller, an independent gamester. He considered organized house gambling, the so-called "inside," with its small limits and fixed percentages, no more than a department store of chance.

In Las Vegas, Nick the Greek felt, most of the men who ran the clubs and hotels were businessmen, not gamblers; their interest was in a guaranteed, million-plus yearly net profit, not risk. He decided early not to throw in with the house percentage. He decided to try to beat it.

This decision is probably one of the strangest ever made by a gifted calculator of odds. There is no way to beat the percentage. Nick the Greek himself had often warned young gamblers to that effect. "Anyone who fights the percentage long enough is bound to get tapped out," he said. "Never go against the green cloth!"

But Nick the Greek fought it ten years, while also taking on any high-rolling gambler, oilman or businessman who happened through Las Vegas. He pitted against this combination the most formidable brains, skill, courage and physical stamina in the gambling business, often playing several days and nights without sleep. He beat the high rollers, but the percentage beat him. On a few occasions the drive of his play forced the house to up the game limits, and then he usually took the house for a cleaning. After a few such ventures, however, the house cut out that nonsense. In ten years, Nick the Greek won $10,000,000. But he lost the $10,000,000 back and the $2,000,000 he had brought to Las Vegas with him, besides.

Some weeks ago, Nick the Greek played six $10 chips on a case bet in a faro-bank game, lost and got up from the table. The dealer cocked a quizzical eye at him as he turned to leave.

"I'm going out to the hotel to get some sleep," Nick explained.

Instead, he walked down Fremont Street through the perpetual holiday crowds and the acres of gorgeous neon and turned in at a hotel where a couple of Oklahoma businessmen were waiting to see him about a proposition. The proposition was for him to operate the casino at a strip hotel the men were planning to build. He would have 40 per cent of the place, which the men wanted to call "Nick the Greek's." Nick looked at them steadily for some time and then said he would think about the offer. The businessmen were encouraged. Nick the Greek had never gone that far before.

Walking back up the street, the world's greatest gambler ran into a roly-poly but sour-looking old ex-Chicago crapshooter whose reputation for extreme stinginess had earned him the name the Liberal Kid. The Kid had turned evangelist in his old age and had come to Las Vegas to save souls.

"You look tired," he said, fixing Nick the Greek with a penetrating eye.

"I was just thinking what a long way this desert is from the green island of Crete," Nick said.

"I saw you leave early," the Kid persisted. "What's the matter? Did they finally bust you out?"

At this question, Nick the Greek says that he experienced an abrupt and strange sensation of stepping outside of himself. His whole life seemed lighted up in a pitiless glare. Suddenly he heard the terrible clanking of metal in the slot machines. He saw the hundreds of happy tourist faces turning red-yellow-green, red-yellow-green in the nervous neon twilight, while out of town on the midnight desert the ancient scorpions hightailed around and the ancient coyotes made a distant and amused yelling.

Vision of a Desert Prophet

Then Nick saw himself striding in from the desert like his God-fearing Levantine relatives, wearing goatskins, with his hair in his eyes, and coming to grips, hand to hand, with a gigantic gambling device. Then he saw himself strike the machine with his prophet's staff, whereupon the machine did lie down and begin to pour forth nickels.

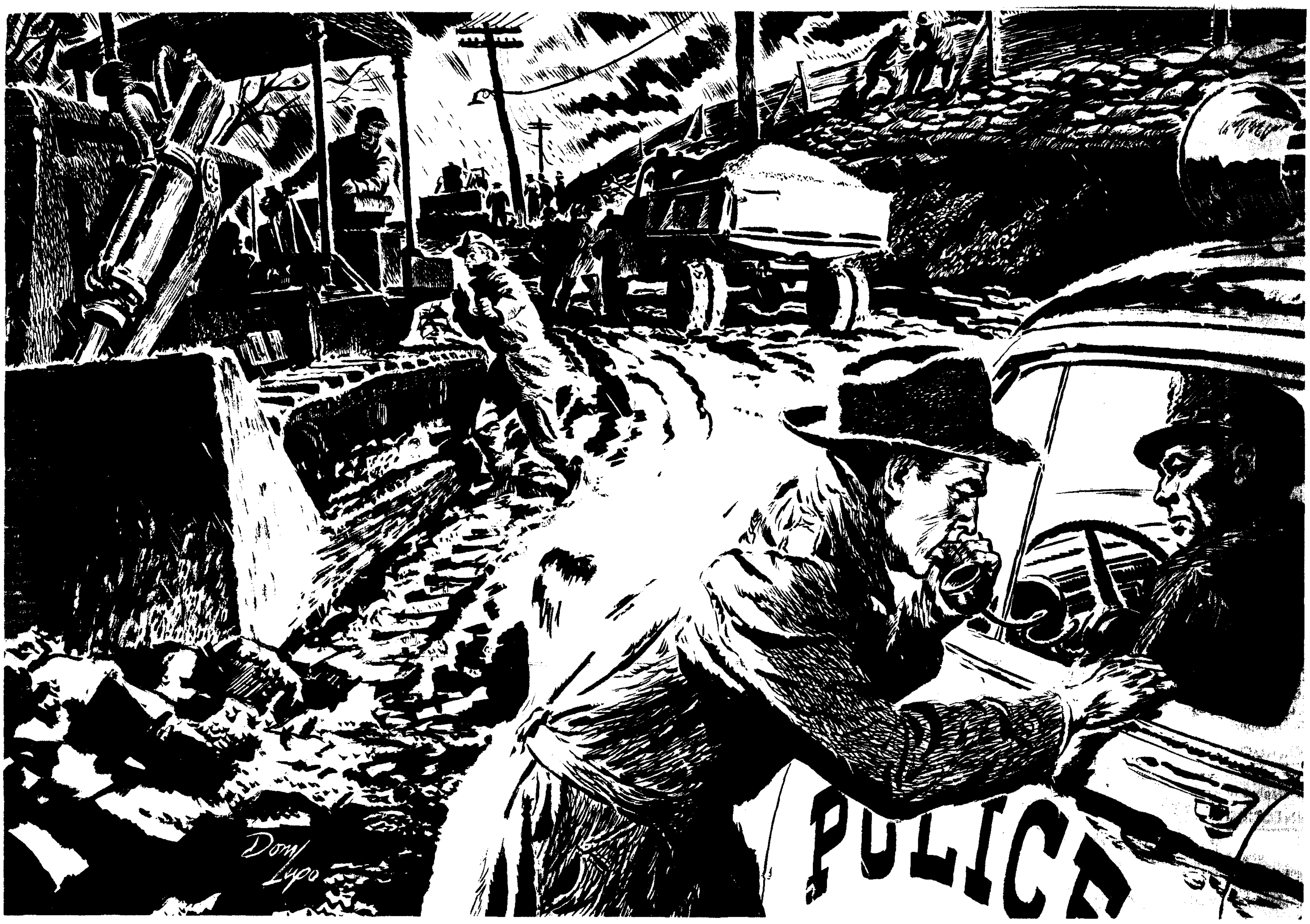
Nick the Greek shook his head.

"Kid," he said with unusual gentleness, "to answer your question, I've been busted twice a year, regularly, all my life. Like you say, I'm just a little tired."

The Kid, who had long suspected that banked religious fires might burn behind the lean, sad face of the gambler, seized the moment.

"Brother Nick!" he cried, suddenly. "Why don't you light on out of this Sodom? What is there for you here?"

Nick the Greek smiled faintly before replying. "Brother Kid," he said, thinking back to the man in goatskins, "I've just had a message from a relative. He says there is everything for me here. I have the gambler's inheritance." He grinned, beginning to move toward the bright jangle of the Golden Nugget Club. "I have the future, Kid. The illimitable future."



Carney ran out into the muddy channel to a police car standing near the dike, took the mike, and radioed the station for more men

Danger: RIVER RISING

The town had Carney's back against the wall: he had to figure a way to lick the raging river—or lose his job and his home

A First Short Story By ROBERT J. NELSON

THE rain had stopped, but the sky was still threatening and gray. As City Manager K. G. Carney drove to work, he knew this would be the day. The crest of the flood on Salt River would reach Ardalia within the next twenty-four hours, and the manner in which he handled this crisis would help the city to decide whether it had made a mistake two years ago when it had voted for the city-manager form of government.

The week of continual rain had filled the lower corridor of the old city hall with the reek of wet clothes and damp wood. Upstairs, the pile of mail that his secretary had waiting for him was clammy.

"Actually, it can all wait until next summer's drought," Agnes said.

K. G. smiled, his preoccupation with the day's problems lessening. Ability always pleased him, and Agnes was the best secretary he'd had in twenty years of working in various city governments all over the United States.

"Ben Summers called," she said, instantly restoring K. G.'s ill-humor. "I didn't promise you'd call back."

K. G. thanked her and sat down at his desk. He tore a page from his desk calendar and leaned back in his creaking chair. It hardly seemed possible that his second spring here in Ardalia was almost gone; the two years since he and Grace had come here had passed quickly.

The telephone rang and K. G. answered it. "This is Ben Summers," a loud voice said. Summers was one of Ardalia's city commissioners.

"Just getting ready to call you, Ben," K. G. lied, without conscience.

"Have you talked to the engineers' office up in the city?" Summers asked.

"No."

"Then let's get a move on. They're still pouring half the water in Salt River Dam down here. It's time we got it stopped."

"They know what they're doing. The reservoir's loaded from spring rains," K. G. explained patiently. "They've got to give themselves a margin of safety, in case of a cloudburst upstream. We can either take a little now, or run the risk of getting a lot later on. If the gates are shut tight, a big rain could send the lake over the dam."

Summers swore. "That's what *they* say. They don't care if the north end of this town is under water. Let's start applying pressure where it'll do some good. Call the governor."

Ben Summers was a survivor from the old city-council days; he refused to recognize that a city manager took orders from no one but his commission—five men acting as one unit—never from one man.

"If you want him called," K. G. said flatly, "do it yourself. He'll tell you what I told you. I've got a lot to do." He hung up. He and Summers had tangled before and would again. And one day,

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it might cost K. G. his job. Yet, in his twenty years, he'd told more than one commissioner to go to the devil, and he had been fired only once. Results spoke louder than words, and no administration headed by K. G. Carney had ever been short on results.

He got busy then and called his upstream contacts. The news was not encouraging. At Kentburg, twenty miles west of Ardalia, the weather observer reported that it was raining and the river had come up five inches overnight. It was still rising. The superintendent at Salt River Dam, thirty miles upstream from Kentburg, told him it was raining on both sides of the dam and there was no chance of safely reducing the outflow.

STEVE ENGLE came into the office then. "Got time for coffee?" he asked. Steve was another of the commissioners, one of the best. Like Ben Summers, he had served on the old city council. But where Ben, jealously guarding his power and prestige, had opposed the city-manager plan, Steve had fought hard for it.

The sky seemed darker as they came out of the building—Steve tall and stooped, K. G. square and solid—and walked to the café around the corner. K. G. found it hard to relax over his coffee, but there was little to do but wait—all was in readiness, and Agnes knew where to find him.

Steve was the only commissioner with whom K. G. was casually friendly. The commission was his boss, after all, and he tried to keep his relationship with the members impersonal. But he made an exception in Steve's case; he could talk to Steve.

"I locked horns with Ben Summers again this morning," K. G. said.

Steve nodded. "I know. I talked to him on the telephone. Ignore him if you can, K. G. He can't forget the old council days when the flood work was his baby; he'll be full of advice. Maybe you won't have to put up with him after election."

"He'll be re-elected."

Steve laughed and said, "I can dream, can't I? But I'm afraid you're right. Summers has got his constituents in his hip pocket. But he's still only one man, K. G."

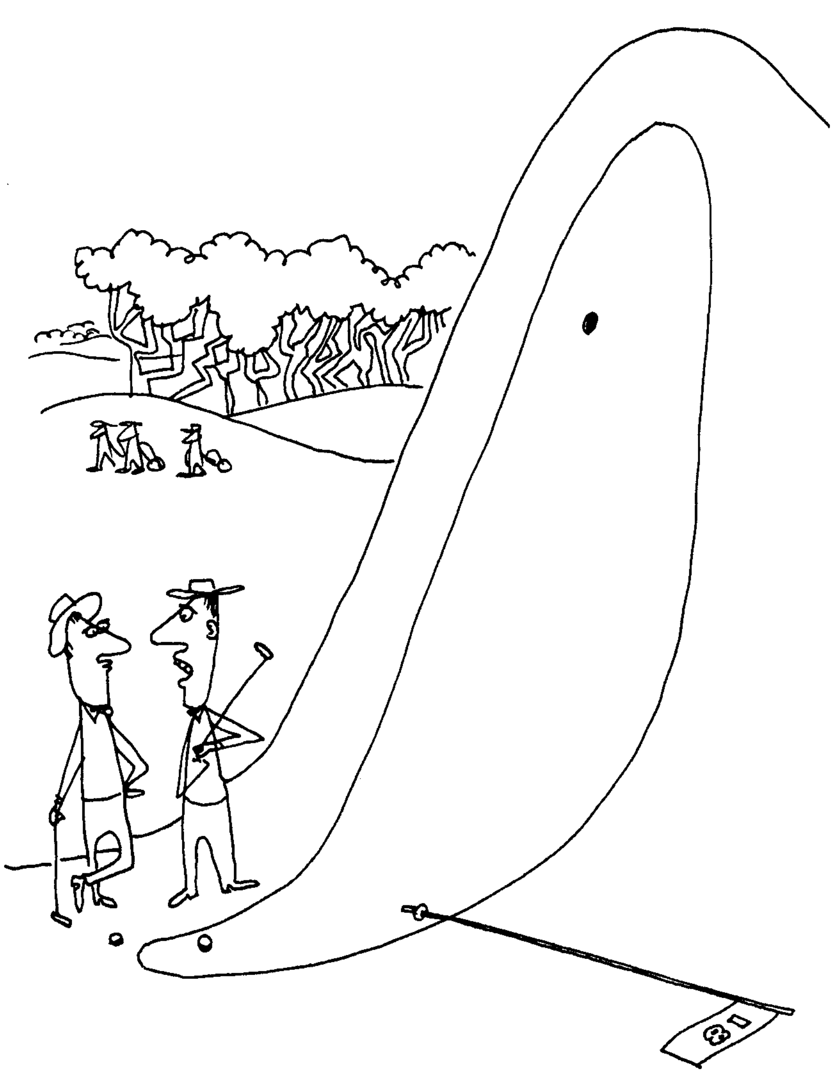
"The election could change that," K. G. said. "The antimanager forces will hit back hard. Don't kid yourself, Steve. Ben will have strong running mates."

"Well," Steve said, "I know, and the other commissioners know, and I hope a majority of the voters know, that Ardalia is a better city under manager rule. But I guess that isn't of much comfort to you. You've got more at stake. If the manager plan goes, you go too. You've not only got to sell yourself, you've got the responsibility of selling a whole way of government. I don't envy you. However, I'll say it again: I hope you stick."

"Thanks, Steve," K. G. said. "You know, aside from the fact that this is a bigger city and better job than I've ever had before, I like Ardalia. It's a good town. I'd like to stay here. I'd kind of hoped I could finish out my working days in Ardalia—and then retire here."

He stopped, embarrassed by this confession. In the twenty years that he and Grace had been married, they had never owned a home. Their lives had been a succession of new cities, new jobs and new friends. They had lived with constant uncertainty, though never in a situation as insecure as this one, for never before had he been the *first* city manager in a town's history.

K. G. regretted the insecurity because of Grace and the kids. He tried to tell himself that Kathy and K. G., Jr., both away at college now, were better off for their moves. They had got a background of experience, a knowledge of people and places, matched by few youngsters their age. But Grace—Grace deserved better. She had never complained, but he knew she had every woman's longing to settle down. He didn't blame her. He too had thought a lot of having their own home these last few years. He'd thought Ardalia would be their chance, but almost two years had passed now—



COLLIER'S "It's a challenge, isn't it?" VIRGIL PARTCH

COLLIER'S "Are you *sure* this makes it legal?" GARDNER REA

Steve Engle said, "No matter what happens, you're a good city manager, K. G. You'd never have trouble finding a new job."

"It can be rugged," K. G. said. "I'm getting no younger. Once you've failed in a town, it's harder."

Steve said, "I don't know if the people really realize what you've accomplished here. If you could only lick the flood—" He stopped and looked out the window. "It's raining."

"Damn!" K. G. said.

HANSON of the Courier was in K. G.'s office when he got back. "What's the verdict?" Hanson asked.

"We'll flood," K. G. said. "Tell them there's no cause for panic. We'll fight it as long as we can. We may be able to limit it. If evacuation becomes necessary, it'll be carried out in an orderly manner."

Hanson made some notes. "Will it be as a bad as forty-six?"

K. G. hesitated. "I'd rather not make a comparison, since I wasn't here then." The flood of 1946 had been disastrous for Ardalia, and K. G. knew that since then there had been no threat equal to the one the town faced now.

"What would you give for the flood-control plan today?" Hanson said, putting his note in his pocket.

"A year's wages," K. G. said.

Had the flood-control plan gone through, the town would be in no danger now, K. G. knew. It had been presented to Ardalia's voters two years ago, at the same time as the city-manager plan. It called for a series of dikes and diversion channels, designed to make Ardalia floodproof. Its cost was small, compared to the millions the town had lost to Salt River over the years; but as a lump sum, the cost had seemed staggering to the voters. A city can stand only so much progress at once, K. G. thought. The manager plan had been Ardalia's step forward.

When Hanson had gone, K. G. spread maps on his desk and set to work. There had been no dam in 1946. Now a lot of people, including Ben Summers, thought the dam made a flood-control project unnecessary. This year would prove them wrong, K. G. knew. The dam would help, certainly; but its gates could not be kept closed with the reservoir already swollen from record spring rains. If they were, a cloudburst might send the man-made lake spilling over the huge earth barrier to race downstream, inundating a score of villages and towns. It was ironic that the dam should be forced to add to the water already pouring into Salt River from the rain-drenched area between Ardalia and the dam—ironic but inevitable.

Suddenly, looking at the city maps, a plan came into K. G.'s mind. At first it seemed daring, perhaps foolish, but he meant to mull it over. He *had* to. Failure could bring ruin to the town, to the city administration—and to him. But he still had, he judged, half a day.

He called Grace and told her he

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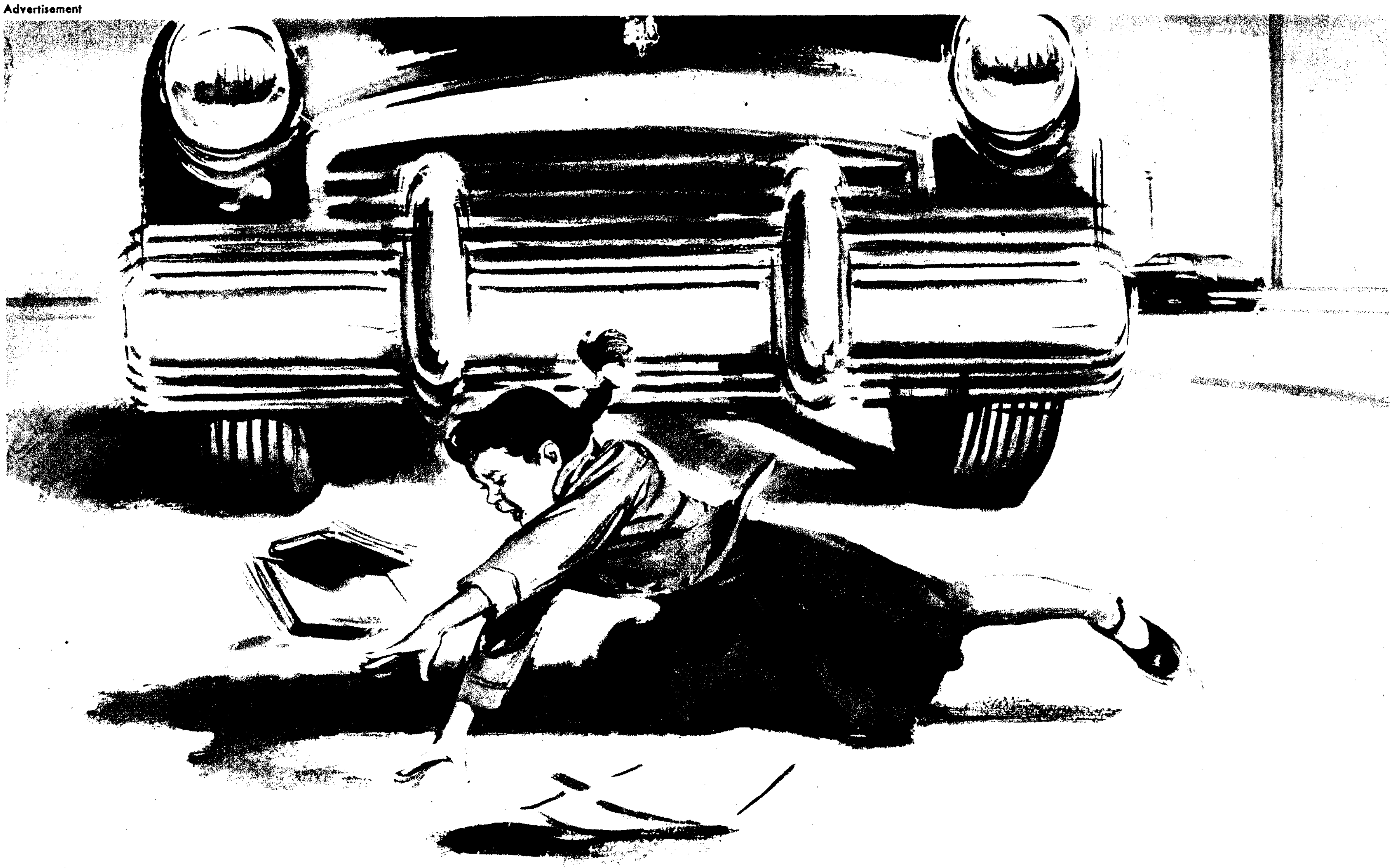

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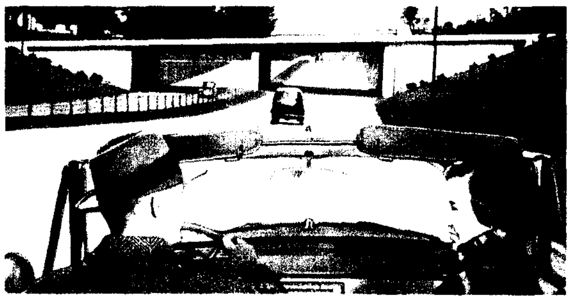

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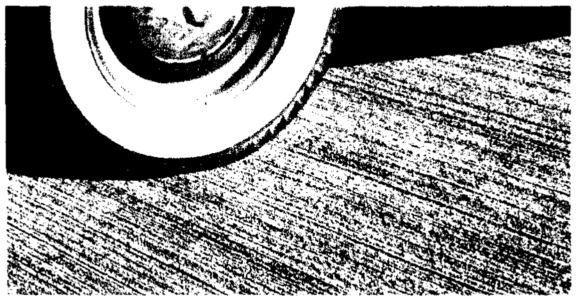

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would not be home for lunch, and at noon he went back to the café around the corner. He sat in a corner booth eating without appetite, and wished he had gone home after all. Grace was a good cook, always had been, in all of their dozen kitchens. Now she had a kitchen she liked, and wanted to keep. And, if everything worked out, she could keep it. The house had been offered to them six months ago. A portion of the rent they had paid would be considered the down payment. The financing would be easy. But after two years, the big question was still unanswered: Would Ardalia let them stay?

K. G. got up. An excitement was growing within him, rising as surely as the silt-laden waters blocks away in Salt River. He returned to the city hall and summoned his street superintendent and city engineer. "We're going to take a ride," he told them.

They drove down through the river area, studying the flood defenses, checking for weaknesses. They were good men, this pair. K. G. had hired them in his first year in Ardalia, bringing them in to replace incompetent department chiefs. Hiring these two had started his first major battle with Ben Summers. The men he fired had been Summers' men, holding their jobs because of Ben. And Ben, honestly believing them big enough for the jobs, had fought their firing bitterly.

As they rode along, K. G. thought again of his plan, probing it, revising it, testing it for weaknesses too. He thought briefly again of what failure might mean, then forced that from his mind. He preferred not to speculate what another move, a move down, would do to Grace.

By the time they had checked the sewage plant, his plan was ready. He telephoned his office and told Agnes: "Get hold of the commissioners and tell them I want to see them."

They drove back to town in silence, warily eying the muddy, roiling waters of Salt River whenever the road passed near the bank.

"A bad overflow," the engineer said, "might convince the town that they really need the flood plan."

K. G. sighed. Surely the plan could be sold without anything so drastic as a flood. Besides, the project was something he believed in. It would be something to fight for in the years ahead —if the opportunity were given him.

They were back in town now, in the north end. This was the danger spot. This was where the angry waters would make their break-through. Here the river's banks were low, there were shanties built upon them, and huge, man-made dikes had to hold back the tremendous pressures.

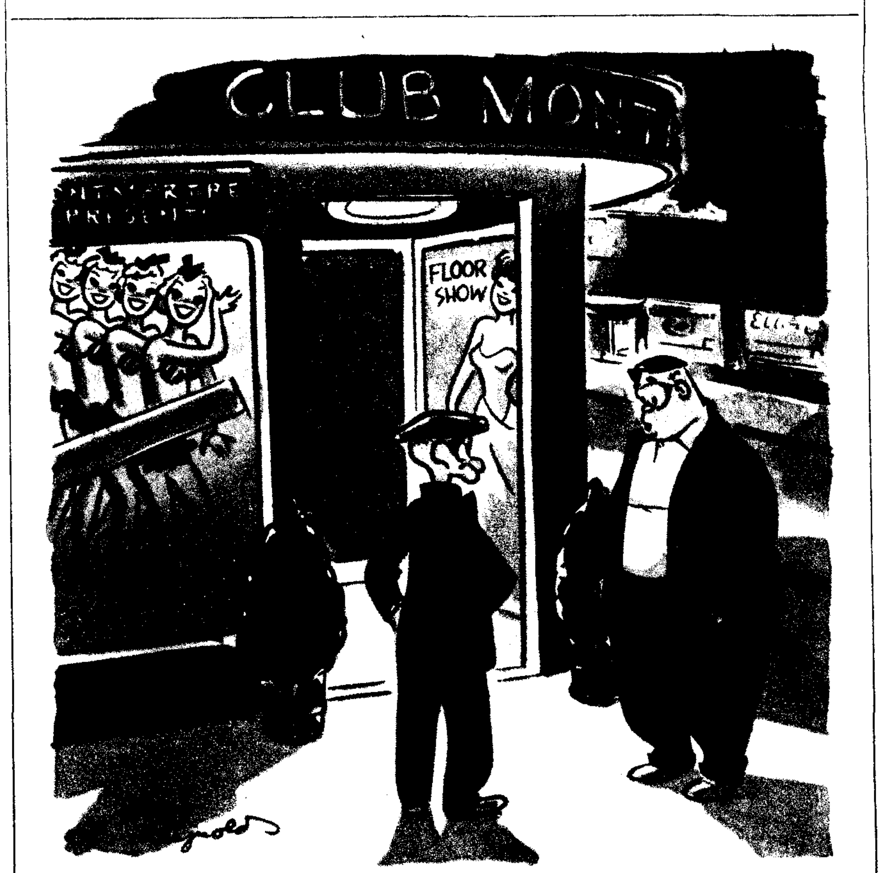
IT WAS a poor neighborhood. Families were already evacuating their houses, loading belongings into ancient cars or onto their backs. Some of them would have little to return to, flood or no flood. K. G. thought of the neat brick house across town where Grace waited for him, and the contrast depressed him. There was so much he could do for these people, if only he had the chance.

They stopped the car and watched the city trucks and bulldozers at work, still strengthening the doubtful barrier.

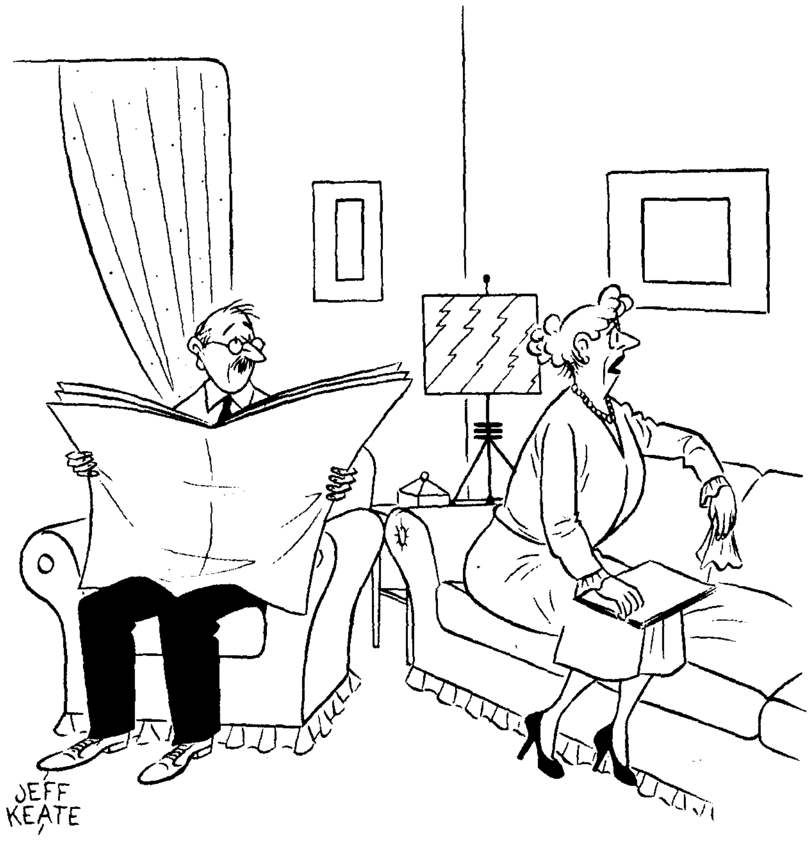
"It should follow the same pattern as forty-six," the engineer said. "It broke through first at Beck Street"—he pointed—"then came across this area, heading for that low spot to the west. When it filled that, it started moving south. Later on they got a fluke break-through farther down, and before it was over, half the town was under water."

K. G. frowned. There would be no fluke break-through this time. This, the north end, was the battleground. "How many houses are in the low area over west?" he asked.

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "I can't help wondering what Maw would say. She thinks I'm out robbing a bank" LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "I've wasted my youth on you for forty years!" JEFF KEATE

"Maybe half a dozen—but all on the fringe. If you're thinking of corralling the overflow in the low area, I don't see how we'd get it there. It's got to flood this area to reach it. And if this is a bad one, it wouldn't hold the water anyway."

"With a break in the weather," said K. G., squinting into the rain, "it might not be a bad one."

The engineer shrugged. "You still can't move these poor devils out of their houses to cut a channel over to the low spot."

Neither could you watch complacently, K. G. thought, while a rampaging river flooded this whole end of the city.

IT WAS late afternoon when they returned to the city hall. Steve Engle and the mayor were sitting in K. G.'s office, their expressions grave. Ben Summers was there too, pacing the floor angrily.

"The other commissioners coming?" K. G. asked.

"Corley's out of town," the mayor said. "I couldn't get hold of Craig." He came over to K. G.'s desk. "Ben thinks we should alert all the towns in the area for help."

K. G. shook his head, even though he knew that each refutation of Ben Summers increased the bad feeling between them. "If we flood," he said, "so will every town along the river. They'll need all their equipment themselves."

The mayor nodded, and Ben Summers turned away.

K. G. felt suddenly tired, weary of bickering and arguing when the town was in trouble. And the battle, he knew too well, was only starting. He called home and felt better just because he heard Grace's voice.

"I'm staying down tonight," he said. "I'll keep in touch with you."

"Please be careful," she said.

"Don't worry." He lowered his voice and said, "I love you." He knew she was smiling. "What are you up to?"

"I can't do any outside work, so I've been mentally redecorating the living room," she said.

A call came in from Kentburg on the other telephone and K. G. had to hang up. The river was already flooding low-lying farmland and still rising. Then other calls began to come in: frightened, worried residents anxious to know what to expect; the radio station asking what warnings it should broadcast; the police chief reporting that the car at Beck Street had radioed that water seepage through the sandbagged dike was increasing. Then Hanson of the Courier called.

K. G. asked him, "Got a late forecast?"

Hanson went to look, and when he came back, he said, "One just came in, K. G. Scattered cloudiness and possible—get that, possible—showers in the east and central portions of the state tonight and tomorrow. At least it doesn't say they're likely. Hardly enough to bank on, though."

"But maybe enough to gamble on," K. G. said.

Agnes came in and asked if there was anything more to be done before she left. K. G. hadn't realized it was after five, but he was ready now to tell his plan.

He spread out a city map, and asked the others to gather around. K. G. sat hunched

Boys and Water

They love it if it's in a pool
Or puddles on the way to school,
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They hate it when it's in a tub.

—JAMES W. POWER

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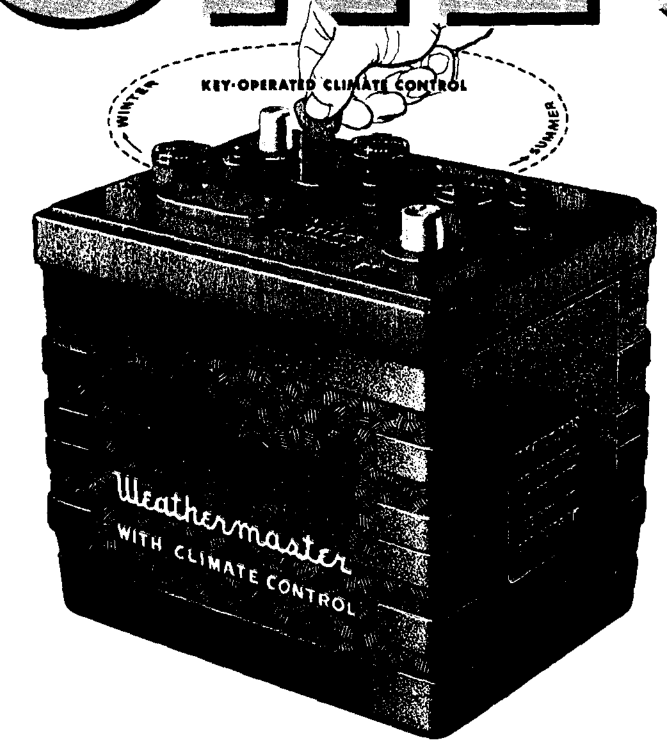

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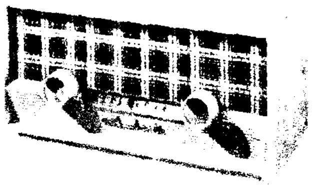

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forward, and with a red pencil he drew a circle around the blocks comprising the low area in the north end. It was four blocks from the crucial spot in the Salt River dike. Then he drew a line down Beck Street.

"Is there any pavement here, Joe?" he asked the city engineer.

"Two blocks of curb and gutter with gravel surface and one of curb and gutter with blacktop," the engineer said. "Then it jogs, so directly in line with those three blocks is a vacant lot."

K. G. turned to the commissioners. "I've got a plan," he said slowly. "I don't know that it will work. If it does, it may be in vain. Because of the cost—and the criticism if it fails—I've got to have your okay on it."

No one spoke.

K. G. pointed to the red circle. "This area is low. When the river breaks through, it will head for this spot, but first it will flood the area between. If we get a break, the low section might hold all or a good part of the overflow. What we've got to do is to get the water there without flooding the rest of the north end. And that," K. G. concluded, "is where my plan comes in."

"And what's that?" Ben Summers asked.

K. G. looked at him and said, "Make a river out of Beck Street."

There was silence. Summers shook his head slowly.

"There's no chance of diverting the water upstream," K. G. went on. "And it's bound to come over here at Beck Street. If we gauge a channel down the middle of the street, then pull the sandbags off the dike at the end of it, we may be able to control the overflow and send it to the low area without flooding more than a handful of houses, which are sure to flood anyway."

"And what if it keeps raining and the river keeps rising?" Ben Summers asked.

K. G. shrugged. "In that case, the whole north end would flood anyway. I'm gambling that the weather will break and the river will level off. The forecast is more favorable than it's been in a week."

"What do you need for your plan?" the mayor said.

"Fast work," K. G. said. "We'll move every piece of equipment down there. It'll mean tearing out the street, and we'll ruin a lot of lawns. We'll run into opposition too, because people won't understand what we're doing and they'll be too excited to listen. So I'm putting the question up to you. I've got to have your backing."

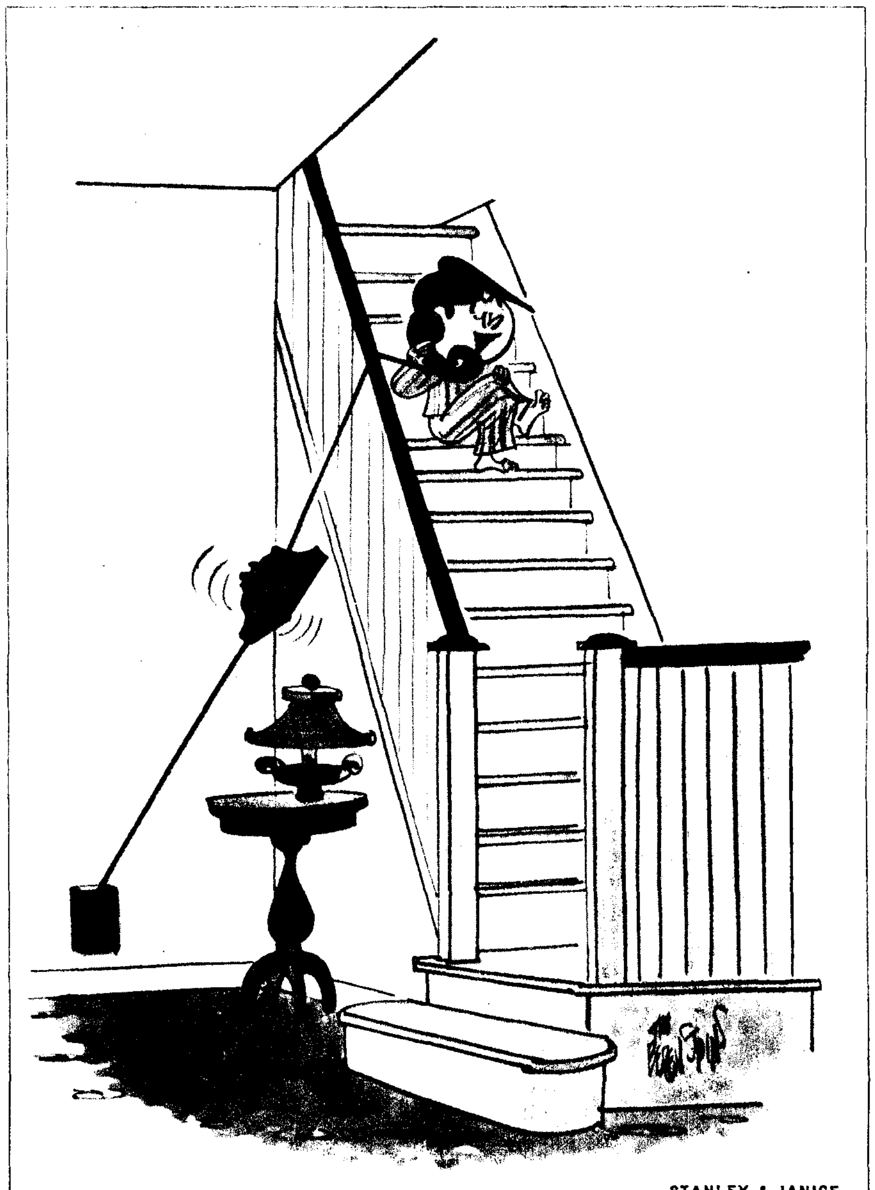
SUMMERS turned away. "I can't see it. We'd be making guinea pigs out of the voters on Beck Street. It's a fool's plan."

K. G. struck the desk with his fist. "Look, Ben, these are your voters we're doing this for!"

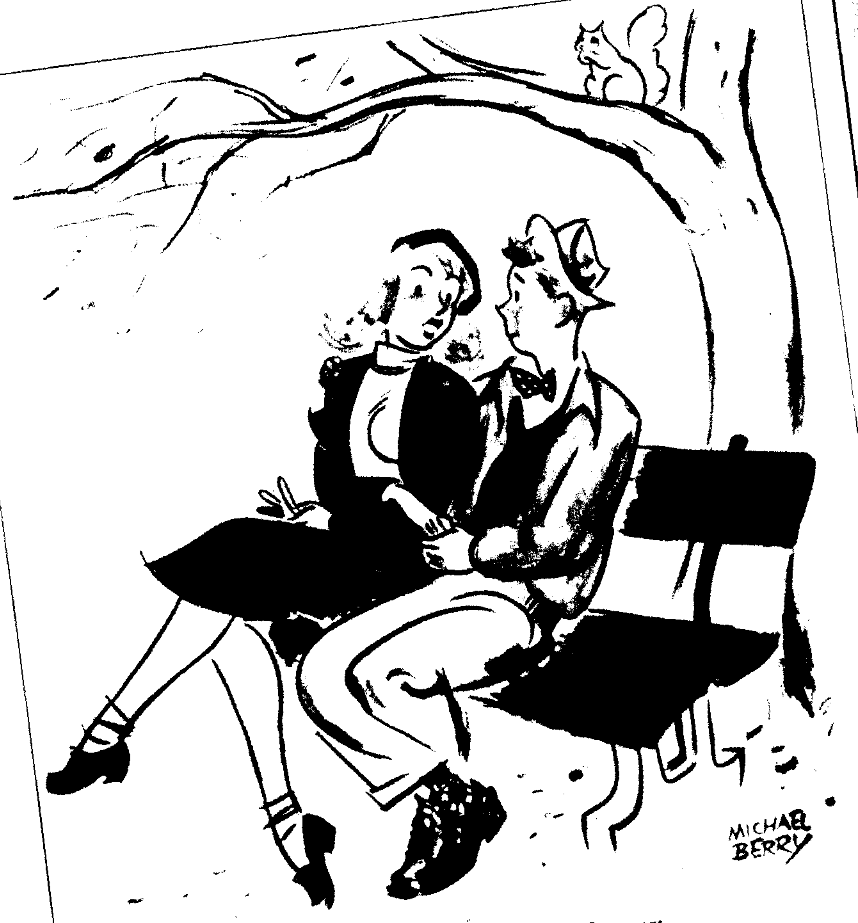
A minute passed, everyone thinking what would happen if the plan backfired. And if it did, Ben Summers might get what he wanted most—defeat of city-manager government.

The mayor cleared his throat. "In your time you've fought more floods than I have, K. G. If you think it's worth a try, I'm for it."

"I think it is."



COLLIER'S "I'm sick in bed. What's new with you?" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



"I like you the way you are, Jimmy —and I hope I'll never change . . ."

MICHAEL BERRY

COLLIER'S

"And I'll go along with it, too," Steve Engle said.

"It looks like I'm outvoted," Summers said sourly.

Searchlights pierced the gloom over Beck Street. K. G. stood on the sidewalk, watching the bulldozers and graders tearing up the street's surface, cutting a wide, shallow channel from the sodden dikes to the dank, grass-shrouded low ground. People milled about, pausing in the evacuation of their household goods to stare first at the machinery, and then at the growing streams of water that flowed from the sandbagged dike to the gutters and backed-up storm sewers.

K. G. shivered a little. Doubts were assailing him. Speed was what they needed, and speed they were getting, but it was a risky, frustrating project. He glanced at the sky. The rain had slowed to a steady drizzle.

He walked up the street to where the commissioners stood talking. A man ran up to them. He was covered with mud, as though he'd been working in a flooded basement.

"What the hell's going on here?" the man demanded. His voice was frenzied.

Ben Summers nodded toward K. G. "Ask him."

K. G. tried to be patient and explain to the man what they were doing. Most of what he said missed its mark. He didn't blame the fellow. He would be hard to reason with too, if a bulldozer suddenly began shoving crumbled blacktop into his yard.

THE street superintendent came by, muddy and weary-looking. "Bulldozer cut a water line," he said grimly. "We're shutting it off at the main."

K. G. swore. "How's the channel coming?"

"It's deep enough," the superintendent said. "The trick is shaping and sandbagging the banks. There's too little room and too few workers."

K. G. ran out into the muddy channel to a police car standing near the dike, took the mike, and radioed the station for more men. Then he went back to the commissioners. They were cornered again, listening to a haggard man, grotesque in hip boots and oversize slicker.

"That's my house over there," the man said, pointing into the darkness. "In forty-six I evacuated. When I got back in it a week later, half my stuff was gone. Looters! They came in boats and robbed every house in the neighborhood. This time I'm staying, even if I have to sit on the roof. And I'll be ready for them." He took a revolver from his pocket. "Any objections?"

"Hell, no, shoot to kill," Ben Summers said.

K. G. turned angrily. "Damn it, Ben, don't make our job harder!" Then he said to the hip-booted man. "If the area floods, everybody will be evacuated. By force, if necessary. Police will keep boaters away. There won't be any looting."

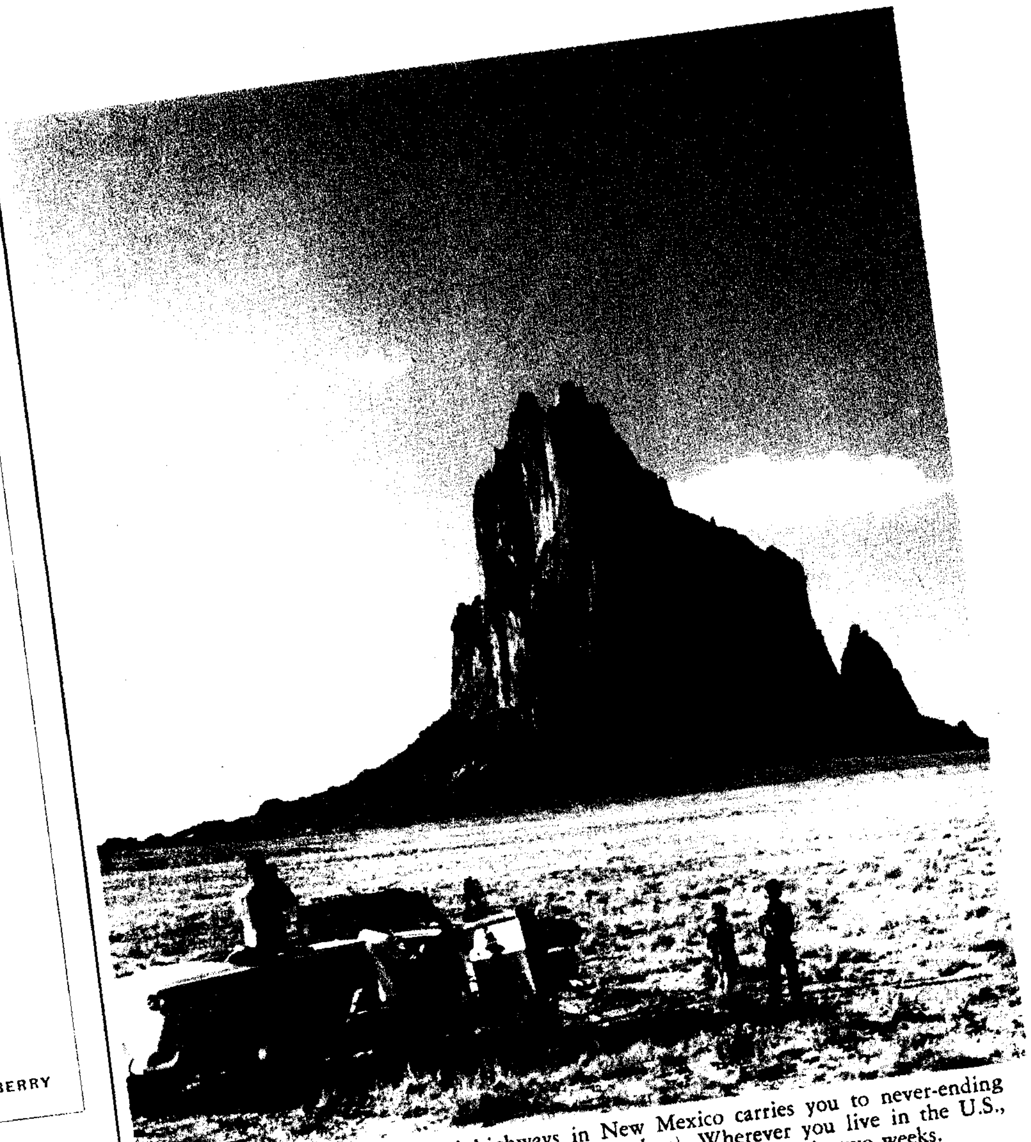
STEVE ENGLE said, "We're going to get something to eat. Coming, K. G.?"

"No. I want to stay here, Steve," K. G. said. When they were gone he stood alone, watching the channel banks grow, wishing he'd been born without a temper. He felt lousy, and he was hungry.

K. G. had no idea what time it was when his engineer and street superintendent finally walked toward him. It seemed he had been standing there in the rain for hours. They stood for a moment, surveying the crude channel. "It ain't pretty," the street chief said, "but it'll carry water."

"Start pulling the bags," K. G. said quietly.

They climbed up onto the dike; the water was lapping over it now. The commissioners had come back and stood about watching, but they backed away when the engineer gave the signal. The first bag was lifted from the



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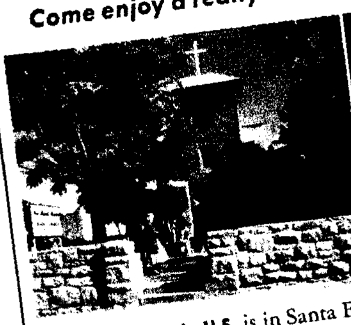

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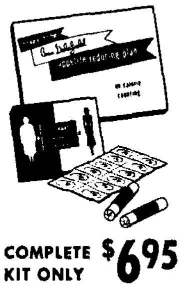

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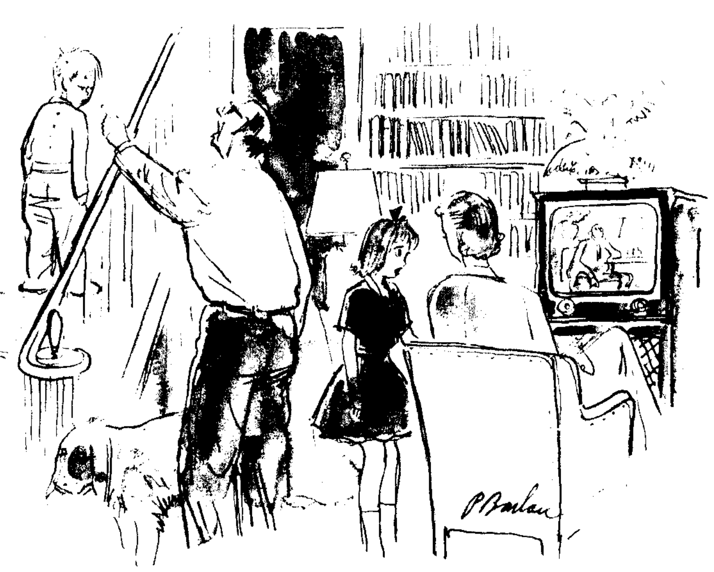


"I don't understand it. The fathers on television are always so *inadequate*"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

dike, and the river, as though sensing release, surged forward, rushing rapidly over the sodden, sand-filled sacks.

"I still think it's a fool's plan," Ben Summers said in a low voice.

"I don't give a damn what you think," K. G. said wearily, and then realized Summers had said it as a simple statement of fact, impersonal and without rancor.

More bags were pulled away and stacked at one side, ready instantly should the man-made river prove a Frankenstein's monster. Then water, finding its natural break-through point now open, rushed through it, cascading down the side of the dike, into the freshly cut channel and off into the darkness.

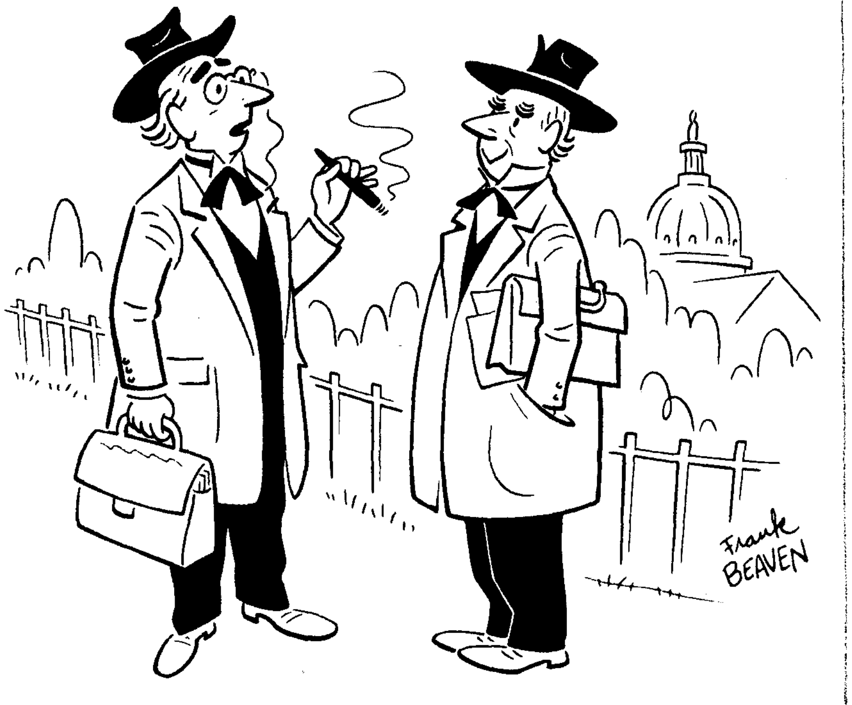
"Easy, easy," K. G. said to himself, for he knew the men by the gap in the dike were well aware of what they faced.

He saw it at the same moment they did. The water was coming too fast, threatening to rip the gap open and become an uncontrollable flow. The men flung the bags back in place and momentarily the stream was held in check. Then it broke away again, and desperately the workmen threw in more sandbags, exhausted the supply, and ran to piles farther away.

"They need help," K. G. yelled, and the men with him followed him up onto the dike.

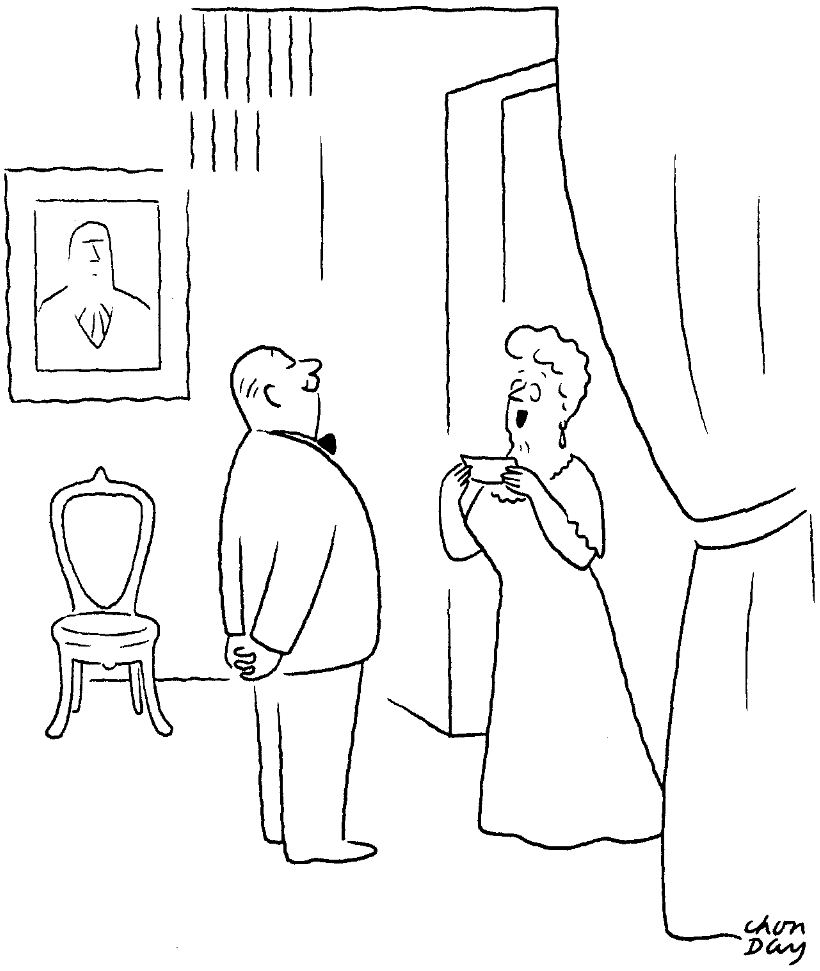
"Relay them," someone called. A line was formed swiftly, reaching from the straining gap in the dike to the stacked sandbags. Slowly, then faster, the heavy bags were passed down the line, relayed from man to man. Steve Engle and the mayor were there, their coats off. K. G. swung a bag on to the next man and glanced up. Ben Summers was down at the end of the line, grunting with the strain. He grinned at K. G. "This'll take some of that fat off you," he called.

The dike began to hold. The flow lessened, and was under control. The line relaxed. The commissioners gathered around K. G., laughing, wiping mud from their hands.



"I figure if we could knock two billion off the budget it would save us each $34.27 personally"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN



COLLIER'S "A hundred thousand dollars?... Edward, you're so thoughtful!" CHON DAY

"That's what I call government in action," Steve Engle said.

Ben Summers stared at the dark water rushing down Beck Street. "You're the luckiest fool I ever saw," he said to K. G.

They watched it a while. The channel was handling it well. The low area was filling gradually. But it was still somewhat too early to be sure. Only waiting would tell.

FINALLY they left and drove off through the town in tired silence. Late night in his city always gave K. G. a feeling of well-being; now it was accompanied by a strong sense of accomplishment. The houses were dark, the streets empty. Yet this night, he knew, no one would be resting at the lighted civic auditorium, where a flood-relief center had been set up. The north-end evacuees would be waiting for news. K. G. wished he knew for sure and could go there and tell them their homes were safe. He wished it as much as though the homes were his. Well, in a way they were. In the end, it was his town. In two years, his stamp was on it indelibly, just as its mark was on him.

The city hall was quiet and deserted. The clock at the end of the hall showed that it was three ten. The chief sat alone in the police station, answering the three telephones. He'd been there since six yesterday morning.

"Kentburg observer called," the chief said. "Rain's stopped and the river's leveling off there."

"Thanks," K. G. said, and was quiet for a moment. Then he went on: "Get somebody in here to handle the telephones and go home to bed. That's an order."

"You could do with some rest yourself," the chief said. K. G. looked down at his muddy clothes, felt the stubble on his chin, and smiled.

Out in the hall, Ben Summers was talking to a man K. G. didn't know. "—I'll appreciate your vote," he said as K. G. came up and the man walked away.

"Politicking at this hour?" K. G. asked.

Summers laughed. "I've got to make sure I'll be around to heckle you for two more years."

They stood in awkward silence for a moment, and then Summers said, "I think you did a good job on the flood."

K. G. felt embarrassed. "It played hell with my temper," he said.

"You know, K. G.," Summers said, "this might be a good time to start pushing on the flood-control plan."

Hanson of the Courier came in then, looking weary and harassed. "Crisis past?" he asked.

K. G. nodded. "It's past."

HE walked slowly into his office, exhaustion beginning to catch up with him. He picked up the telephone and dialed, enjoying the dull, honest ache he felt in his arms.

"How are you?" he said when Grace answered.

"Fine—how are you?" She said it casually, but relief was strong in her voice.

"Fine. Start filling the bathtub and scramble me about six eggs. I'll be there in ten minutes." He paused. "Grace, I think—would you still like to buy the house?"

And then he heard her faint gasp. "Yes—oh, yes!"

When he had hung up, he stretched and yawned, and grinned at nothing in particular. It would be good to get home. —ROBERT J. NELSON

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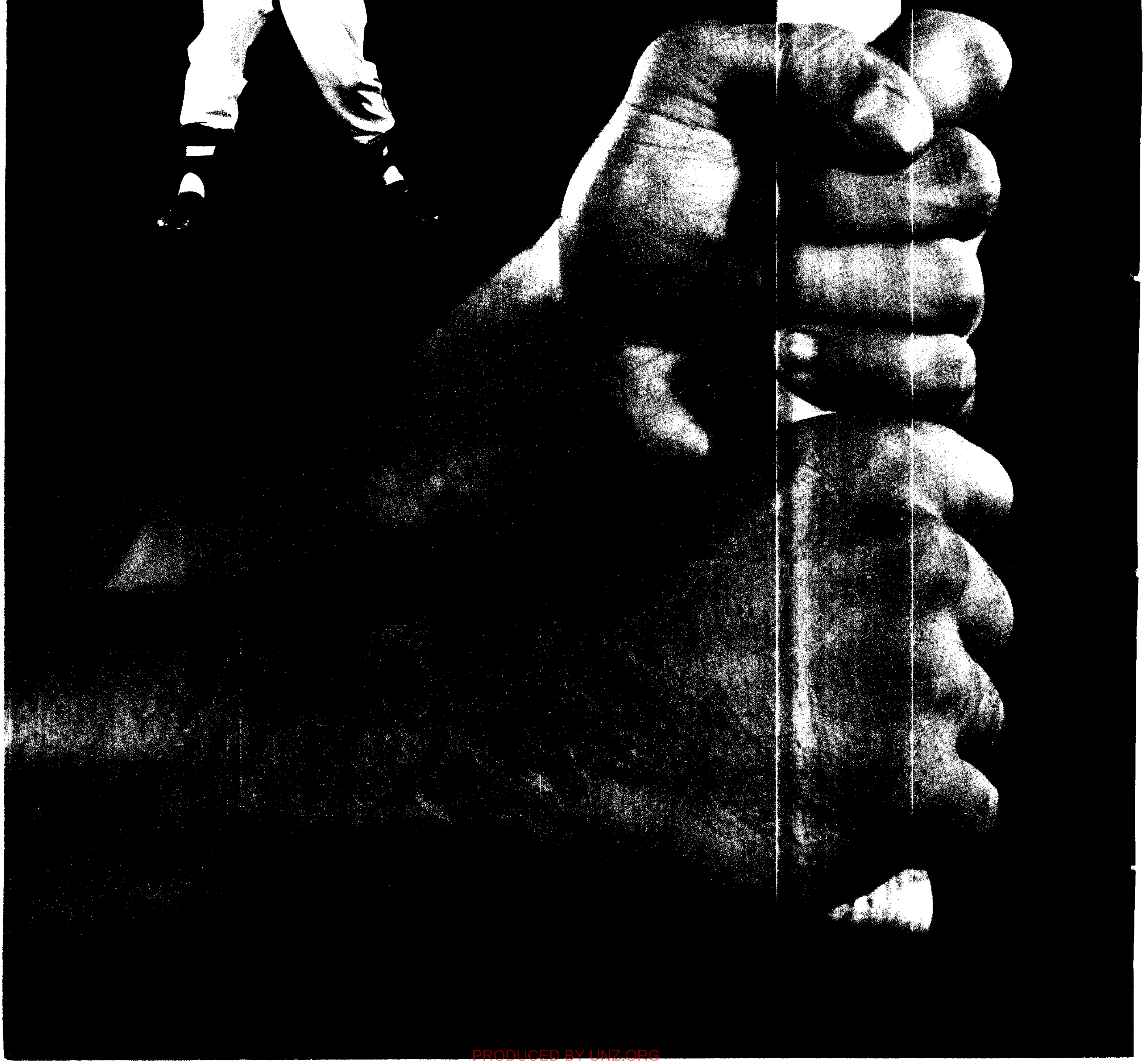

Made Milwaukee Famous

Ed Mathews, the game's leading home-run hitter at the age of 22, shows signs of true baseball greatness. His secret? Well, players mention his wrists more often than Marilyn Monroe's legs

By TOM MEANY

THE unveiling of "a second Babe Ruth" is almost as much a part of baseball's opening-day ceremonies as the ritual of throwing out the first ball. It has been a diamond rite ever since the original Bambino first sprayed the surrounding landscape with home runs. Each spring, proclamations heralding a new home-run king ring out from the training camps and reach a crescendo on opening day. But invariably it turns out that the discoverers were, as humorist Bugs Baer said of the creators of near beer, "poor judges of distance."

Milwaukee, quite the maddest baseball spot in these United States, nevertheless is confident that it has found *the* second Babe Ruth. He is Ed Mathews, third baseman of the Braves, leading home-run hitter of the majors in 1953 and a more solid choice than the majority of his predecessors.

Ruth left behind him many home-run records, at least two of which have been thought unbreakable—the 60 he clouted in the 1927 season, and his lifetime total of 714. Mathews, at twenty-two, already has hit 72 home runs in a two-year career, a total the Babe didn't reach until he was twenty-five. And Ruth was thirty-two the year he collected his record 60; logically, then, young Ed has a 10-year head start in which to better the mark.

The belief that Mathews will become the second Babe Ruth is held by many veteran baseball men—managers, coaches and players. Nearly all agree that he is the greatest home-run threat in baseball today. His peak years lie ahead of him. He already has served a hitch in the Navy, so there is small possibility of his career being interrupted for military service, as happened to Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio, two home-run sluggers who preceded him. And by way of further indication, he has already passed one veteran round-trip hitter, Ralph Kiner, who, previous to last season, won or tied for the National League home-run title for seven successive years.

Mathews has all the physical qualifications for a home-run king who would challenge Ruth's records. Six feet one inch tall and weighing 200 pounds, Ed is well proportioned, with the sloping shoulders and powerful wrists of the true slugger. His wrists, especially, are admired throughout baseball. More ballplayers talk about Mathews' wrists than about Marilyn Monroe's legs.

The wrists are quick and strong. They enable Mathews to snap the bat through a pitch and hit hard-to-get fast balls exactly where he wants—for example, pull outside pitches to right field. No other batter, except possibly Stan Musial or Ted Williams, swings faster. Yet, asked if he takes any special exercises to develop his wrists, Ed says, "No, I was just born with them."

Comfortable is the word for Mathews' open batting stance. A left-handed hitter, he stands almost erect, inclining his head slightly over the plate. He keeps his feet wide and his front (right) foot pointed more in the direction of first base than toward the pitcher.

He has a fine level swing. His stride, as he brings the bat around, is comparatively short—about six inches—since his feet are already wide

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NIELS LAURITZEN

Mathews' popularity with his teammates and fans is enormous. Above, he swaps batting tips with outfielder Jim Pendleton while first baseman Joe Adcock awaits turn at plate. Below, Ed takes time out to sign autographs for bobby-soxers who often keep him an hour after game

Everybody's calling for it!

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apart. Because of the power and dexterity of his wrists, Ed is a late swinger and a short one. He can get plenty of wood on a pitch that seems past him.

As a freshman in '52, Mathews batted from a closed stance, like Musial and Williams. That year he fanned so consistently on high inside pitches, just over his letters, that he led the majors in strikeouts with 115. Changing stance last season eliminated that blind spot.

Now He Takes the Sucker Pitch

Manager Charley Dressen, who won two successive pennants at Brooklyn only to discover that the paths of glory led but to Oakland, thinks Mathews improved himself immeasurably by opening his stance. "It used to be," Chuck relates, "we could get the kid out by just whistling a high fast one inside, under his chin. Now he lays off that pitch, which is outside the strike zone anyway, and it gets called a ball. Then you have to come in with a strike and he's really rough."

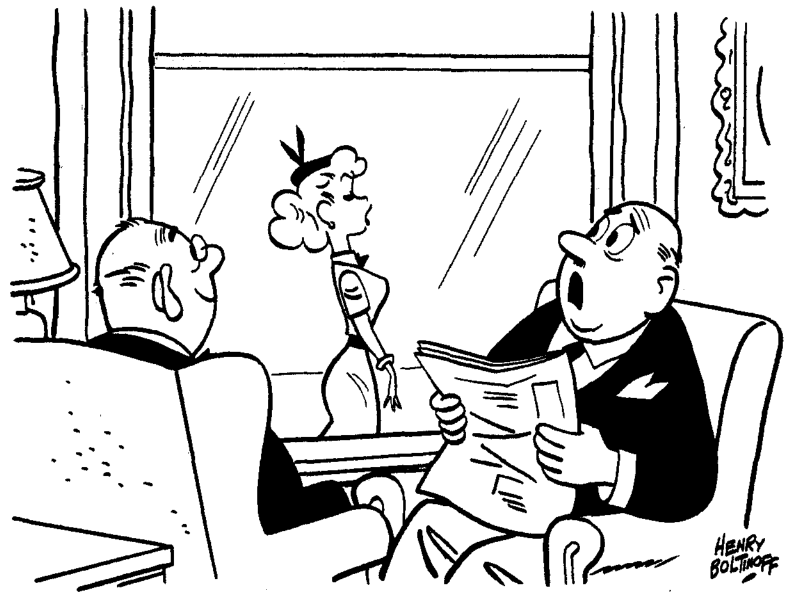
Laying off a high ball seems a sound rule for any athlete, but rarely has it paid off so well. Ed virtually doubled his effectiveness in 1953. Figures are rarely entertaining unless they're in the front line of a musical, but to appreciate the full extent of Mathews' amazing improvement take a look at these statistics: as a sophomore, he hit 47 homers compared with his freshman total of 25; batted .302 against .242; knocked in 135 runs compared to 58. He struck out 83 times in 157 games last season, as against 115 in 145 games in 1952.

Granting that Mathews made what Casey Stengel would call a "treemendjuss" improvement last year, can he be expected to show further progress this season? *Certainly if* he reached his peak last year at twenty-two, he can kiss good-by to any designs on Ruth's records.

But among those who look for further improvement in Mathews is Rogers Hornsby. No Pollyanna, the Rajah has been a major-league manager six times and has been fired six times, principally because he always spoke his mind. If Hornsby had to sell soft soap for a living, he'd starve to death. Yet the Rajah praises Mathews as he has praised few modern ballplayers.

"Mathews is the most dangerous hitter in baseball today," Hornsby says. "And he's going to get better because he wants to learn, because he's always asking questions. He's got power and he's got rhythm, along with a fine level swing. Those big, powerful, awkward guys you see around who can bust a ball a mile are as good now as they'll ever be. Mathews is different. He's loose, limber and co-ordinated. He'll be a star when most of the guys competing with him now aren't even remembered."

Frank Scott, former road secretary of the Yankees and now an agent for dozens of ballplayers as well as a promoter of barnstorming trips, says that Mathews' improvement didn't stop with the end of the 1953 season. Scott took a team of players on a 27-game postseason trip through Colorado, Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines and Okinawa, and Mathews was one of his stars.



"On the other hand, by the time she could cook like my wife, she would look like my wife!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Ed hit five home runs in three days in *Colorado, including one in* Pueblo that must have gone 500 feet on the fly," Scott says. "We had some real pros on the squad—Country Slaughter, Yogi Berra, Hank Sauer and Eddie Robinson—and they all raved about him. When Mathews took his turn in batting practice, the others would stop warming up to watch him. That's a compliment I've seen ballplayers pay only two other hitters—DiMaggio and Williams."

Scott further reveals that the older players whiled away the nights in bull sessions discussing the relative potentials of Mathews and Mickey Mantle, the Yankee speed boy, who is exactly one week younger than Ed. The consensus was that Mathews is a much smarter ballplayer, that he utilizes all his natural ability, something that Mickey hasn't learned to do yet. Of course, Mathews had the advantage of a full season with Atlanta in the Class AA Southern Association before coming to the majors, while Mantle jumped right to the Yankees from a Class C league and then had to switch from shortstop to the outfield.

Probably no one has had a better opportunity to watch Mathews' development than his manager, Charley Grimm. "Ed may be the best of 'em," Charley says. "If he can hit 47 homers when he's only twenty-one, who knows how far he may go? I haven't seen a hitter with such power since Jimmy Foxx. And he's no problem to a manager. He asks for advice and listens when it's given. He's popular with the other players, a sure sign that he has no prima-donna traits."

The trades engineered by the Braves in the last two winters are a big help to Mathews according to Grimm. "Early in our last year in Boston, we were topheavy with left-handed power batters, Earl Torgeson and Willard Marshall in addition to Mathews. We used to face southpaws that nobody else ever saw because Sid Gordon was our only right-handed power.

"Then we added two right-handed hitters, Andy Pafko and Joe Adcock, in place of Torgeson and Marshall, and as a result the other clubs didn't dare pitch many left-handers against us.

"Of course, Gordon is gone now, but we got Danny O'Connell, another right-handed batter, from Pittsburgh in his place. Then we landed Bobby Thomson from the Giants, a right-handed power guy. He broke his ankle in spring training, but he should be back in the line-up before the season is too old. Even without Thomson it will be tough on any left-hander who pitches against us. So, Mathews will be looking mostly at right-handed pitchers—a great advantage to him.

"Look at the break Duke Snider gets with the Dodgers because he is the only left-handed hitter in the Brooklyn line-up. Warren Spahn can stop Duke cold, but we rarely use him against Brooklyn because of all that right-handed power—Gil Hodges, Roy Campanella and Carl Furillo. Nobody used many left-handers against us in 1953—one reason, of course, why Ed Mathews showed to better advantage—and we'll see even fewer this year."

Obstacles at Milwaukee Stadium

Even if Mathews lives up to the expectations of his greatest admirers, he'll encounter some mighty tough obstacles in his assault on Ruth's record. One is the layout of Milwaukee's County Stadium, where Ed must play 77 home games. It is 320 feet long at the foul lines, but dips sharply away in right field. Mathews hit only 17 of his 1953 homers there, belting the other 30 on the road. Ruth had a much better ratio when he hit his record 60: he collected 32 on the road, 28 at Yankee Stadium. Another drawback for Mathews at Milwaukee is that the park is built on low ground; the air is heavy and ballplayers insist, meteorologists to the contrary, that drives do not carry as far under these atmospheric conditions. Fewer home runs—95—were hit in Milwaukee than in any other National League park. St. Louis was second low with 123, Brooklyn high with 192.

Still another problem Ruth never had to face is night baseball. The strain of playing under lights and following up a night game with another contest the next afternoon takes its toll. Babe was still playing in the majors when he was past 40; *time begins to run out on* today's players about five years earlier.

With his flying start, however, Mathews can reasonably expect to play 15 more productive and rewarding seasons.

Ed might never have entered big-league baseball had his family been better off financially. He was a star back for the Santa Barbara (California) High School football team and received offers of athletic scholarships from colleges all over the country. But he was more interested in baseball bids; they promised cash. Johnny Moore, a former big league outfielder, finally signed him for Boston for $6,000. Mathews might have received a bigger bonus but for the tangled baseball bonus laws at the time. They stipulated that if he received a larger sum, he would have to move up to the parent team after only one year in the minors. Both Ed and the Braves thought he would need more grooming before entering the big time.

Money has figured importantly in the Mathews household ever since the family moved to Santa Barbara from Texarkana, Texas, in 1935. Ed was four years old at the time. His father, a telegrapher, was chronically ill and medical bills soon absorbed most of the family income.

The elder Mathews has been in and out of hospitals ever since Ed turned professional and has never seen him play organized ball. However, he's home now, and Ed is hopeful his dad may be well enough to visit him in Milwaukee this summer.

Young Mathews is definitely on his way to baseball's upper financial brackets with a contract for 1954 calling for more than $30,000. Last year was the first in which Ed received any sizable money, and even then only slightly more than half his income came from the Braves. He was signed for 1953 at a time when Lou Perini, the Braves' president, had resigned himself to another year of slim gate receipts at Boston. The pure gold of Milwaukee had not yet been tapped. Mathews' salary at the start of the year was about $8,000, but as the season—and his home-run belting—progressed, he was given a new contract calling for more than $12,000. Before the year was out he had picked up about $10,000 more from barnstorming, endorsements and personal appearances.

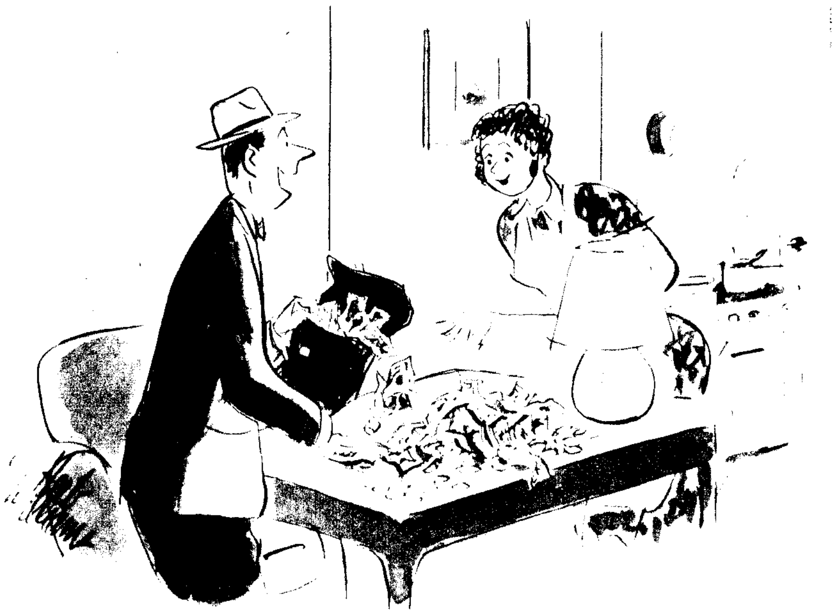
That surge in his earnings was greatly helped by the Braves' move to Milwaukee, where he was hailed as a hero. Because of the intense hero worship of the fans, particularly the bobby-soxers, it used to take Ed about an hour after each game to reach the parking lot where a teammate was waiting to give him a lift back to the hotel. Ed Mathews didn't own a car then, but he bought one just before he went South this spring.

His Popularity Saved a Lawsuit

Charley Blossfield of the Braves' ticket office tells a story that illustrates Mathews' grip on the Milwaukee populace. "One day in September," Charley recalls, "Mathews fouled off a line drive which struck a fan right between the eyes and knocked him unconscious. When he came to, his first words were to ask whether we thought Mathews would autograph the ball. And there we were worrying about lawsuits."

In face of the almost hysterical adulation of the Milwaukee fans, Mathews maintained his balance. He cut no high jinks; after each game he returned to his hotel room. Sid Gordon and Joe Adcock, whose lockers adjoined Mathews' at County Stadium, always found Ed agreeable and considerate. Gordon, a veteran who was a Giant regular as long ago as 1943, was one of Ed's stoutest admirers and a frequent adviser before he was traded to the Pirates. He was on hand the only time Ed fell from grace with the Milwaukee fans—during a double-header with Cincinnati on September 20th, the last home date of the Braves.

In the opener, Mathews made some fielding errors and was booed for the first time by Milwaukee fans. He brooded over it. Between games, when he was supposed to receive a presentation, he remained sulking in the locker room. Gordon spoke to him like a Dutch uncle. "Look, kid," Sid ex-



"Passed a cigar store, saw a box of cigars at a bargain price, put them on my desk, and before I had a chance to say a word they started to take up a collection"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

Style No. 8758

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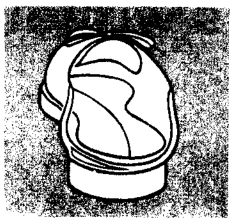

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plained, "that's an honor they're giving you out there this afternoon. I don't care what the award is—even if it's only a Mickey Mouse watch—but any time you're called to home plate to receive something from the fans, you should be there. Some guys go through their entire careers without the fans ever giving them a tumble."

Mathews had about capitulated to Sid's cajoling when the call came to warm up for the second game. It was too late then to do anything about accepting the presentation. But Gordon is convinced that was Ed's first and last temperamental outburst.

There's been criticism of Mathews' fielding, but it's unjustified, according to baseball experts. "If Mathews improves as much in 1954 as he did in 1953, he'll come close to being the league's best fielder," says Fresco Thompson, Dodger vice-president and a former infielder. "I know he led the third basemen in errors, but most of his boots were on throws. He'll be able to lick that weakness easily."

Mathews, himself aware of this criticism, offered to try his hand in the outfield this year if Grimm figured that O'Connell, purchased from the Pirates for the express purpose of playing second, could do a better job at third. When Thomson came from the Giants, of course, the plan of trying Mathews in the outfield was abandoned. The result was that about the only experimenting Mathews did in spring training was with laminated bats. He likes them, believing they have what he calls "good wood," and alternated them with his regular model in spring training.

Upset by His First Booing

"I wasn't kidding about trying the outfield," says Ed. "Charley Grimm can use me wherever he thinks I'll help the club most." It is hardly the speech of a youngster already labeled a star.

Actually Ed is a shy and retiring boy who likes his privacy. He is completely relaxed only in the locker room with his teammates or on the ball field. Last summer Milwaukee's citizens showed their appreciation for their newly acquired big-league status by throwing a banquet for the Braves whenever there seemed to be the slightest excuse. Mathews avoided most of the celebrations, not through churlishness, but because the spotlight terrifies him any time he isn't in his baseball uniform.

In his Garbolike desire to be alone, Mathews is completely unlike the Ruth whose records he may shatter someday. The Babe reveled in the spotlight, on or off the field. Ruth would have taken a shower at high noon in city hall if anyone had suggested it. His flamboyancy extended to everything—his food, the lavish clothes he wore.

Mathews, on the other hand, dresses like the average ballplayer—or the average college student—in slacks, sport shirt and sport jacket. Physically he looks like a college football player, with rather a chubby face, rosy cheeks, brown eyes and close curly hair.

Unlike the gregarious Babe, too, Mathews is difficult to interview. His reticence seems to stem not so much from modesty as from fear of saying the wrong thing. He ponders questions long before answering them. Then he's likely to reply with a simple yes or no, but only when he realizes an evasive "maybe" or "sometimes" won't suffice.

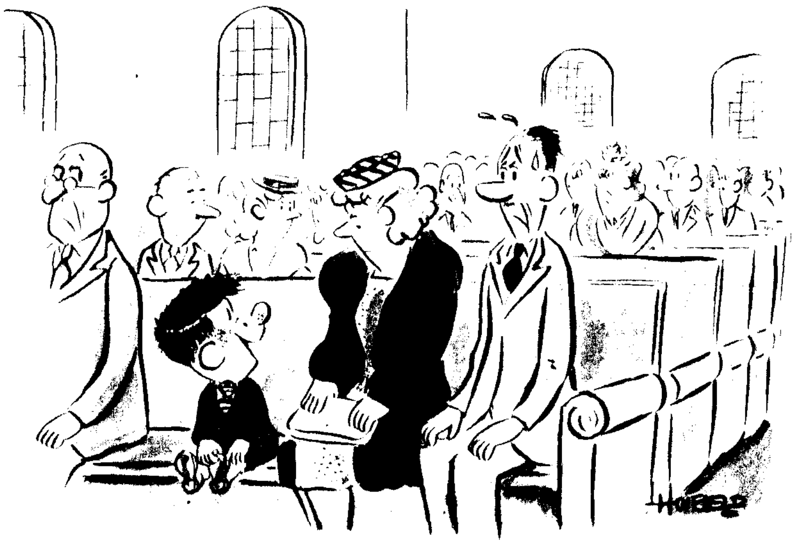
Natural Mistake

I'm not embarrassed when that female
Driver up ahead
That I've denounced turns out to be
An errant male instead.

It's not my fault, because although
His sex is not the same,
How in the world was I to know?
He drives just like a dame.

—LOYD ROSENFIELD

However, a slight improvement in Mathews' conversational powers was noticeable this year. Last year when I asked him what pitcher he found most difficult, the simple query gave him pause for a full 30 seconds. (He finally decided on Stu Miller of the Cards over Curt Simmons of the Phillies.) This year in training camp at Bradenton, Florida, Mathews was a little more voluble. He volunteered how much his bunting (of all things) had been improved by watching Paul Waner, the old Pirate star and the last major-leaguer to amass 3,000 base hits, coach his teammate, Billy Bruton. Waner, now retired, went over to Bradenton from nearby Sarasota to help coach the Braves in batting.



COLLIER'S "He's talking about Daddy!" NORMAN HOIFJELD

Does Mathews himself think he has a chance to top the Bambino's home-run record? He doesn't know. He can't regard himself as a challenger to Babe Ruth, mainly because the Babe was through playing ball before Ed reached his fourth birthday. To him, Ruth is a fable—like Paul Bunyan.

Lessons in Fielding Grounders

"I think I've learned a lot in my two years in the National League," Mathews says thoughtfully, "but I know I've got a lot more to learn. That sounds like a line, but I mean it. I had to learn how to play third base *after* I came to the big leagues. I used to field ground balls like I had a board in my back, not stooping at all. Billy Jurges taught me to bend my body as well as just my knees. He showed me I couldn't field balls if I couldn't see 'em.

"Then take hitting. I thought I could hit big-league pitching the way I could hit Southern Association pitching. I thought because my stance at the plate was like Stan Musial's, I should be able to hit like him. Then I found out the only way to hit is your own way, the way you feel most comfortable.

"When I changed my stance last season, I found I could follow the ball better, that I wasn't striking out so much. All that adds up, of course, and I guess that's what makes a hitter—correcting faults until you find the most relaxed way to do things.

"I don't know about breaking any home-run records in County Stadium, because a lot of long drives are caught in right center. Maybe I could do it at Crosley Field in Cincinnati. I find that the easiest park to hit in."

Mathews' belief that he might break the Babe's record playing in a park like Crosley Field is justified by the figures. He hit seven homers in 11 games in Cincinnati in '53, an average that would give him 49 in that park alone if he played an entire home schedule of 77 games there, compared with the 17 he hit in Milwaukee.

Ed's rooters are looking forward to many more distant drives during the 1954 season. But in making one of his most famous hits, Mathews didn't use a bat at all. It happened during what was indisputably the most explosive baseball debut any rookie ever had—and one that made sports headlines throughout the nation. In an exhibition game at Bradenton in the spring of 1952, Mathews, who had just joined the Braves, set out from third base in desperate pursuit of a foul fly. Charging down the left-field foul line, head up, eyes on the ball, Ed plowed into a group of spectators on the side line. He flattened three of them, jarring them so thoroughly that they required restorative measures from trainer Charley Lacks. The trio was Whitney Martin, Associated Press sports columnist; Billy Sullivan, then publicity director for the Braves; and Ford C. Frick, commissioner of baseball.

Mathews thus can claim to be the only ballplayer who has ever stopped the commissioner cold—and without the aid of an attorney.

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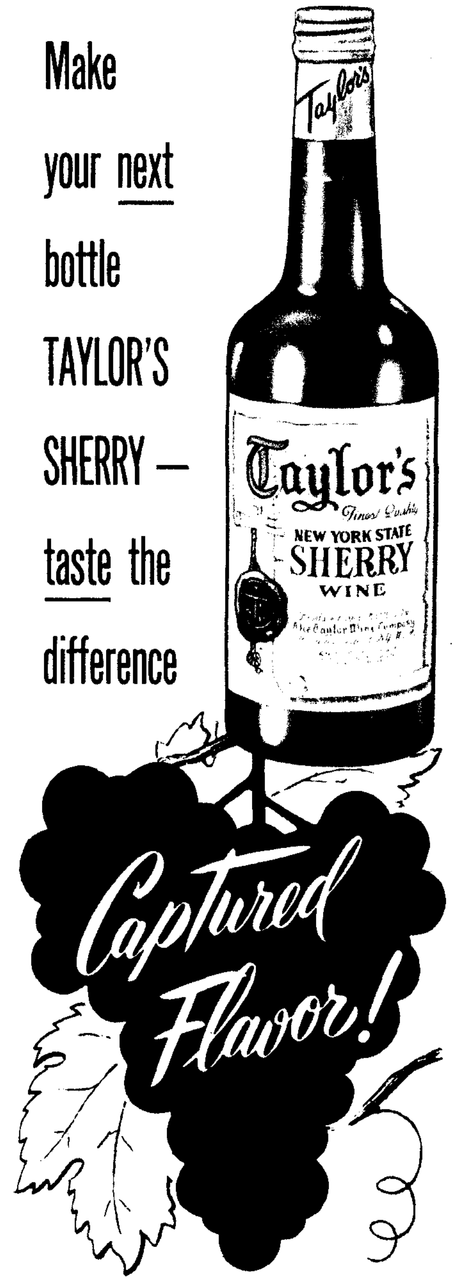

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Susan sat there looking about. She was incredibly lovely, and that is how I will remember her

DARK DOMINION

By DAVID DUNCAN

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We fled from the secret base to a cave I had found, but I had to go back—to face prison

The Story: In six weeks the world would be told that the first space station—the Black Planet—had been launched, that it was now revolving around the earth, ready to destroy any aggressive nation. For five years, I, PHILIP AMBERT, had directed the building of the Black Planet at the Magellan Project, a secret base near the coast in central California. As our work neared completion, tensions within the Project grew. WARREN OSBORN, in charge of rockets and fuel, wanted to leave to take a prestige position on the outside. Also, he was angry because GAIL TANAGER, a research assistant, had rejected him and fallen in love with AARON MATTHEWS, who was to command the space station—and would never return. TOM HERNANDEZ, our nuclear physicist, had discovered an alien substance in his uranium stockpile. It had incredible density and a varying weight; it seemed to be a liquid, and it was attracted by an unknown force which caused it to move. We suspected it was a new element and named it Magellanium. To keep Osborn occupied, I asked him to work with Tom on the Magellanium. He refused. Meanwhile, SUSAN, my wife, had arranged an overnight trip to a cave I had discovered in a remote section of the Project. But before I could join her, GENERAL HUMPHREY, our security officer, informed me Osborn had charged me with mismanagement, claiming Magellanium was a hoax to cover my incompetence. I took Humphrey to see the sample of Magellanium: it had vanished.

THE THIRD OF FOUR PARTS

THE feeling that came over me as I stared down at the empty steel crucible sitting in the bottom of the lead casket was one of both incomprehension and vast loss. I forgot about General Humphrey, forgot about everything except the fact that the little pellet of Magellanium had vanished. But how could it possibly disappear?

The casket was twenty inches deep; the Magellanium couldn't have rolled out. Something had to lift it out. But what? I got down on my hands and knees to look for it, but it was not on the floor.

General Humphrey coughed impatiently. "I'm waiting," he said. "Where's your Magellanium?"

Tom Hernandez, as perplexed as I, had also got down to look for the missing pellet. He looked up now, his face red with frustration, and lost his temper for the first time in my memory. "It was here when I left a second ago," he said. "If you'd kept your nose out of here it wouldn't be lost!"

"Lost? What's lost?"

"The Magellanium, you fool!" Tom shouted. "It was here, right in the casket. I wasn't out of the room more than sixty seconds and now it's gone! How? Where?"

Humphrey walked slowly to Tom's side, his face dangerously placid. "Am I to understand," he said, "that this stuff you were so anxious to show me has vanished?"

There was nothing to do except face it. "Yes," I said. "That's right, but don't ask for an explanation. I haven't got one. It was in the casket there."

He glanced from Tom to me, then walked slowly to the casket and looked in. "If you had it there and it's gone now, then obviously someone removed it."

I shook my head. "The only entrance to the laboratory is through the office where we were all sitting. The windows are screened and latched on the inside. No one could have come in and taken it."

He looked at me and said, "Dr. Ambert, I'm not suggesting that anyone stole it."

"What are you suggesting?"

"Just how stupid do you think I am?" he said. "Either you or

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

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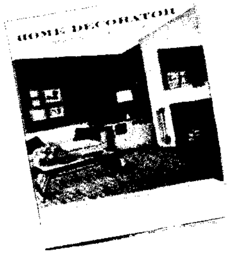

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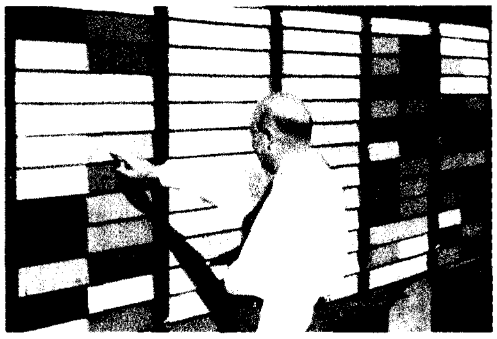

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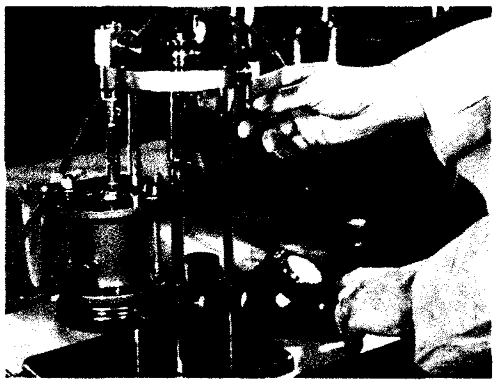

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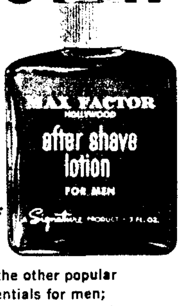

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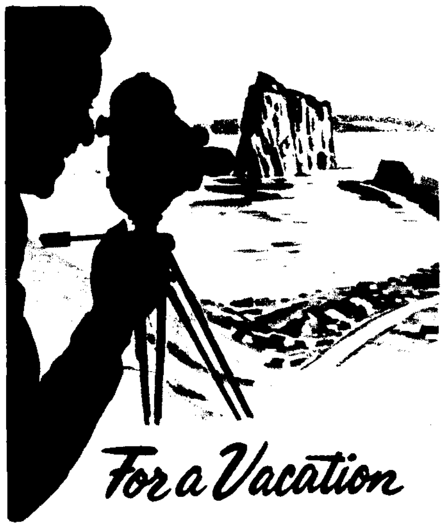

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Hernandez or both of you have hidden whatever you showed Osborn. Now cut the nonsense and show me this stuff you call Magellanium!"

The situation was so utterly perverse that I could think of nothing to do. Finally I said, "I'm sorry, Humphrey. Under the circumstances I can't blame you for getting sore. All I know is that we don't have any Magellanium at the moment. It's lost, understand? I can't explain it and neither can Tom. We may find the explanation later on, but right now I'm as confused as you are."

"I'm not confused in the slightest!"

"I hope by this time tomorrow we'll have succeeded in producing another sample," I said.

"Damn it, Ambert, you're hiding it! Will you show it to me?"

"I *can't* show it to you."

"You mean you refuse to show me," Humphrey said. "All right, it seems clear to me that Osborn was right about a hoax. Maybe he's right about the wasted funds, too. When I called you tonight, Ambert, you knew you were about to be exposed and that's why you refused to come to my office. You needed time to hide the evidence of whatever you're doing here, and time to cook up a story to tell me. What the devil are you up to?"

I couldn't even get angry with him. Appearances were all in favor of his viewpoint. "I'm not up to anything. The only favor I ask is that you withhold judgment for another twenty-four hours."

"And just why do you require another twenty-four hours?"

"We need that much time to produce more Magellanium."

He gave me a blank stare and started for the door. "I'm not sure you'll be director that long."

"Just a moment, Humphrey," I said. "The work of the Magellan Project is the Black Planet, not Magellanium, and I've heard no criticism of my supervision of work on the Black Planet. You can't remove me without consent from Washington anyway, so keep your shirt on and stop worrying about this until tomorrow."

He walked on out. It was obvious that he didn't believe me.

WITH Humphrey gone, we could consider the problem of the vanished Magellanium more sensibly. We made a thorough search of the laboratory, but without success. Then we approached our problem on the basis of what we already knew about the Magellanium. Our discussion was fruitless until Tom mentioned the grooves cut into the floor when the casket had moved on its own the previous day. "They were deep at the start," he said. "Then they became less so until, at the apex of the curve in which the casket moved, they hardly scratched the floor at all. Then they gradually became deeper again. It was you, I think, who suggested that the casket was being subjected to a lifting force."

I saw what he had in mind. "Yesterday the lid of the casket was bolted on," I said. "Tonight we had the lid removed. We already know that the Magellanium moved from the center of the casket to its forward side."

Tom finished the thought: "Then perhaps it moved up the side. And, there being no lid to stop it, it escaped. But where is it now?"

We examined the casket thoroughly. The sides and bottom were about three inches thick and the total volume of lead was less than two cubic feet. Shoved across the floor empty, its own weight was sufficient to score the asphalt tile deeply. Therefore, in that part of its travel where it failed to make deep scratches, the only possible conclusion was that a force almost equal to the weight of the casket was lifting it. But in order to lift the casket, the little sphere of Magellanium would have had to move up the side of the casket and press against the lid. It was the same principle as a small piece of iron inside a matchbox being acted upon by an exterior magnet.

Close inspection of the casket confirmed this theory. On the interior of the forward wall two very shallow grooves had been cut; they extended from the bottom of the casket to the top. One of these proved to be slightly deeper than the other. I examined the lid of the casket and discovered something we hadn't noticed before—a slight indentation on the underside. When the lid was put in place, this indentation fitted exactly at the top of the deeper groove. There was no second indentation in the lid to correspond with the second groove.

Tom suddenly got down on his knees and sighted across the top of the casket in the direction it had been moving before the Magellanium vanished. He whistled and pointed toward the south wall. At first I didn't know what he was pointing at. Then I saw it—a small dark hole in the white plaster. It was about six feet above the floor and its diameter was the same as that of our sphere of Magellanium. It had been punched by something moving with such terrific momentum that the plaster around it wasn't even cracked. A forty-ton drill press couldn't have done a neater job.

I knew as well as I know anything that our vanished Magellanium had made that hole in the wall, but I couldn't bring myself to say it, because then I also had to believe that the Magellanium had left the casket at an upward inclination of about fifteen degrees and had literally flown through the air and penetrated the wall.

I took a glass rod from the supply closet and thrust it into the hole. The rod went clear through the eight-inch thickness of wall without cracking. The Magellanium was moving in a straight line then, not a curve, when it penetrated the wall. Or else it was moving in a curve so vast that such a small section of it appeared straight.

"All right," I said. "I have to believe it. But I'm not going to try to give this explanation to Humphrey."

That was all we could do that night. We had new facts with which to work, but until Tom produced more Magellanium, any work we did had to be on paper, and I was in no mood for that. I saw that there was still plenty of time to join Susan and the children at the campsite near the cave. And I wanted to forget about Magellanium and the mess it was getting me into with Humphrey.

IT WAS late when Elmer, my security guard, and I saddled horses at the Project stables and galloped away into the night. The clear, moonless sky glittered with thousands of stars. Here were we, concerned with the future, while from nine years back the white light of Sirius was just reaching earth.

"A beautiful night," Elmer said.

"It is. I'm glad we couldn't get away earlier."

About a mile from our destination I saw the red glow of a campfire which served as a beacon to guide us into camp. Susan and Leo, the other guard, and young Louis were still up waiting for me, but little Marjorie was asleep in one of the tents. Louis wasn't very pleased by my arrival because Susan had told him he could stay up only until I came; he had been hoping I wouldn't show up until morning.

When the fire had burned low, we all turned in. Leo had pitched his and Elmer's tent on the mountainside a

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good distance above the sinkhole where the entrance to the cave was located. Susan had succeeded in having our tents pitched down among the trees by telling Leo she wanted the children out of the wind. The tents were the ordinary umbrella type. The doorway of Susan's and mine faced the center of the hollow; the rear wall was about eight feet from the cave entrance.

"I couldn't get it any closer because of the uneven ground," Susan said. "And I'd forgotten that these tents have floors, so we can't crawl out the back anyway."

"I'll slit it," I said. It took several minutes and by the time I'd finished, the camp was quiet. All we had to do was steal out the back and work our way silently into the crevice.

Susan entered the cave first and waited while I handed her the rope ladder, several balls of twine, a couple of lanterns and a short spade. Then I followed her and we crept down the tunnel, dragging our equipment, until I felt it was safe to use a flashlight to look around. We had reached the high ledge overlooking the cavern I had seen before. I anchored the rope ladder and we descended to the cavern floor.

I pumped up the lanterns and lighted them. We were immediately attacked by hundreds of swooping bats. They kept us ducking and squirming until we had passed through their chamber and started down a black passageway. I had tied the end of the twine to a projecting rock and now unraveled it as we progressed. At times our passageway divided and we couldn't tell which was the main course of the cavern, so we chose at random and went on, unwinding the cord behind us.

We talked in whispers, influenced partly by the secrecy of our expedition but more by the solemn majesty of our surroundings. Susan noticed this and said, "Why are we so quiet? No one can hear us now." The walls echoed her words and laughter back to her from a dozen different directions. It took several seconds for the sound to die out, and then distantly there was a tinkling crash, as though some glassy formation had dropped and shattered. It startled both of us and Susan whispered, "Surely no one else—"

"Probably just the opposite," I said. "If it was your laughter that jarred something loose, it's good evidence that we're the first people ever to be here."

NOW and again we skirted the edges of deep pits and in other places the passageway narrowed until we had to wriggle through on our stomachs. We'd allowed ourselves no more than five hours so as to be back in the tent before daylight, and two hours had elapsed when I decided to call a halt. Only fifty feet remained in our last ball of twine, and I wasn't going to do any exploring without that guiding strand to lead us back to the entrance. I shut off one of the lanterns to save fuel and we sat down to rest before returning.

"I won't be able to keep this a secret, Philip," Susan said.

"Neither can I. I'm going to tell Ralph Samson as soon as we get back—he's nuts about caves. But the place is ours tonight." Susan frowned and sniffed the air. "What is it?" I said.

"A wet warm breeze," Susan said. "Can't you feel it?"

I could detect no movement of air at all. Susan got up and walked down the passageway to the next turn. She bent and peered through the obstructing formations. Then she turned toward me, with a frightened look on her face. "Philip!" she called softly. "There's a light ahead!"

At first I thought she had probably found another exit. But it wasn't that kind of light. It was a diffused, mistlike glow, and it seemed to originate from below rather than above. We had to investigate it, and so I unwound the remaining cord, which reached to the turn in the passageway. A few yards farther I left one of the lanterns burning to guide us back, and with the other lantern we went on. The passageway widened and then opened onto a scene that stopped us awe-struck. Never had I seen a beauty so wild and strange.

BEFORE us was a chamber of truly majestic proportions. Some twenty paces ahead of us was the shore line of a turquoise lake, and it was from the lake that the light arose, illuminating the walls and ceiling with a pale light that rippled over the jeweled surfaces with every slight movement of the water. I shut off the lantern to let our eyes grow used to the softer light of the cavern. We climbed down to the water's edge to a beach of snow-white crystals, keeping perfectly still to listen to the eerie music of the dripping water. "It's warm," Susan whispered after a moment. "Very warm. I want to go in the water. Will you come?"

"I'd rather watch," I said.

Susan slipped off her clothes and walked down to the lake. She paused at the edge, the soft light rippling over her body. Then she waded in and began to swim, the larger ripples caused by her movements quickening the beat of the music around us. Some distance from shore she drew herself up on a stalagmite that had been smoothed and flattened by the action of the water. She sat there looking solemnly about. She was incredibly lovely, and that is the way I'll always remember her.

We went back to the lantern we'd left burning and started retracing our journey, leaving the twine to serve as a guide when we came again. We returned to the tent a good two hours before daybreak, got out of our clay-smeared clothes, and crawled into our cots for what we hoped would be about three hours' sleep.

It seemed as though I had just fallen asleep when the earth trembled and the tent walls sagged. My first thought was that the roof of the cavern had fallen in. Then I recognized the true nature of the shock and rushed out of the tent, looking up at the morning sky.

Thousands of people in recent years have felt the type of shock that made our tent walls sag, particularly if they live near an air base where jet planes are crashing the sound barrier. Now, however, the alarming feature wasn't the sonic blast itself, but the fact that there were aircraft above the Project. Planes of any kind were forbidden within fifty miles of any boundary.

I ran up the slope of the sink to the open hillside, where I found Leo and Elmer both staring upward. I could hear the thin, dying whine of a plane in the distance, even though I couldn't see it. I kept watching. Then far to the west, miles out over the ocean, I saw the start of the vapor trails—three of them, thin white lines receding toward the horizon. I shouted to Elmer to saddle two horses and then I ran back to the tent. While I dressed I told Susan that she and the children should get back to the apartment, and then Elmer and I started off for the Project center at full gallop.

Back at my desk, I called the security office, told them I was in and asked

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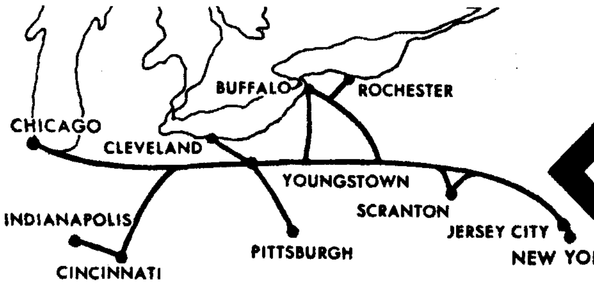

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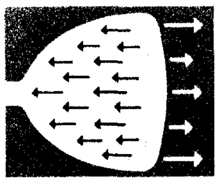

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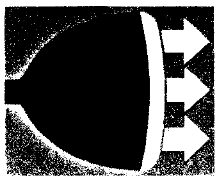

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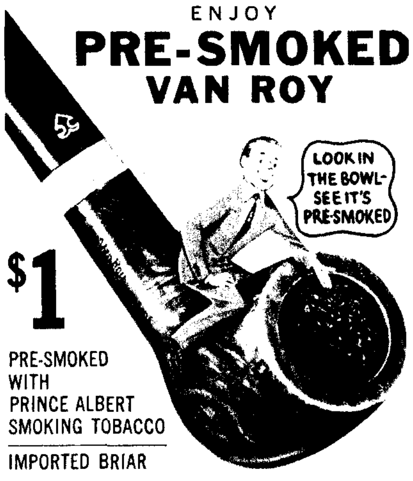

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to be kept informed. Humphrey had talked to Washington within seconds after the sonic blast, and Washington had immediately alerted all West Coast air units. The units in the vicinity of the Project whose duty was to guard it had already sent out pursuit planes. My hope that the jets might have been ours was shattered; they were definitely foreign—but whose, no one knew.

ONE conclusion was inescapable: if an alien plane had circled over the Project, it must have come for purposes of observation, which meant it had to have some prior information in order to know where to come. And any nation that would take such a risk for observational purposes was obviously prepared to take even greater risks to try to destroy anything its pilot had discovered. It was safest to expect the worst and act on the assumption that our time had run out. We couldn't wait another six weeks to get the Black Planet launched; we had to launch it as soon as possible. The launching order still had to come from the White House but I couldn't conceive of the President not giving it. I called a staff meeting.

An enemy bomber could have traveled fifteen hundred miles during the time it took to get the department heads assembled, but at least the security office had some factual information to give us by that time. Two of the invading jets had been shot down over the ocean and one of them had been recovered by a patrolling cruiser. But this apparent stroke of fortune came to nothing when the jet, upon examination, turned out to be a pilotless robot plane with absolutely no identifying characteristics. There was a strong reason to believe that the unrecovered plane was also a robot, and that both had been controlled from the third plane, which escaped.

After hearing the news, we settled down to work. Our original schedule called for technical completion of the Black Planet on the following Monday. Aaron Matthews and his crew would then spend five weeks testing procedures and devices. However, in the emergency, the crew could forgo the extra five weeks. It was up to the scientific staff to compress their remaining work into as few hours as possible. The construction division was already in the process of severing all connections between the ship and the ground, and estimated that another fourteen hours would see the job finished. Then the ship would be resting on its pedestals ready to take off.

But the biggest problem was the fuel for the jet engines. This had to be pumped into tanks in the cone of the ship, and because of the fuel's highly explosive nature it was the last item scheduled to go aboard. According to Osborn, who was in charge of the fueling, the pumping process would require at least three days. In spite of his statement that he'd no longer work under my direction, Osborn attended the meeting without hesitation. For the moment, the common danger made us forget our personal differences. The meeting adjourned as soon as everyone had it clear what he was to do.

I left the building and accompanied Aaron down to the Black Planet itself. The place was like a disrupted anthill, where all the ants were attempting to rescue a single huge egg. Inside the ship, Duval's air-conditioning crew and Cokely's food-loading crew were getting in each other's way; and on the outside, the men who were severing the Black Planet's earthly connections were running afoul of Osborn's crew, which was attempting to bring the massive pressure equipment into place beneath the ship. While I was trying to establish some order of priority for the various groups, Osborn came to see me.

"Ambert," he said, "I absolutely can't start my operations while those damned electric saws are cutting bolts around the base of the ship! I can't take the risk."

"Get your work lined up and wait until they finish," I said.

"But they say they'll need another fourteen hours at least! And then three days more for the fuel. We haven't that much time!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

"We don't know how much time we have," I said. "In any case, there's no other choice. The connections have to be cut first." His concern did much to destroy the bitterness I felt toward him. "No matter what happens," I said, "thanks for the co-operation."

"Co-operation, hell—when I can't move for another fourteen hours!"

"Cheer up," I said. "If we get this ship into the sky before the end of the week, it means you're going to be the new director of the Gledshaw Foundation and no questions asked."

The words did not have the effect I intended. "Damn you, Ambert!" he cried, and he stalked off.

I put his anger down to nerves and rejoined Matthews who, throughout all the excitement, was maintaining a calm that was even stranger than Osborn's rage. It wasn't a forced calm—it was natural; and for an instant the suspicion flickered through my mind that Aaron might actually be relieved if something happened to prevent the launching.

MORE planes appeared in the sky at three o'clock that afternoon. We thought at first that the enemy was upon us, but the planes turned out to be ours. Humphrey had neglected to tell us Washington had ordered an air patrol. So after years of undisturbed skies, we now had dozens of formations droning overhead. After the scare caused by their first appearance, we were informed that squadrons of other planes were patrolling land and sea for hundreds of miles around us, and that every radar station from Alaska to the Virgin Islands, as well as stations on ships at sea, would be scanning the skies until the Black Planet was in space.

Late in the afternoon, Howard O'Brien, who was chairman of the Project welfare committee, called on me. He told me the various social and trade groups had asked him to request the immediate evacuation of all women and children, as well as nonessential employees. I agreed, and I also felt that the evacuation of all idle persons would lessen the confusion, but I told him it was a matter he'd have to take up with Humphrey.

Then I called Susan to tell her I wouldn't be home for dinner.

She said, "Philip, I'm worried—and not about an attack. It's something personal. When we got home this morning, Marjorie told me she woke up last night and started crying. Louis didn't wake up, and Marjorie wandered out of her tent and into ours looking for us. And when she couldn't find us, she kept on crying until Elmer came to see why someone didn't wake up. He quieted her and put her back to bed."

"She's all right, then?"

"Of course. But what I can't understand is why Elmer didn't mention it this morning. If he was in our tent—"

"Yes," I said, "I see what you mean, but don't worry. If anyone asks, just tell them we discovered a cave and were exploring it. I'll see you tonight."

AS I hung up, a crisp voice startled me. "No, I doubt if you will." In the doorway stood Colonel Catwell, one of Humphrey's aides, and advancing past him into my office were two military police.

"You're under arrest," said Colonel Catwell, quietly. "You are charged with treason." The MPs grasped me firmly by the arms and led me out. I was sure I was having a nightmare.

But I wasn't. I was sitting across the room in the security office from General Humphrey still flanked by two military police. Near the door stood Elmer Curry. I tried to catch his attention, but he refused to look at me.

"I don't understand this at all," I said. "Obviously something has happened of which I'm ignorant, and I'd like to get it straightened out quickly."

"Nothing has happened of which you're ignorant," said Humphrey wearily. He handed me a piece of paper. "Read this teletype from Washington."

The message said: IN VIEW OF THE PRESENT SITUATION AND THE EVIDENCE YOU HAVE CITED, YOU ARE INSTRUCTED TO REMOVE DR. AMBERT FROM HIS POSITION AT ONCE AND HOLD HIM FOR EXAMINATION BY BURROCK WHO IS LEAVING HERE BY PLANE IMMEDIATELY AND WILL ARRIVE AT THE PROJECT BY MORNING. YOU WILL TAKE WHATEVER ACTION YOU DEEM NECESSARY TO SAFEGUARD THE NATIONAL INTEREST AND THE LIVES OF THOSE WITHIN THE PROJECT BOUNDARIES. The message was signed by a code name.

I read it through twice, still unable to believe what I was reading and still in the dark as to why I was under arrest. "Am I to be told the nature of the charge?" I said.

"Why do you ask?" he said sharply. "Do you hope that we don't have all the facts? Well, we have plenty. You're charged, Dr. Ambert, with being in contact with the agents of a foreign nation, with disclosing to those agents the nature and location of the Magellan Project and with concealing from this office your knowledge of an impending attack upon the Project. Do you deny the charges or will you accept them and tell us the whole story?"

"I deny them, of course. There's not the slightest grounds for any of them."

HUMPHREY motioned Elmer to step forward. "Sergeant Curry, in Dr. Ambert's presence, will you repeat what you told me this morning?"

"Yes, sir," said Elmer. He still didn't look at me, and what he said was plainly painful to him. "I reported to you, sir, that at some time between the hours of midnight and five o'clock this morning, Dr. Ambert and his wife were missing from the Project." Then he gave the details about our camping trip, including the reasons Susan had given to get a clearance—that Louis wanted to hunt fossils. "At 4:30 A.M., I heard the Amberts' daughter crying," he went on. "As you know, the child is only four and was sleeping in the tent with her brother. I was awake at the time, it being my turn to stand guard, and naturally I expected the child's mother to wake up and take care of her. When the child continued to cry for some fifteen minutes, I decided I'd better wake Mrs. Ambert myself. And so I went to the tent she and Dr. Ambert were occupying; they weren't there."

"This can be easily explained," I said, but Humphrey motioned for me to be silent.

Elmer took a deep breath. "I returned the child to her bed and woke up Sergeant Roach," he went on. "The two of us searched the vicinity of the camp and examined the tent occupied by Dr. Ambert. The rear wall had been slit. We could only imagine that they'd been kidnaped, and I was on the point of leaving to report their disappearance when we heard and saw them returning. They came out of a crevice in the rocks at the rear of the tent.

"Sergeant Roach and I considered asking Dr. Ambert for an explanation, which at the time I was sure he could give. But then I remembered that once before he'd disappeared for a brief period in this same vicinity, an incident that seemed so trivial at the time that I didn't report it at all. But in view of the second disappearance, the first one became more important. My duty was therefore clear: I must report Dr. Ambert's activities and hope he could supply a harmless explanation. I was still unable to believe it would be otherwise until we felt the shock wave of the alien jet plane."

"Well, Ambert?" Humphrey said.

"His report is correct," I said. "I think I can clear everything up at once. There is an entrance to a cave in the crevice Elmer mentioned. I discovered this entrance a few days ago, and last night took the opportunity of exploring it. Our expedition was purely a pleasure jaunt. In view of what's happened since, I'll admit I chose an unfortunate time and I'm sorry the incident has caused suspicion, but all you have to do is examine the cave to find out I'm telling the truth."

"We know," Humphrey said. "A detachment of men has explored it."

"Well, then?"

He slammed his hand down on the desk, leaning toward me angrily. "You won't admit anything until you're confronted with the evidence! All right, this is what the detachment found: a rope ladder by which you reached the floor of the cave, lanterns at the base of the ladder, and a guiding line of cord, leading for almost a mile to an underground lake. The extent of your preparations proves that you had previous knowledge of the cavern—a knowledge that you failed to disclose to anyone on the Project!"

"I told you I found the cave only a few days ago, and I entered it for the first time last night. I intended to tell Ralph Samson about it today, but with all the excitement and worry, I naturally didn't think of anything so trivial."

"Trivial, Dr. Ambert?" Humphrey asked. "Is it trivial when the director of a top-secret Project leaves that Project without the knowledge of its security officer? Is it trivial when his disappearance is followed by an alien plane making an observation flight over the Project?"

"Look here, Humphrey," I said. "If there'd been a thunderstorm after my so-called disappearance, would you say my presence in the cave had caused that too? Be sensible. If your men followed the twine I used as a guide—"

"Yes, yes, we know," he said. "You needed a twine to guide you as far as the lake, true, but as we both know, from there on, no guide is necessary. The course of the stream running out of the lake is very easy to follow—straight to where it empties into the ocean at water level. The exit is a tidal cave which is completely concealed at high tide but which has a four-foot clearance at low tide. Low tide occurred at three twenty-seven this morning, which is about the time you were there. Some four hours later three jet planes passed over the Project. That sonic blast must have frightened you, Ambert—revealing your treason as it did. No wonder you rushed back to the Project looking worried."

I COULDN'T believe what he was saying. All during the years of infinite secrecy while we thought ourselves utterly isolated from the outside world, there'd been an open door leading straight to the heart of the Project. If I'd discovered the inside entrance, wasn't it conceivable, then, that someone else might have found the other end? But that was speculation and I was now faced with the hard fact that in some way the location of the Project had become known beyond its borders. My position was a grave one.

"Look, Humphrey, you must believe me. I've told you the truth."

Humphrey sighed. "Dr. Ambert," he said. "I want to know who the agents were, where they came from, how you contacted them and what information you gave them—the story!"

"There is no story! For what conceivable reason would I betray my country, my family, all my friends?"

"I don't know what your motive is. But yesterday you refused to come to my office at my request; you dismissed the charges brought against you by Dr. Osborn; you refused to let me examine that stuff you and Hernandez claim to have found. That was all a smoke screen. I'm of the opinion that Osborn is right—that you've wasted or embezzled Project funds, and you're afraid of exposure and prefer betrayal of your country to personal disgrace."

I wondered if even time would prove my innocence. But would there be time? If the Black Planet was launched, it would be claimed the success was in spite of my treason; if the launching failed, I would become the scapegoat for failure. And the most maddening part of all was the fact that my idle

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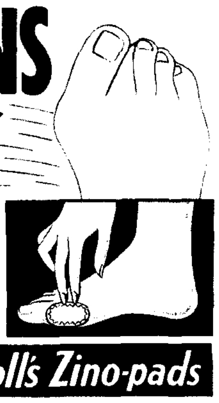

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curiosity about a cave now threatened to ruin not only me but the whole Project.

We argued endlessly—I giving Humphrey all the details about the cave and he refusing to believe.

It was hopeless. Everything I said only made matters worse; any request only aroused new suspicion.

"I have nothing to confess," I said finally. "I suppose you're locking me up. Will someone tell my wife, or is she to be locked up too?"

"Your wife will be advised. In the meantime she'll be confined to your apartment under guard. Any time you change your mind and decide to talk, I'll listen," Humphrey said and stalked out of the room followed by Elmer Curry. The military police hauled me to my feet and marched me off.

BECAUSE the Project was now under martial law, I was placed in the military jail.

The most galling part of the situation was that while for years I'd been at the heart of the Project, aware of every development, now, at the most critical moment—when work was progressing faster than ever before—I was cut off from all observation. I didn't know who was in charge or whether my orders were being carried out. Probably they weren't. Suspicion of me would change to suspicion of my work, so that my orders would be countermanded on the supposition that my plans were calculated to misguide the launching, even though no miscalculations could be found.

But I can't claim that my concern was entirely over the fate of the Project. I began to feel horribly mistreated. I found myself thinking of Humphrey as a thickskulled, bullnecked, stupid, blundering idiot.

I spent a lonely two hours in my cell indulging in self-pity and listening to the motors of the planes above. Then I heard Aaron Matthews' voice coming from the office of the little jail. He was talking to Humphrey by telephone and in a tone he'd never used before.

"I don't give a damn what the evidence is, Humphrey," he said. "I don't believe it! And what's more I've got to talk to him. I'm not going to take advice from Osborn while Ambert's still on the Project. What? Look, I know that ship from top to bottom and I'm quite capable of deciding for myself what to accept or reject. If I can't see Ambert, I'll be my own expert. All right, tell the guard that." A few seconds later the office door opened and Aaron walked down the corridor toward me, his jacket sagging oddly from his shoulders, as though the pockets were full of lead.

"Did I hear you say that Osborn has been made director?" I called.

"Pro tem—and not full pro tem at that. Humphrey made him chairman to keep everything going, but actually we're trying to make decisions in committees. They don't work; everyone's upset about your being accused of treason. Ninety per cent of the people refuse to believe it. How did you get into this jam?" As Aaron talked, he had moved close to the bars and from the sagging pockets of his uniform pulled several small flat steel boxes, five in all, which he passed through the bars to me, frowning to warn me not to mention them aloud.

The moment I took the first one, I knew what it contained. The box weighed about ten times as much as any box that size ought to weigh. I almost dropped it. "Somebody besides your wife is having trouble on your account too—Hernandez," he said. "He isn't locked up, but he's being watched every minute. He's afraid he'll have to close his experiment down."

"Close it down! He mustn't!"

"But he says he's already had partial success," Aaron said and drew a folded sheet of paper from his pocket and thrust it through to me, still talking. "He believes that suspicion first fastened on you because of what happened in his laboratory last night, and he thinks that if you're able to prove to Humphrey that you were telling the truth then, it might convince him you're still telling the truth."

I saw the note was from Hernandez. I put it in my pocket to read after Aaron was gone. "Does anyone know yet where those observation planes came from?" I said.

"No, and I'm beginning to think we never will know. If any nation knew enough to send an observation plane, why not send a bomber to begin with?"

As soon as Aaron left, I went over to examine the samples of Magellanium he'd brought me. I'd placed the five steel boxes on the cot, and now they clung curiously together. Taking Tom's note from my pocket, I read, *Phil—these five particles of Magellanium just came out of the vault. They may help to clear you with Humphrey. But be careful with the stuff. The particles have an attraction for each other and when two of them touch, they merge into one like drops of water and there's no way of getting them separated again. Heads up. We'll have you out of there!*

My bitterness had vanished on learning from Aaron that my friends were loyal; and the possession of more Magellanium made me want to summon Humphrey at once and prove to him that at least a part of the charges against me were false. But Magellanium had betrayed me the previous night: this time I had to show Humphrey something really convincing. When I tried to pick up one of the little steel boxes, it felt exactly as though it were a magnet stuck to its neighbors. I pulled it off, carefully opened it and looked in.

OUR original sample of Magellanium had been the size of a pea, but these were no larger than buckshot and couldn't have weighed more than ten or twelve pounds each. Humphrey would think me insane if I asked him to look at such insignificant objects. I had to prepare a dramatic demonstration of some kind, a presentation that would not only arrest his attention but convince him that Tom had discovered something with remarkable potentialities. It wasn't going to be easy.

I made certain that the steel boxes themselves weren't magnetized by testing them on the iron frame of my cot. This metal had no influence on either the boxes or the grains of Magellanium inside them. I then placed two boxes on the concrete floor about six inches apart and watched. No sooner did I take my hands away than they moved toward each other. Their speed was much faster than that of the lead casket in the laboratory. When they came together, they stopped. I lifted the lids carefully and looked in. The bits of Magellanium were as close to each other as possible, each sample pressed tight against the side of the box.

I tried the experiment again, starting the two boxes from a foot apart. The force of the attraction seemed to be unaffected by distance. Then, arranging four of the boxes in a row, I put my foot on them to hold them in place. I shoved the fifth box across the floor toward the opposite wall. It kept sliding until it was six or eight feet away, slowed, and then came snapping back. The distance was such that it gathered momentum on the return and struck the boxes beneath my foot forcibly. When I looked into it, I discovered the grain of Magellanium had made a dent in the side of the box.

I next broke a round out of the chair for a measuring rod. It was approximately twenty inches long. Pulling a thread from the blanket, I found the center of the stick and then marked off quarters, eighths and sixteenths, scoring the varnished wood with a key.

THEN I placed my stick on the floor with the mid-point against the iron leg of the cot. Next I put four of the Magellanium samples at the opposite end of the cell, with the cot mattress on top of them to hold them in place and keep them from joining the fifth box, which I carried back to my measuring rod. This box was attracted to the others but I could prevent its joining them by laying it on the floor behind the measuring stick while I held onto the other end of the stick to keep the box from shoving it aside: the leg of the cot acted as a fulcrum and gave me leverage to hold the box in place.

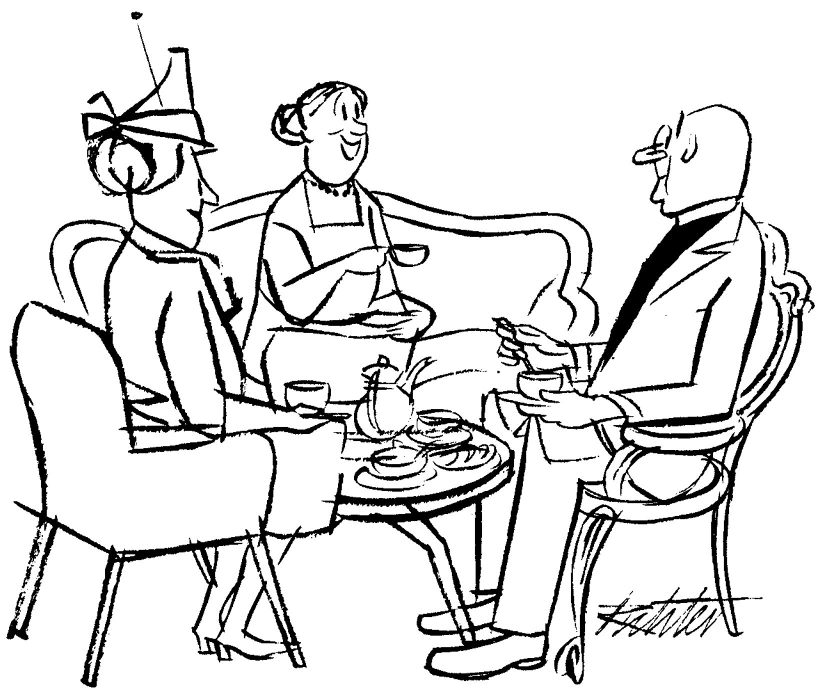
I had constructed a simple horizontal balance, and now it was necessary only to find a weight to use to determine the strength of the attractive force. I took off one of my shoes and set it on the floor against one end of the stick. The box containing the Magellanium was at the other end on the same side of the stick; the cot leg was halfway between the two on the opposite side of the stick. As the Magellanium pressed forward, the stick pivoted against the cot leg, moving the shoe in the opposite direction.

My object was to discover just how strong the moving force of the Magellanium was. This I could do by applying the simple rules of the lever. When the cot leg (the fulcrum) was placed midway along the lever (the chair round), the Magellanium moved the shoe easily. So I kept shifting the lever along the fulcrum, giving the shoe greater and greater leverage, and finally the shoe balanced the force of the Magellanium at a point where three fourths of the lever was on the side of the shoe. The force with which this particular bit of Magellanium was attracted toward the others was, therefore, three times the inertial weight of the shoe.

With this much achieved, I opened two of the boxes and dumped the contents of one into the other. The tiny spheres of Magellanium met and, as Tom had said they would, they fused, just as two drops of water or two drops of mercury will meet and merge. What remained was a single sphere that had doubled in weight as well as in size.

With the doubled sphere of Magellanium I returned to my lever to find out if the force of attraction had also doubled—as it should if Magellanium obeyed a law similar to those of gravitation and magnetism. I expected its force to be now six times the inertial force of the shoe. I was wrong. The force of the Magellanium was now twelve times the weight of the shoe. The force had quadrupled—in other words, the force of attraction was proportional to the square of the mass.

I called the guard and told him I wanted to talk to Humphrey, but I didn't tell him what I wanted to talk about. I had been so absorbed in my



COLLIER'S

"There's a lot of truth in what you say, Reverend"

MISCHA RICHTER

observations that I'd failed to notice the passage of time but now I looked at the window and saw that it was night. According to my watch it was nine thirty.

In about five minutes, General Humphrey arrived, accompanied by Colonel Catwell and Major Griffin, his aides. The three men stopped outside the door of the cell. "I understand you have something to tell me," Humphrey said. "Let's have it."

"You'll have to come into the cell. I don't like talking through bars," I said. Humphrey motioned the guard to unlock the cell so they could enter. They came in and the guard locked the door.

"As I understand it, General," I said, "you first became suspicious of me when I refused to come to your office last night and when I was unable to show you the Magellanium which I'd asked you to examine."

"When you refused to show it to me," he said.

"Very well, but I want to give you a full explanation about it now."

"I'm listening. Go ahead."

I CROSSED the cell and lifted the mattress so that all three could see the four boxes that now contained my Magellanium. I knelt to pull the boxes apart, intending to release them and let Humphrey watch them move together again of their own accord. Scarcely had I reached out my hands when Catwell and Griffin grabbed my arms and dragged me back.

"Something's been smuggled to him," Catwell said. "I wouldn't touch them, General. They may be bombs."

Angrily I tried to shake off their arms. "Would I stick my face over a nest of bombs? I'm trying to show you something!"

"See here, Ambert, if you have something to say, say it!" Humphrey said. "What's in those boxes?"

"Magellanium," I said. "I'm trying to show you some samples of Magellanium from the laboratory. Will you let me prove the stuff exists?"

The colonel and the major still held me while Humphrey studied the situation. He took his time and then turned to the guard in the corridor. "We'll move him into another cell, and then I'll get a detonation man in here to examine those boxes. Just leave them where they are for the time being."

The cell door opened and the two men started to lead me out, away from the Magellanium. Then, as though to make up for its betrayal of the night before, the stuff came to my rescue. The four boxes were lying on the floor, held tight together by the attractive force of the Magellanium inside; but now all four boxes began moving in a unit. They started sliding across the floor toward the blank wall of the cell.

Humphrey, his aides and the guard all stopped and stared in astonishment and, I suppose, considerable alarm. For an instant all was quiet, and then Humphrey yelled, "Get out of here! He's already set them off!"

In their hurry to leave the cell, Catwell and Griffin let loose of me. I ran back into the cell and slammed the door behind me. In a near panic the four men continued down the corridor. "There's no danger," I called.

Humphrey looked a little sheepish as he walked back to the cell and peered through the bars at the boxes. "All right. What's in them?"

As I crossed the cell to get the Magellanium, I noticed that the direction of its path was the same as that originally taken by the lead casket in Tom's laboratory. The four boxes were pressed against the base of the wall. I remembered now that it was at approximately this same time the night before that our sample of Magellanium had disappeared. I separated two of the boxes and with an effort carried them back to the cell door.

I held one of them out to Humphrey. "Take this in your hand." Gingerly he put one hand through the bars. Just as I feared, the unexpected weight made him drop it, but the box didn't fall straight to the floor. Instead it slid through the air at a long angle as though it had been thrown, striking the wall near where the others lay.

After that there was no further need to ask the men to watch and listen. When a steel box breaks the law of gravity in so spectacular a way, a request for attention is unnecessary.

I brought the box back again, conscious that the pull toward the southeast was getting stronger. I set the two boxes on the floor near the cell door. I opened the lids and asked the men to bend down and look in, explaining that they must look for tiny beads of matter. Then I tilted the open boxes toward each other, holding one so that the force attracting the Magellanium could not "steal" my free samples. The men watched as the little ball of Magellanium in the lower box seemed to move of its own accord up the side of its container, over the lip and into the other box, where the two beads flew at each other and merged into one. No one spoke, but now Humphrey's eyes were thoughtful instead of hostile.

I HAD reduced my samples to three. What was evident to me, if not to the others, was that some external force was now acting upon the Magellanium, a force that had come into play since Humphrey arrived. I stood up, holding the box containing the enlarged sphere of Magellanium in my hand.

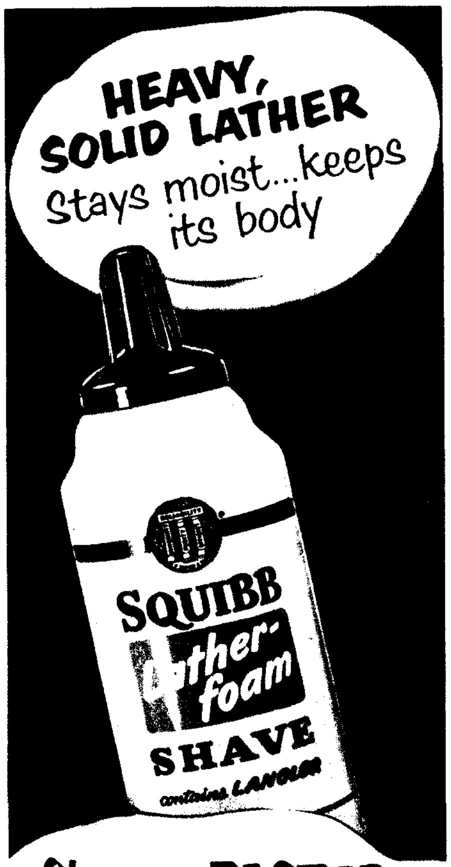
"Watch closely," I said. "This is something I've never seen myself, and I can't guarantee the result, but I believe I'm going to show you what happened to the sample of Magellanium we wanted to show you last night." The pull of the Magellanium was powerful as I tilted the box toward the wall. It didn't take much of a tilt. The little sphere started rolling up the side of the box as soon as the angle between it and the force attracting it became less than a right angle. Then, in the instant that it cleared the edge of the box, it was gone. For a moment, perhaps, it was visible, but then the speed was too great to see it. We heard only a snick as it struck the wall and saw only a flake of plaster fall to the floor to indicate where it had vanished, but in that instant I had dashed across the cell and placed my eye against the hole in the wall, cupping my hands around it to shut out the light of the cell. It was a true direction this time—and I saw the destination.

The object in the sky was visible for only an instant; the earth turned and then I could see it no more. The hole through which I was peering was a foot long and no more than a sixteenth of an inch in diameter; consequently I could see no more than a second of arc of the heavens at a time, and the second had passed. But I saw in this proof for a theory that had leaped to my mind. I took the other enlarged sphere of Magellanium, opened the lid of this box, tilted it, and let it go.

Once more I peered through the tiny hole that had been made, and again for an instant it was there. I was sure of my theory. Regardless of the turning earth, the released Magellanium always headed for a certain star in the sky. That star had risen above the eastern horizon not more than fifteen minutes earlier and still hung low in the southeast, but there was no mistaking the cold brilliance of Sirius, the Dog Star.

The Dog Star is not the single blazing point of light it appears to be; it is actually a double star. There is the star we see with our eyes and there is another star, so faint in comparison that only the most powerful telescopes reveal its presence. It was not the telescope, however, that first discovered the companion star; its presence was deduced because of certain perturbations in the orbit of the visible star, perturbations that could be explained only by the existence in the near proximity of some unseen mass with a high gravitational attraction.

For years this companion star was the riddle of the heavens. The visible Sirius has some two and one half times



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the mass of our sun and gives out twenty-eight times as much light. But calculations based upon the luminosity of the companion indicated that its size couldn't be much greater than that of the earth. For such a relatively small body to affect the orbit of Sirius to the degree known from the observation seemed impossible, until spectroscopic studies made in 1914 and again ten years later indicated that a mass almost equivalent to that of the sun was squeezed into a volume only slightly larger than the earth. Its density is some 61,000 times that of water, and a sample of it on earth would weigh close to a ton per cubic inch. That agreed well enough with approximate calculations we had made for Magellanium to make me realize that Magellanium was nothing more nor less than ordinary matter, stripped of its electrons by positron bombardment and compressed into the same state as the matter that composes the white dwarf of Sirius.

IT WAS the white dwarf toward which the Magellanium was being drawn, and the fact of this affinity of Magellanium for that star was proof enough of the direct relationship between the two. Magellanium was attracted only by Magellanium. There was more evidence if any was needed. There was the movement of the casket: how logically that fell into place. During that part of the day when Sirius was below the horizon, the force of attraction pulled the casket downward against the earth, and so the casket couldn't move. But as the earth turned and brought Sirius above the horizon, the bulk of the earth no longer stood between the Magellanium and its distant archetype; then the Magellanium began moving toward the point on the horizon where Sirius was rising. Because the Magellanium had to drag the heavy casket with it, the movement was slow, and meanwhile the earth continued to turn. Sirius continued to rise in the sky, and as the Magellanium attempted to follow the star, its direction gradually shifted from an easterly one to a southeasterly one, then to south, to southwest, and to west as Sirius set. Then the casket was immobile.

But why hadn't the sample of Magellanium penetrated the side of the lead casket as it did the wall? Because while it was inside the casket, it had no momentum. If you place the point of an arrow against a pasteboard box and shove, you'll find that you move the box. But stand back ten paces and fire the arrow at the box with a bow, and the arrow will go right through it.

I was engrossed in these thoughts. I forgot the presence of Humphrey and the other officers, forgot the present danger to the Project, forgot even that I was still in jail charged with treason. But now, looking at Humphrey recalled me to the present. He, the colonel and the major knew nothing about Magellanium and so couldn't be expected to grasp the significance of what they'd seen. But they'd seen enough to understand how the Magellanium might have vanished on the evening before.

"Will you release me now so that I can resume my duties?" I said.

Humphrey rubbed his cheek thoughtfully and didn't answer for several seconds. Then he said, "I can't. You saw my orders. I have to hold you for Burrock."

"How long will that be?"

"He's on his way. Sometime before morning, I think." His eyes widened as though he'd caught himself in a grave error. "But this Magellanium has nothing to do with the charges!"

"Perhaps not, but you'll admit now there was no fraud in Tom's experiment, no deliberate waste of funds and therefore no reason for attempting to hide anything or betray the Project to save myself from exposure."

He didn't want to admit anything right then, and yet I could see he was of a disposition to believe. Still he shook his head and said, "You'll stay here until Burrock arrives." He turned and started away, then faced me again with a burst of anger. "If you're lying to me, Ambert, I think I'll kill you!"

"I know how you feel," I said, "but will you do something for me? There's one bit of Magellanium left. Take it to Dr. Osborn and insist that he examine it in the presence of witnesses—preferably in your presence."

Brief Description Of the Walls of a Telephone Booth

Oodles
of Doodles.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

"Yes," said Humphrey. "I think I'd like to see that done."

The remaining sample of Magellanium was tiny, still of buckshot size, but even so it was with difficulty that I tugged the box away from the wall and handed it through the bars to Humphrey. He held onto the box this time, even though his expression was apprehensive as he handled it. He put it in the side pocket of his uniform, buttoned the flap and then clutched the bulge with his hand as he walked off.

BURROCK arrived at four o'clock in the morning and General Humphrey brought him to my cell. Our conversation lasted about an hour. As we talked, Humphrey almost played the role of witness in my behalf, and I was so encouraged by this that I suddenly thought of dozens of bits of proof in my favor.

The cord for guiding, the rope ladder and the lanterns we had left in the cave, for example, had been purchased openly at the PX by Susan just the day before. This could be confirmed. And since it was impossible to enter the cave without a ladder of some kind, didn't this show that we had never been in it before? Also, we'd made no attempt to conceal our wet and muddy clothes after our return. And finally, the entire supposition of my guilt was based on a single coincidence: the presence of enemy planes above the Project shortly after my emergence from the cave. In addition to all this, why had an observation plane been sent? Would the enemy need to check the location and purpose of the Project if they'd been in direct contact with me?

Burrock listened quietly to all this and then spent a long time questioning me in great detail about the Project itself. It gradually dawned on me that he'd already decided I was innocent, and he was concerned now with learning whether or not there was any other way information could have leaked out of the place. He finally shook my hand and said, "You understand, of course, why we had to hold you for questioning. So long as you're innocent, you'd better get back on the job."

"You'll send in a report clearing me of all suspicion?"

"I will. So long as I'm here I'll make a full investigation, but I'm more and more inclined to believe that the leak in information is on the outside. That observation plane—it came to verify a report of which the enemy wasn't sure. And as you say, why would that be done if the enemy was in direct touch with someone on the Project?"

MY RELEASE was without ceremony. Humphrey said he'd put out a bulletin immediately announcing my restoration as director, and I headed straight for the apartment to tell Susan that I had been cleared.

I had just finished giving Susan a detailed account of all that had happened when Gail arrived. She had heard of my release, but she had come because she wanted Susan and the children to get places on the first evacuation train leaving the Project. This was the first I'd heard that such plans had been approved, and I insisted that Susan apply for space, but she refused.

"Philip has to stay until the end, and so Louis and Marjorie will have to pay something for being his children. Don't talk about it," she said to Gail.

Gail herself had no intention of leaving the Project even though she had a release. She was going to stay near Aaron until the ship was launched.

"Although I might as well be a million miles away for all the good it does me," she said. "I can't even get a chance to see him, let alone speak to him. I keep wondering if maybe I haven't already spoken to him for the last time and don't know it. That's why women are such lousy scientists and inventors; they know that wheels and wings and rockets will only take men farther away from them than ever. Right now I don't care what happens to the ship. It wouldn't be his fault if it couldn't take off; he'd have no reason to blame himself. And then we'd be together—where there's life."

I couldn't stand there and discuss Aaron Matthews. There was too much to be done and I left for the office.

As I stepped from the apartment onto the familiar street, with Elmer, my security guard, at my side, the formations of patrol planes were still droning overhead. The air was magnificently clear, and in the valley the Black Planet dwarfed the men and machines working about its base.

At the principal intersection I paused to watch a large group of people hurry past. They were women and children for the most part, although there were a few men carrying luggage and babies. They were headed for the port of entry where the first evacuation train awaited them. All of them were well dressed and very healthy-looking. They'd never have it so good again, I thought. Nor would any of us. We had lived off the fat of the land for five years, supported by the millions who were ignorant of whom and what they supported. Yet one well-directed bomb of moderate size could destroy all our effort. No—the Project wouldn't be a total loss. Tom Hernandez had discovered Magellanium.

I hurried on to Q Building then, where I found Tom and his assistant, Hank Kuka, in the laboratory. Tom's eyes were bleary and his clothes were rumpled, but he smiled cheerfully when he saw me. He was still producing Magellanium with his pile.

"I heard you were free," he said. "Our Magellanium at least accomplished that." He gestured wearily toward the control panel. "I feel useless, so what else am I to do? Oh, by the way, did you know that the United Nations is in an uproar over the Black Planet?"

"I've been locked up for twelve hours."

"It's the truth. Extraordinary session. How did they find out so quickly? If you ask me, it's a very canny move on the part of our original enemy. The rumor started from nowhere with just enough evidence to give it credence. Now the United States has no chance of presenting the Black Planet as a means of enforcing peace."

"Who told you all this?"

"Various people—chiefly Osborn, who got it from Humphrey. Osborn was here, remarkably docile. He brought back the sample of Magellanium that you gave Humphrey. Wanted me to confirm what he was experiencing. I think he was afraid he was going mad, but I convinced him he wasn't. So we worked together for a couple of hours—like brothers. Oh, and I must tell you—something new."

"I'm first," I said. And I told him how I had discovered in the jail that the object attracting Magellanium was the white dwarf star that shone in the sky as part of the star Sirius.

At first Tom was excited by my conclusion. Then he began to look dubious. "That can't be," he said. "But wait—it might be, partly. Let me show you."

TOM hadn't wasted any of his particles of Magellanium; he now had hundreds of buckshot-size specimens, each in its own container. "If each particle of Magellanium is attracted by the white dwarf of Sirius," he said, "why do certain particles repel one another?"

"But they don't! None of those you sent me did."

"Yes, but later I began to produce specimens that acted differently. Some particles attract one another, and others repel. I've got them divided into three different groups. Over here are specimens of the kind I sent you—all mutually attracted to one another. I now call this type Magellanium A. But over here are specimens exactly the same in every respect except one—they are repelled by Magellanium A and are attracted only to one another. This group is Magellanium B. And in the third group, Magellanium C, are particles attracted to one another but repelled by both of the other two groups. If Magellanium A belongs to the white dwarf of Sirius, to what do the other groups belong?"

"It should be simple to find out," I said. "Release a few particles, if they're in the state where they move upward, and calculate their direction. I was lucky in that Sirius is visible at this time of year. But there are stars in the daytime as well, and there are other white dwarfs."

"Wonderful," he said and suddenly he threw his head back and laughed. "Philip, Philip!" he said, "no matter what happens, I've been happy here."

I went to Osborn's office to learn from him everything of importance that had occurred during the night, so that I could resume my duties with some semblance of continuity.

His secretary told me that he would be back soon, so I went into his private office and sat down. The wall behind the desk was covered by projectile charts, and on a pedestal in the corner was a chunk of warped metal, which I recognized as the nosepiece of the first controlled rocket he'd sent into the free-flight zone. It had gone twice around the world before he guided it back to the Project again.

Then I noticed that on the left-hand corner of the desk was the small steel box containing the specimen of Magellanium I'd sent to him by Humphrey. I knew the Magellanium must still be in it because the box was fixed to the top of the desk with a clamp—to keep it from moving. In front of it were several pages of paper covered with mathematical symbols in Osborn's small precise hand. I examined the pages and saw that he was attempting to solve an equation dealing with the attractive power of the three types of Magellanium Tom had produced.

THEN I heard Osborn coming and I got up. "I heard you were cleared of the treason charge," he said. "What is it you want?"

"Just to be brought up to date on what's been happening."

He said, "It seems everything has proceeded according to your plans."

"Was Matthews at the Black Planet when you left there?"

"I suppose so, but I haven't spoken to him. There's something wrong with him."

"What do you mean?"

"His infuriating calm! He doesn't act human. He goes about his work as though he had all winter. Ambert, I detest that man!"

"So you've said before. The food is being loaded?"

"Why ask me? Of course it is! Do questions make you feel more like a director? They didn't me."

"But there are questions I *have* to ask you," I said. "I've been wondering—"

He cut me off. "I've been thinking and wondering about something too. Do you remember the newspapers after Hiroshima? It was the first the public knew about the atom bomb and it was all you read about for days. Atomic power, the papers said, finally put the means of space travel within man's grasp. Atomic fission provided the perfect power—no oxygen needed, no water. It was a self-contained fuel of unlimited potential. So, after that, everyone started talking about space travel and dreaming about space travel until here we are, not many years later, with a space ship on our hands."

"What are you driving at?"

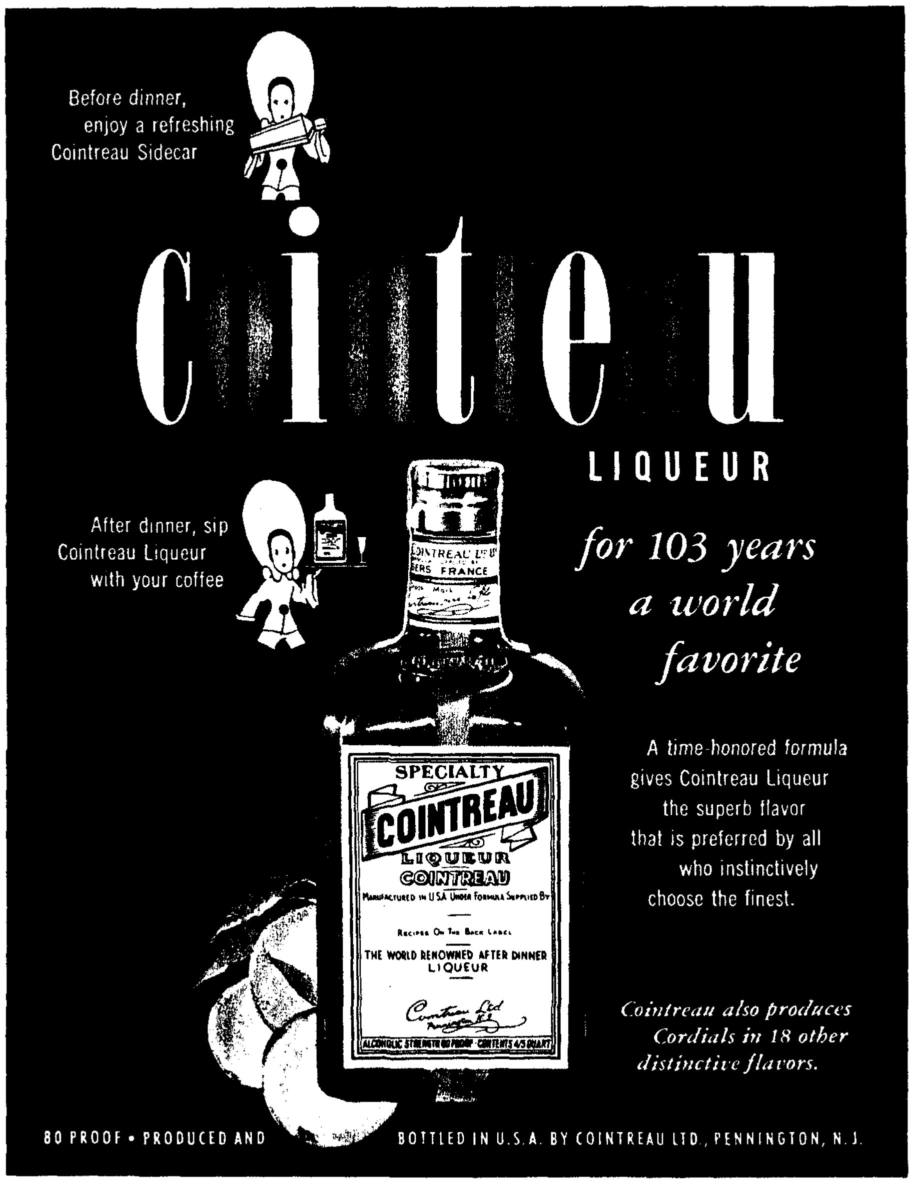
"Ambert, don't you see? Atomic fission hasn't anything to do with the Black Planet. It's to be lifted off the ground and powered into space by rocket fuel, and the rocket principle has been known for ages. The Chinese used it against the Tatars eight hundred years ago. All the atom bomb did was to get people thinking about space travel. It's all a state of mind. People had to think about it first, get used to the idea, create it in their minds before they could create it with their hands. We didn't build this ship; we thought it into existence!"

"Yes? Go on."

"It can be thought out of existence in the same way!" He stared agonizingly at me. "By the proper mind—with the power of concentration!" He stood there waiting, his mouth half open. Then I realized he had heard something, and now I heard it too and knew that this was what everyone had been fearing. The Project was being attacked.

—DAVID DUNCAN

(*This is the third of four parts*)



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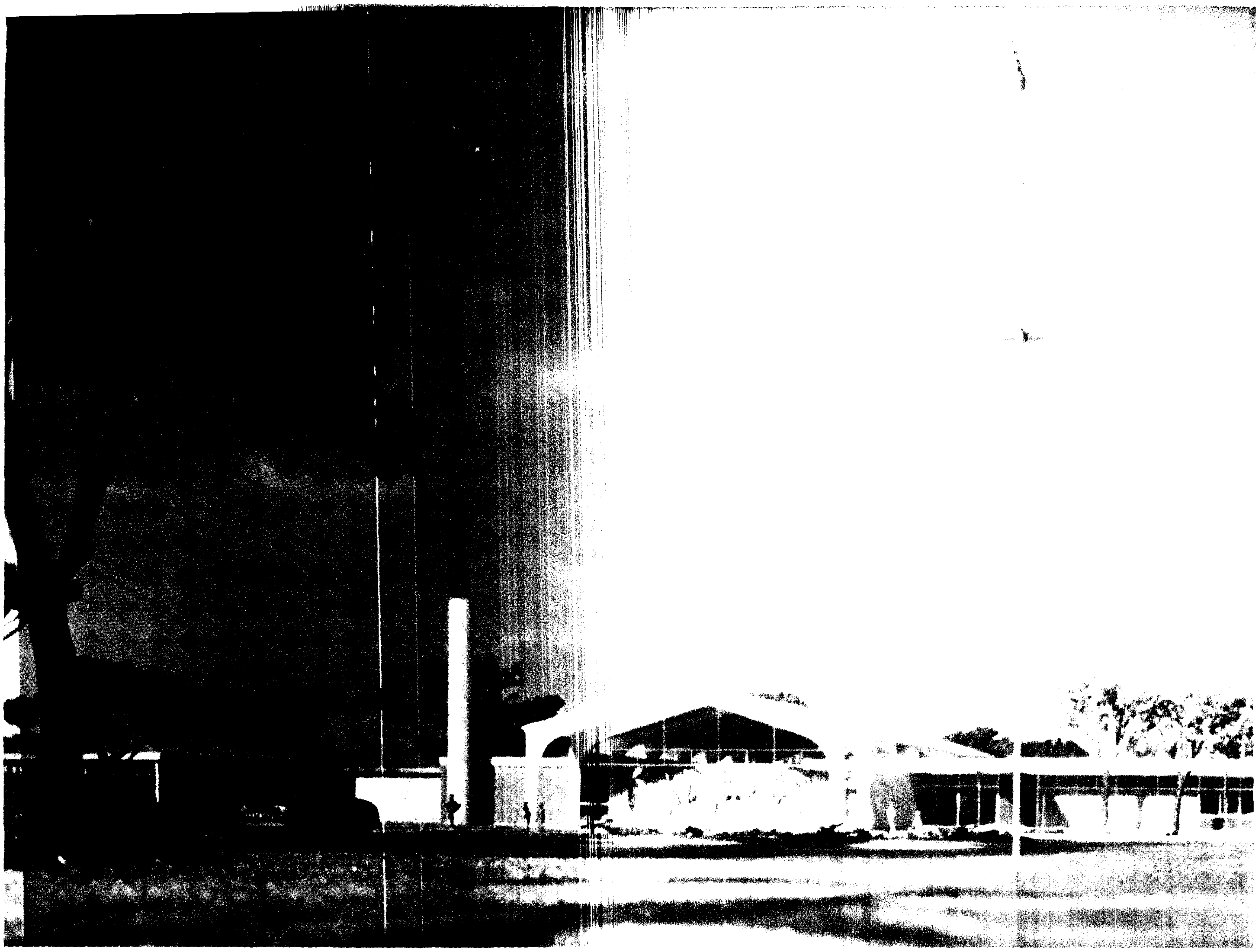


You Can Build a Bette

This bold, new plan will help your town solve one of its most urgent problems

EVER since World War II, educators and civic leaders, teachers and parents have been warning that the United States is headed for the most serious shortage of schools in its history. We are no longer headed for that shortage; we're spang in the middle of it.

The nation today needs close to 341,000 additional schoolrooms to house its growing school-age population. During the next six years, we should build nearly 416,000 more. Millions of children are being crowded into dingy, overworked and outworn buildings. There is hardly a community in the land that doesn't need a new school right now.

Why, then, aren't more schools being built? There are many reasons. First, perhaps, is the problem of financing school construction in times of rising prices and high taxes. Almost equally important is the problem of deciding the location and type of building that will best meet both the immediate and future needs of the community.

The nation's tremendous postwar building boom carved whole new towns out of farmlands, and to them flocked young World War II veterans and their wives. Their children are now beginning to crowd our schools, and the situation is going to get worse instead of better as the youngsters advance from primary to high school.

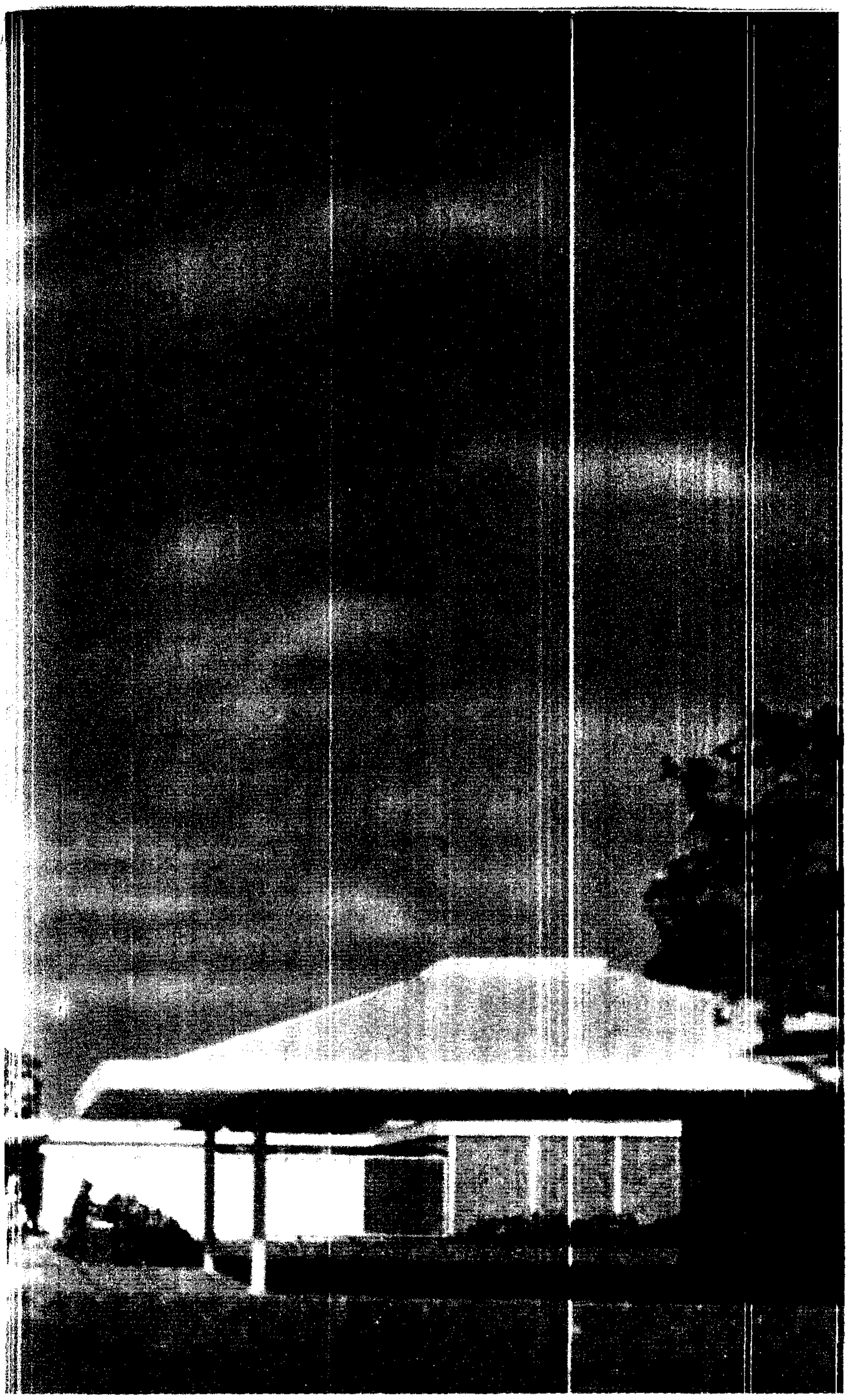
Certainly there is no quick and easy solution to the school shortage. But as a step in the right direction Collier's has prepared on these and the following two pages a basic plan for an elementary school —kindergarten through sixth grade—which can be built by any community in a minimum of time, with a minimum of labor and at practically bargain rates.

The school was designed by The Architects Collaborative (TAC), of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The eight partners in TAC include seventy-year-old Walter Gropius, famed former chairman of the Department of Architecture at Harvard's Graduate School of Design. Educational consultants for the project were Cyril G. Sargent and Donald P. Mitchell, director and associate director respectively of the Center for Field Studies of the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

The Collier's-TAC plan is an improvement on the latest designs in what is known in educational circles as cluster planning—building little groups of classrooms.

The cluster plan is flexible: it can grow from a four-classroom unit into whatever size eventually may be required, without disrupting existing buildings. It is safe: one-story construction reduces the hazards of fire; each classroom has direct access to the outdoors. It is pleasant: each classroom has its own garden and outdoor play area. It is efficient: the entire building space is given over to education; there's no need for wasteful basements, stair wells, long corridors.

Probably the most revolutionary feature of Collier's cluster plan is a principle of construction originated by The Architects Collaborative. Instead of a massive foundation to support four



LOUIS CHECKMAN

Schoolhouse

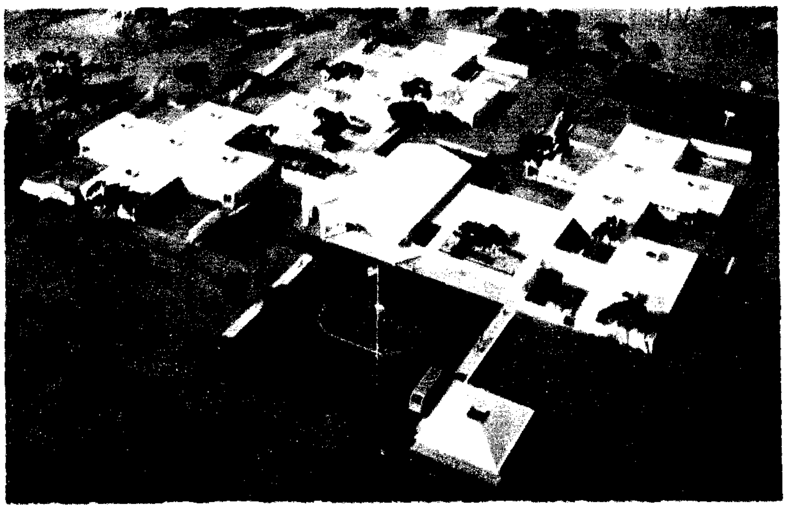
By SEY CHASSLER

heavy walls and a roof, the design calls for four steel columns set in concrete piers at the corners of a 24-foot square and four horizontal beams connecting the tops of the columns. The 36-foot-square roof of the building rests on the beams.

Because they don't have to support the weight of the roof, the walls can be cheap, prefabricated and versatile—perhaps of insulated plywood, cement-asbestos, plastic or aluminum panels. Except for a large multipurpose room (used as an auditorium, gymnasium and community center) and an administration building, every room in the Collier's school is built on TAC's column-and-beam plan.

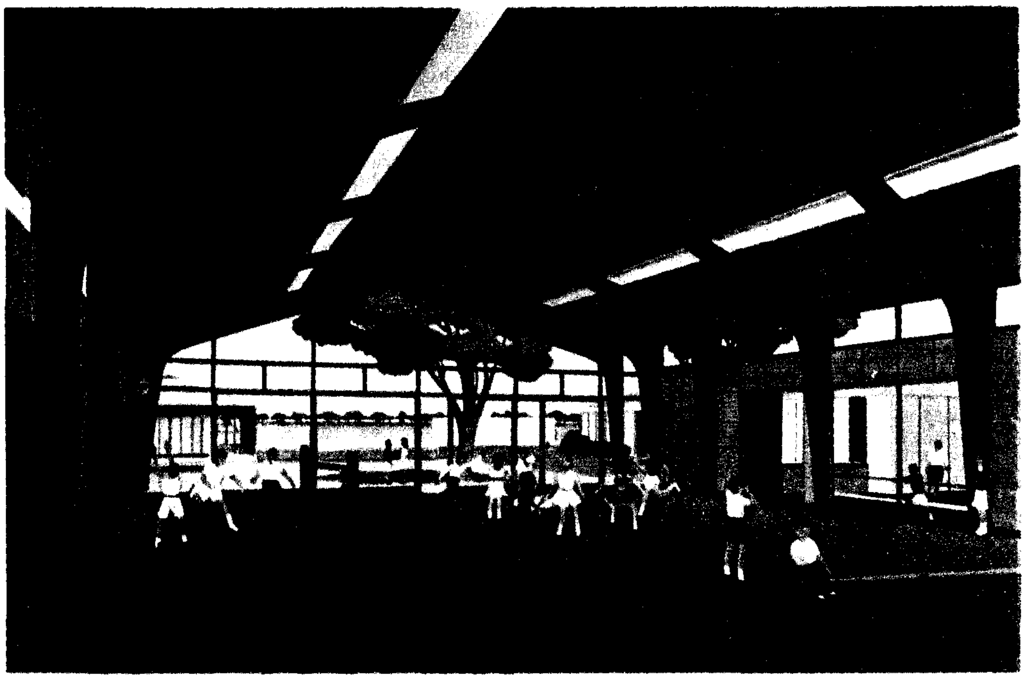
In essence, the school is a collection of four-room units strung together in any direction dictated by the contours of the land, the sun or the prevailing winds. The four rooms in each unit are built around a central square with its own roof. This central unit serves as an interior lobby for passage between rooms, but more importantly as a common room for the cluster.

In effect, the "cluster common" is a small auditorium for the 120 or so children who study in the unit, an indoor play area, an arts-and-crafts area, or whatever else the teachers desire. The "cluster common" is lighted by a Plexiglas dome set



LOUIS CHECKMAN

Above: model shows Collier's school looks like little village. Left: view of administration wing with muraled entrance to the multipurpose room. Shelter at right is school's bus station

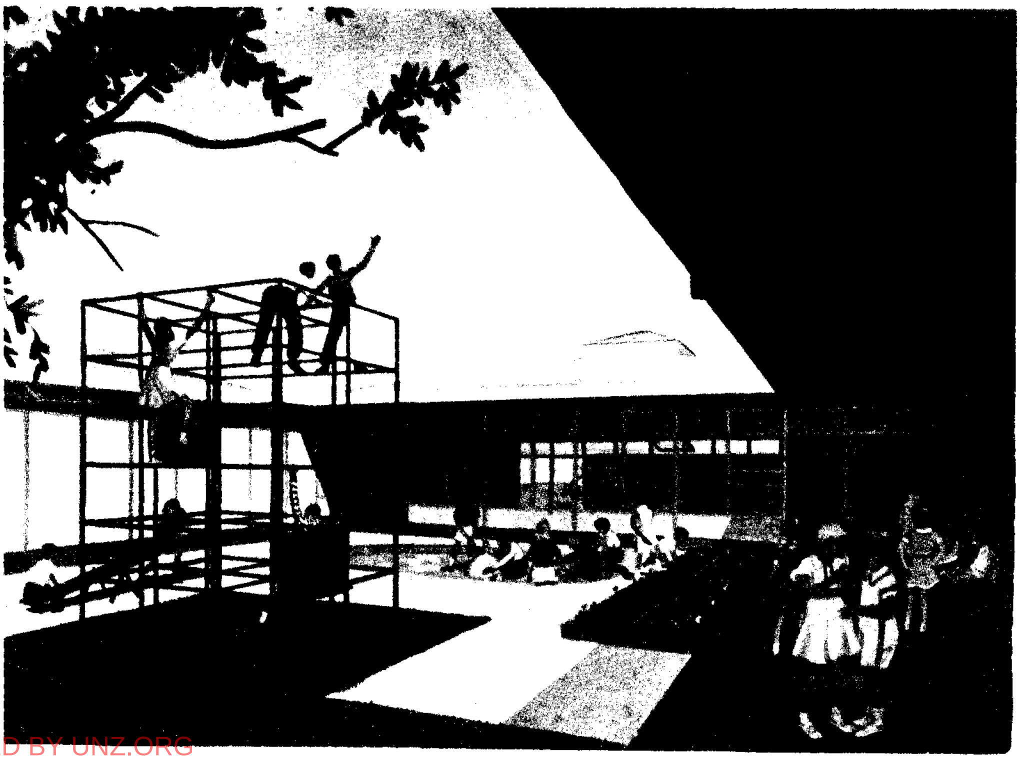


TAC—ROLF KLEP

School's multipurpose room is designed for use as a rainy-day play area, a gymnasium for the older children, an auditorium, and for adult meetings in the evening. The room is 44 by 60 feet. It is lighted by continuous fluorescent strips. Arches supporting the roof are prefabricated of laminated wood. The door on right wall leads to the school's administrative rooms

Typical of play areas outside each room in the school is this one for younger children. It is big enough to contain a sandbox, playground equipment and a small garden that children can use to grow their own flowers or vegetables. Walk (right) is part of system of sheltered outdoor corridors linking the clusters. Children are protected from winds by walls of the classrooms

TAC—ROLF KLEP



Flexible school eliminates hallways and stairways, gives every room a playground

in the roof. The classrooms have, besides a plastic skylight, one wall that is largely glass and smaller windows in the opposite wall. Outside each classroom is a play area which can be used as an outdoor classroom, a garden laboratory or a playground.

Every room has its own ventilating fan, built into the skylight, its own sink and drinking fountain, its own washroom. One wall has a huge chalkboard, another holds a tackboard for hanging pictures and drawings. Wardrobes, storage cabinets and other wall units can be shifted at will.

Because conditions vary from area to area across the country, no accurate over-all estimate of costs for the Collier's-TAC school can be made. A Southern community could build such a school for substantially less than a Northern community; lighter wall panels could be used and no central heating system would be required. But even in the North, the price would be low in comparison to the cost of building a more conventional school and in terms of the advantages the cluster plan provides.

In New England, where construction costs are relatively high, a single cluster—four classrooms, a common room, an administration wing and a boiler room, with all utilities—would probably cost less than $100,000, exclusive of land. A triple cluster—12 classrooms, three common rooms, two kindergartens, a library, a service area, an administration area, a 44-by-60-foot multipurpose room and connecting passageways—would cost less than $390,000 and provide for about 450 children.

From 1924 to 1939, an elementary school for 450 pupils cost about $200,000 in New England. But building costs have risen about two and a half times since then. It would cost $500,000 today to duplicate the school of the '30s. You could build a 450-pupil Collier's-type school for 20 per cent less—and it would have far more facilities.

However, the Collier's-TAC design does away with a cafeteria and kitchen to reduce expenses further. TAC recommends that communities with several schools investigate the possibility of maintaining a centralized kitchen and delivering hot meals to the individual schools in insulated containers. The children would eat the hot lunches in their classrooms. Last year one community in the state of Washington saved $10,000 in food-service costs the first year with this plan.

But the great advantage of cluster-type schools is not so much in the money saved as in the kind of living space provided for growing children.

The design discards heavy walls, rigid, unnecessary Greek columns and gimcracks. It avoids long, dark interior hallways and dismal, noisy stair wells. It does not require children to climb endless mountains of stairs. And it is safe and healthy.

The Collier's school, a basic improvement on the cluster plan, is designed to cut costs while providing additional classroom, assembly and play areas. More than that, it is an earnest attempt to help those communities which want to get on with the job of building better schoolhouses.

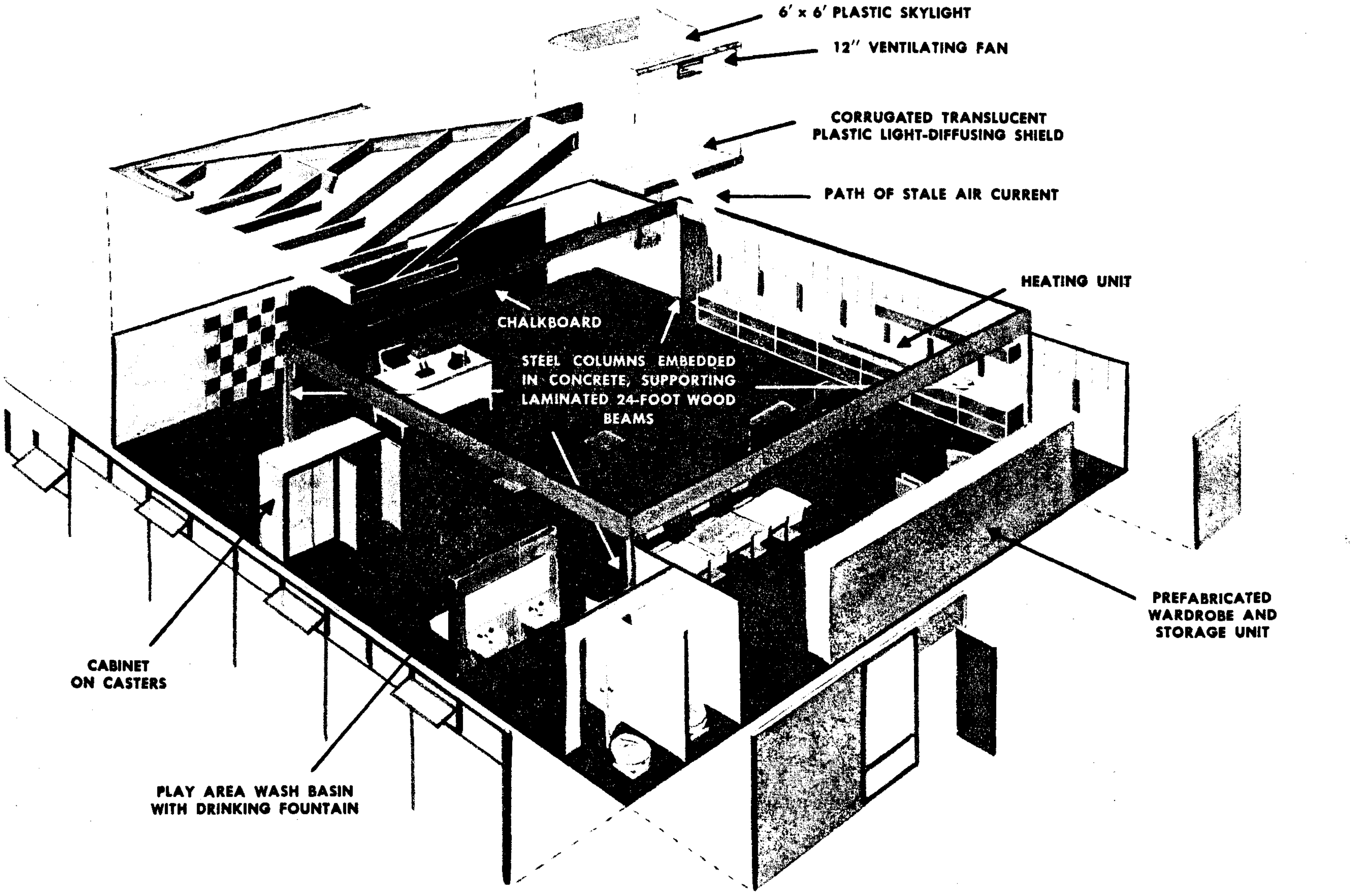
Complete Layout of Collier's School Shows Integration of Outdoor and Indoor Space

The three groups of cross-shaped diagrams at bottom of opposite page illustrate the extreme flexibility of Collier's-TAC school. A town could start with a single cluster of four classrooms, an administrative wing and a cluster common. As the town grows, other clusters could be added without disrupting existing buildings. Largest plan suggested has four clusters—16 rooms—plus two kindergartens. Its capacity is about 540 pupils.

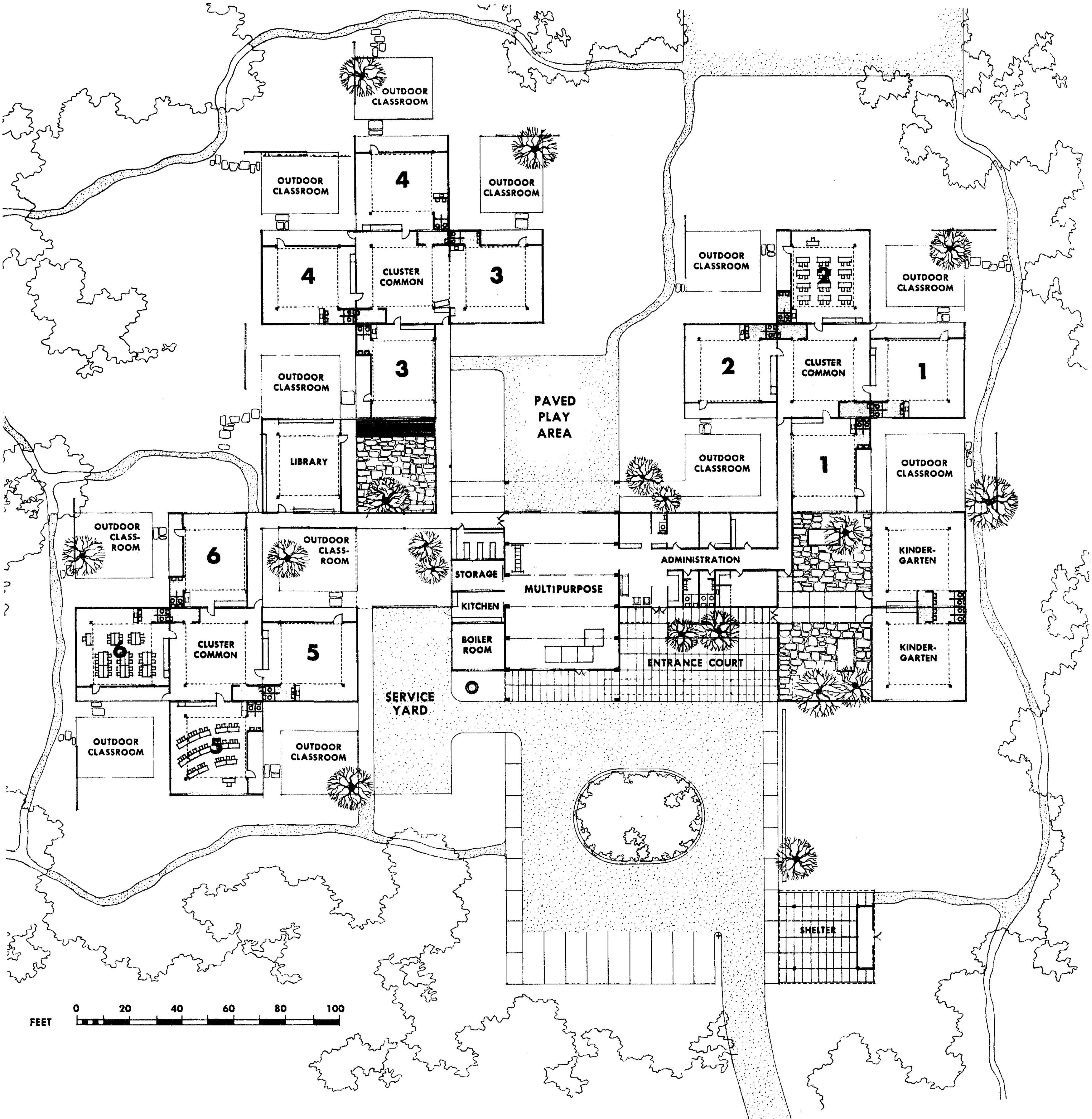
The large drawing is a detailed view of a three-cluster school on a lot approximately 450 feet square. Numerals in rooms indicate grades. Note that the kindergartens (right, center) are well away from rooms for older children, who are quieter. The kitchen at left of multipurpose room (center) is for use of teachers and evening meetings. No nurse's room is shown, because TAC suggests towns might employ mobile health units to save costs by serving all community schools.

Paved area is for games like baseball.

TAC—ROLF KLEP


6' x 6' PLASTIC SKYLIGHT
12" VENTILATING FAN
CORRUGATED TRANSLUCENT PLASTIC LIGHT-DIFFUSING SHIELD
PATH OF STALE AIR CURRENT
HEATING UNIT
CHALKBOARD
STEEL COLUMNS EMBEDDED IN CONCRETE, SUPPORTING LAMINATED 24-FOOT WOOD BEAMS
PREFABRICATED WARDROBE AND STORAGE UNIT
CABINET ON CASTERS
PLAY AREA WASH BASIN WITH DRINKING FOUNTAIN

This exploded drawing of a typical classroom shows new architectural idea that makes Collier's school easy to build. Four steel columns hold up beams which support lightweight, prefabricated insulated roof sections. Wall at left is of prefabricated paneling. Bookcase walls could be moved six feet to columns, making room smaller. The overhang of roof would then make a shaded area for outdoor classroom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CLUSTER COMMON
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OUTDOOR CLASSROOM
OUTDOOR CLASS-ROOM
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OUTDOOR CLASS-ROOM
STORAGE
ADMINISTRATION
KINDER-GARTEN
MULTIPURPOSE
KITCHEN
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CLUSTER COMMON
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BOILER ROOM
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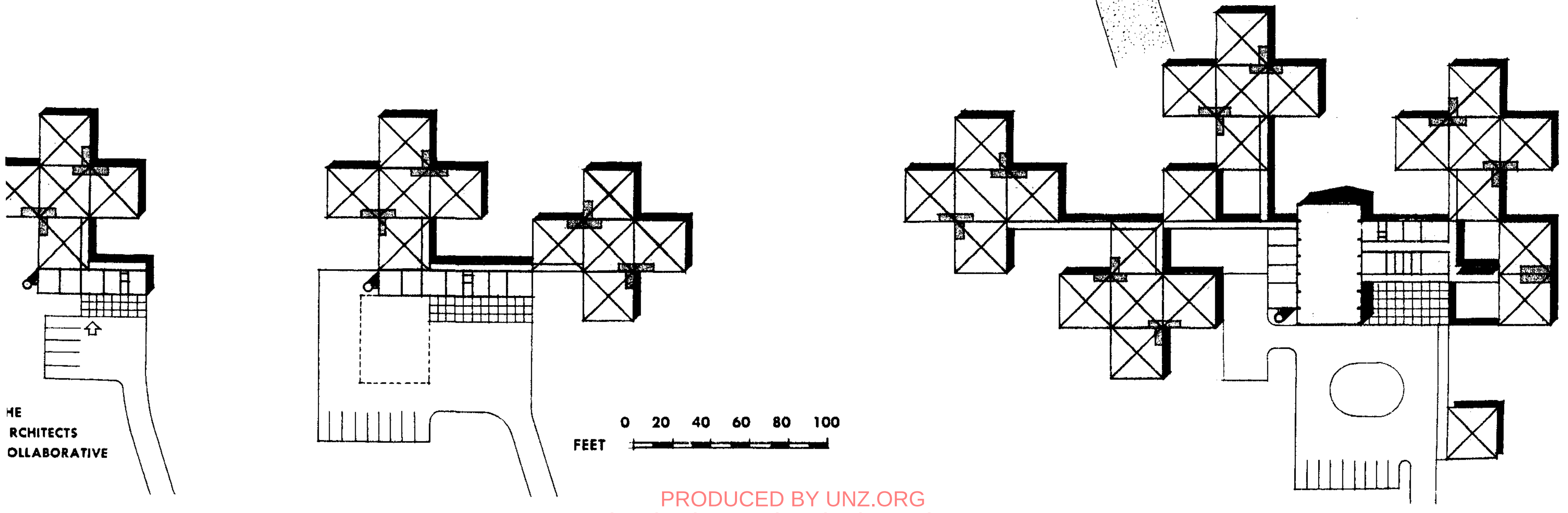
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HARRIS & EWING

An Improved State of Affairs

ON THE EVE of the third major international conference in three months, Collier's wishes to extend its thanks to Secretary of State Dulles for a job well done. We do this with the remembrance that in the early days of the Eisenhower administration there were numerous murmurings that "Dulles must go." Such sentiments are not heard today, nor should they be.

Perhaps in the beginning it seemed to some that the new Republican Secretary of State was going about his task in a blunt and sometimes bumbling fashion. But it soon became evident that Mr. Dulles knew where he wanted to go, and had a clear idea of how to get there. After all, he had been intimately connected with foreign affairs and American diplomacy, off and on, since the second Hague Peace Conference of 1907. He had had ample time and opportunity to survey the international scene and plan his policies when President Eisenhower summoned him to the Cabinet.

Mr. Dulles' methods are quite different from those of his predecessor. He uses a broadsword where Mr. Acheson used a rapier. He is forthright. He does not equivocate. He is practical and realistic. In the performance of his duties Mr. Dulles has inevitably stepped on some toes. But he has taken the initiative, as befits the representative of the world's strongest free nation, rather than simply react to one emergency after another, as has happened in the past.

At the four-power Berlin conference, Mr. Dulles more than held his own against Mr. Molotov, who, though he is the spokesman for an evil, hypocritical policy, is still a topflight diplomat and a formidable opponent in debate. The American Secretary spoke for the free world ably and eloquently. And while any hope of settling the cold war at Berlin was foredoomed by Soviet intransigence, Mr. Dulles at least succeeded in persuading Mr. Molotov to agree to future talks on disarmament, the peaceful use of atomic energy, and a final settlement of the crises in Korea and Indochina.

The Caracas conference must certainly be put down as a victory for the United States' opposition to Communist imperialism, and also as a personal victory for Mr. Dulles.

The Secretary put through the American resolution against Communist infiltration by reason rather than by pressure, and he treated the objections of little Guatemala's fellow-traveling government with dignity, and without condescension or rancor.

As for the imminent Geneva conference, we cannot share the fears of some legislators that talks with representatives of Red China might open the door to that regime's diplomatic recognition by Washington and to its admittance to the United Nations. Mr. Dulles has specifically stated that the talks with the Chinese will be limited to the Korean and Indo-Chinese wars, and that diplomatic recognition will not be granted. In his report on the Berlin conference, Mr. Dulles said, "We do not refuse to deal with it (China's Communist government) where occasion requires. It is, however, one thing to recognize evil as a fact. It is another thing to take evil to one's breast and call it good." We are confident there will be no such embrace.

In addition to the problems of foreign affairs which Mr. Dulles fell heir to, he also inherited some administrative headaches in both the foreign and domestic branches of his department. But administration is chiefly the job of the Secretary's assistants—and Mr. Dulles brought in almost an entire new team to do the job. The recent relieving of Scott McLeod of his duties as personnel officer indicates that a headache cure is being prescribed, and that the broad swing from a former laxity in security to the other extreme of severity, which seems recently to have prevailed, is being checked.

Morale and administration, of course, are Mr. Dulles' ultimate responsibility. But he, like any foreign minister, is primarily a diplomat, not an administrator.

For an opinion of his accomplishments as a diplomat, we should like to quote a member of the opposition party, Representative James P. Richards of South Carolina, former chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee and now its ranking Democratic member. Says Mr. Richards, "I don't think any man could have done a better job."

We agree.

Let the States Decide

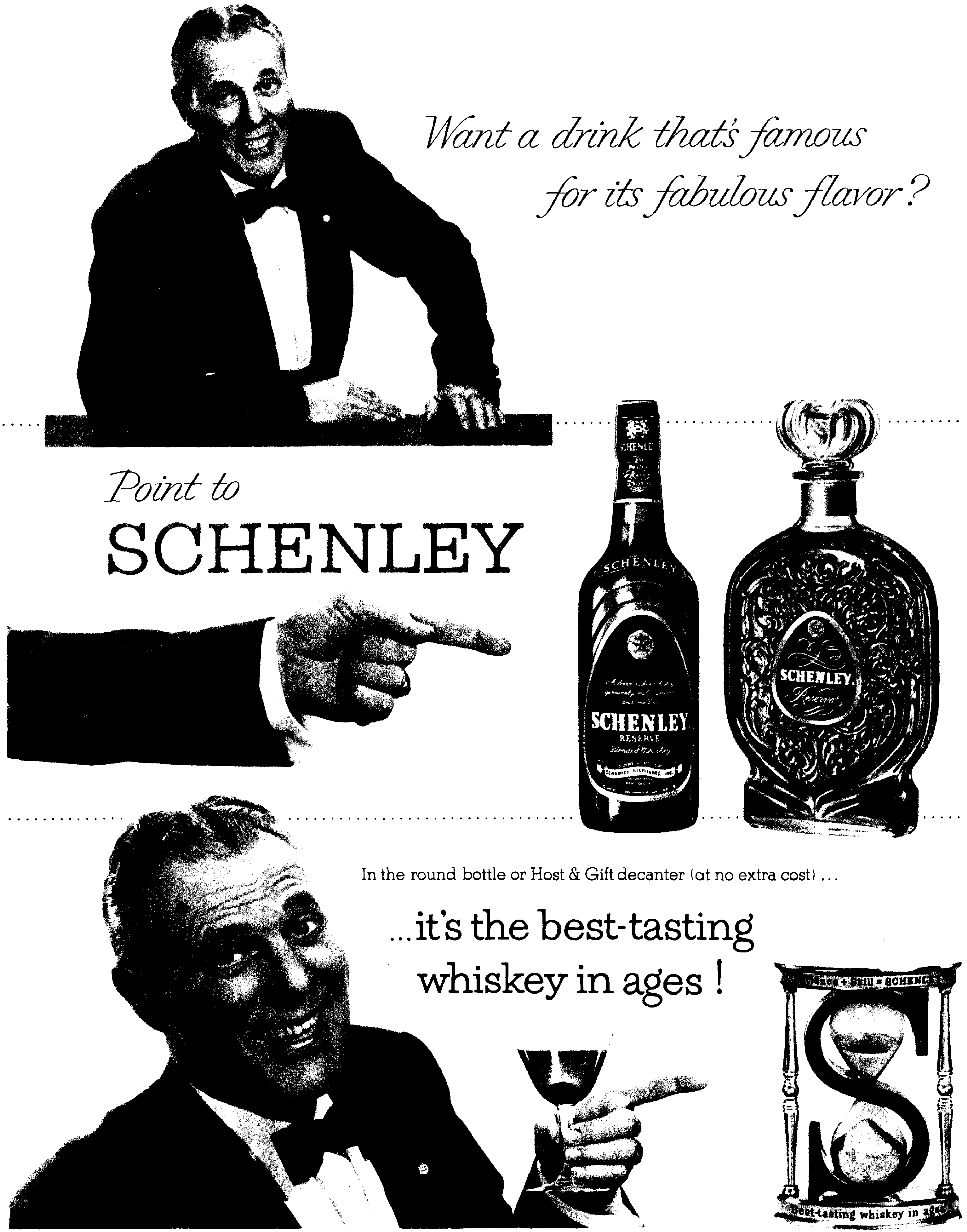
THE RIGHT of eighteen-year-olds to vote, which President Eisenhower advocates, is rather a matter of Anglo-American tradition and of the American Constitution than it is of the "old enough to fight—old enough to vote" argument.

The precedent of twenty-one as the traditional and legal age of maturity goes back to the England of the Middle Ages. The English colonists brought the tradition and law to the New World, and here they remain—except in Georgia.

Why twenty-one? Well, a political line has to be drawn somewhere. The Constitution's authors placed the minimum age for Representatives at twenty-five, for Senators at thirty, for Presidents at thirty-five. Those laws remain. The only mention of any age limit on voters in the Constitution is found in the Fourteenth Amendment, which stipulates that "when the right to vote . . . is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such state, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States," the basis of representation of that state in the House of Representatives would be proportionately reduced.

That amendment does not preclude the right of eighteen-year-olds to vote. But another constitutional provision (Article I, Section 2) clearly indicates that voting age is not the concern or province of Washington. This section states that, for federal elections, "the electors in each state shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the state legislature." In simpler words, the state makes the rules as to who shall vote in its legislative elections, and those rules apply to national elections.

Even if the President and the majority of Congress favor a lower voting age, it seems to us that they cannot act except through a constitutional amendment. We respectfully suggest that it would be simpler to let the states make their own decisions in the matter.



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IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE

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Noted Designer
LILLY DACHÉ
recalls
A TEXAN AND HIS TASTE

Years ago, a man from Texas walked into my salon with his wife. They were on a shopping spree in New York, and money was no object.

I thought one creation looked especially chic on Mme. Texas, but her husband shook his head.

"Lady," he said, "do you like that bonnet?" I told him I thought it was stunning.

"Ma'am," he said with a smile, "in that case, all I can say is my taste must be all in my mouth."

Since then, I've told that story many times. I realize, of course, that the gentleman had a perfect right to his opinion. Also, there's more to what he said than just wit.

Take foods. Or beverages. Or candy. You like them or don't, depending on whether you like their taste. It's all a matter of taste. Cigarettes are another example. I smoke Luckies. I think they taste better.

Just as many women, bless them, seem to feel that my name stands for good taste in designs, I feel that Luckies mean better taste in cigarettes.

Lucky Strike and its taste

The selection of a hat or a brand of cigarettes is entirely a matter of *taste*. In fact, we're sure that the reason why so many millions of smokers prefer Luckies is simply this: they taste better.

They taste better because they're made of fine tobacco. (L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.) And because they're made better—always round and firm, always packed perfectly for perfect smoking.

Why not see why millions prefer Luckies? Get yourself a pack today. Be Happy—Go Lucky. And remember, Luckies are made by The American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

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